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GREECE AND ROME

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GREECE AND ROME

A SELECTION FROM THE WORKS OF
SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, O.M.

Chosen and Edited by

S. G. OWEN, M.A., LITT.D.

Late Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford

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IN these pages, chosen from my writings by another hand than mine, it is hoped that there may be caught and conveyed to the reader something of that infinite, that ineffable charm of ancient Greece and Rome which fascinated me in youth and early manhood, tarried with me in later life, and now solaces me in old age. With the silent passage of the years the great ages of Greece and Rome recede farther and farther into the distance divided from us by an ever-widening gulf of time. It is for those of us who have felt their enchantments and tasted of their delights to build light, airy bridges across the gulf of time over which the feet of pilgrims in generations yet to come may pass to and fro, bringing back treasures of antique lore and beauty to grace, to mellow and to soften the too harsh lines of modern life. If in aught that I have written here or elsewhere I should be thought to have done something towards building such bridges between the sombre gloom of the present and the radiant glories of the past, I shall be more than rewarded for the happy labour I have spent on fashioning these airy and perhaps evanescent structures.

JAMES GEORGE FRAZER

INTRODUCTION

SIR JAMES FRAZER's lively study of Addison and his Age and his discriminating essays on the sorrowful poet Cowper are literary criticism of no mean order. As an anthropologist and as an authority on folk-lore he is unrivalled in his peculiar sphere. In *The Golden Bough*, which from two volumes in the first edition has grown into eight in the last, he has contrived not only to originate new theories and new methods but also by grace of style to make delightful and to illuminate the obscurities of the science of anthropology. This masterpiece, which revolutionized the study of the subject in our generation, is an inquiry into the mind of man, a vast record of beliefs and customs, especially of the beliefs of savages reported by investigators and explorers, gathered with amazing industry from every possible source, ancient and modern. In it two dominating beliefs are discovered to stand in opposition in the struggle for life, Religion, which is based on the conviction that the course of Nature and of human life is controlled by a power superior to man, and Magic, a pseudo-science, which like science assumes that the processes of Nature are invariable and can be influenced by imitating those processes. Here too there is plenty to be read about the haunting dread of unseen malignant forces, ever ready to interfere and to assail, and about taboo (the gospel of the savage), which signifies those negative precepts imposed upon the simple-minded, that prohibit the doing of a thing lest it be injurious. These and many

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other matters are to be found in *The Golden Bough*. The tribute paid to it by a distinguished fellow worker in the same field may here appropriately be set down : “ To Sir James Frazer, who has laboured to such splendid purpose, our deepest gratitude is due ; for by the magic of his pen he has made the myriad facts live, so that they tell their own tale, and we are left free to read their meaning as our several tastes and temperaments dictate.” * *The Golden Bough* is one only among many of the works of Sir James upon anthropology and folk-lore. All that he has written is fully chronicled in *A Bibliography of Sir James George Frazer, O.M.*, published in 1934, an impressive record of achievement.

Though Sir James Frazer has devoted infinite pains to exploring other, and often strange paths of research, what lies nearest to his heart is the lands and the story of ancient Greece and ancient Rome ; Greece, the protagonist in the struggle which once threatened to overwhelm Europe by the violence of oriental invasion, which, if successful, would have set back the course of progress and have evolved a very different Europe from that of to-day ; Rome, which in a later age also withstood the force of oriental impact by destroying the Phoenician empire of Carthage, and gave to mankind the first example of firm and just government, and that imperishable code of laws which has become the foundation of jurisprudence. For it is to Greece and Rome that Europe is indebted for most of what is best and noblest in its civilization, to their two glorious languages, to their great literatures, to their philosophies, and science, and arts, to their architecture, and their marvellous skill in the construction of roads and bridges.

The works from which the selection has been drawn are, above all, the exhaustive editions of *Pausanias's*

* Dr. R. R. Marett, *Psychology and Folk-lore*, p. 195

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Description of Greece in six volumes (1933) and of *Ovid's Fasti* edited with a Translation and Commentary in five volumes (1929), both of which works are models of ripe and penetrating scholarship. Each book is to a great extent a series of essays on special points, attractive as much for the interest of the contents as for their brilliance of expression. Above all, each reveals a profound learning based on unremitting toil, which flinches at no effort to secure accuracy, so that every subject is explored in all its aspects and from every available quarter. The other works from which extracts have been taken are *Creation and Evolution in Primitive Cosmogenies* (1935) ; *The Worship of Nature*, Vol. I. (1926) ; *The Gorgon's Head* (1927) ; *Garnered Sheaves* (1931) ; *The Golden Bough* (abridged edition, 1923) ; *Ovid's Fasti, with an English Translation* (Loeb Series, 1931).

Of the passages selected, a large number, especially (as is natural) those taken from the edition of *Pausanias*, are topographical descriptions of places renowned in history and venerable for the memories they suggest. Others are biographical : the life of Pericles, most gifted of all those statesmen who laboured to establish the imperial grandeur of Athens ; the life and writings of Ovid, the sprightly singer of love, and imaginative, if sometimes irreverent, narrator of legends, whose *Fasti* is a rich storehouse of information about Roman cults and ceremonies ; and the monograph on the Letters of the Younger Pliny, the type of a refined Roman gentleman, who never says an unkind word of anyone, except the vile informer Regulus, letters which are a joy to read on account of their finished style, their engaging self-revelations and the interest of the topics. Other passages are historical, terse and luminous sketches of momentous occurrences. Such is the glimpse we get of the passing of the gorgeous civilization of the Mycenaean Age, which

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was obliterated by the Dorian invaders ; and of the effective pleading at Delphi of the orator Aeschines claiming that punishment should be inflicted on the sacrilegious Locrians, pleading which was successful at the moment but in the end brought ruin and ignominy to his country ; and of the capture by surprise of Corinth by Aratus, which freed that city from its foreign garrison and added one more member to the Achaean league of patriots.

Turning to Rome, we see the entry of the wild Gauls into the city ; and the victory at Bedriacum of Vespasian over the gluttonous Vitellius, when heaven itself seemed to be fighting on the side of the conqueror ; and the escapades of the despicable Elagabalus who endeavoured to introduce oriental servility and an oriental form of worship into the capital city.

Much also will be found concerning religious beliefs and ceremonial. There is Jupiter, the Roman sky-god, to whom belonged the capricious department of the weather, and the highly original figure of the two-headed Janus, whose concern was the ever-present fear, then as now, of impending war. Regarding ritual, there is described the stately ceremonial of the reception of the oriental goddess Cybele into the Roman pantheon ; and we are informed about the minute regulations for the conduct of the solemnity of the secular games, for which the special hymn for the occasion was composed to order by the poet Horace. We find the counterpart of our own Christmas festivities in the merry customs of the Saturnalia, with the gloomy shadow lurking in the background of a devoted human victim done to death. Also there is much to tell about weird superstitions, how not to behave during thunderstorms and when starting on a journey, about the awful and compelling oath taken by the grim river Styx, about omens of

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standard-poles that refused to be moved and chickens that declined to eat, and about the strange magical significance of knots and rings.

It is hoped that, besides their inherent interest, these extracts will reveal the skill and patient care which Sir James Frazer has devoted to the reconstruction of the life and surroundings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. They are culled from the writings of a scholar inspired by intense love of his subject. If they lead others to catch the infection of his enthusiasm, they will have served their purpose.

S. G. O.

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GREECE

PAUSANIAS AND HIS DESCRIPTION OF GREECE

IT may be reckoned a peculiar piece of good fortune that among the wreckage of classical literature the *Description of Greece* by Pausanias should have come down to us entire. In this work we possess a plain, unvarnished account by an eye-witness of the state of Greece in the second century of our era. Of no other part of the ancient world has a description at once so minute and so trustworthy survived, and if we had been free to single out one country in one age of which we should wish a record to be preserved, our choice might well have fallen on Greece in the age of the Antonines. No other people has exerted so deep and abiding an influence on the course of modern civilisation as the Greeks, and never could all the monuments of their chequered but glorious history have been studied so fully as in the second century of our era. The great age of the nation, indeed, had long been over, but in the sunshine of peace and imperial favour Greek art and literature had blossomed again. New temples had sprung up ; new images had been carved ; new theatres and baths and aqueducts ministered to the amusement and luxury of the people. Among the new writers whose works the world will not willingly let die, it is enough to mention the great names of Plutarch and Lucian.

It was in this mellow autumn—perhaps rather the Indian summer—of the ancient world, when the last gleanings of the Greek genius were being gathered

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in, that Pausanias, a contemporary of Hadrian, of the Antonines, and of Lucian, wrote his description of Greece. He came in time, but just in time. He was able to describe the stately buildings with which in his own lifetime Hadrian had embellished Greece, and the hardly less splendid edifices which, even while he wrote, another munificent patron of art, Herodes Atticus, was rearing at some of the great centres of Greek life and religion. Yet under all this brave show the decline had set in. About a century earlier the emperor Nero, in the speech in which he announced at Corinth the liberation of Greece, lamented that it had not been given him to confer the boon in other and happier days when there would have been more people to profit by it. Some years after this imperial utterance Plutarch declared that the world in general and Greece especially was depopulated by the civil brawls and wars ; the whole country, he said, could now hardly put three thousand infantry in the field, the number that formerly Megara alone had sent to face the Persians at Plataea ; and in the daytime a solitary shepherd feeding his flock was the only human being to be met with on what had been the site of one of the most renowned oracles in Boeotia. Dio Chrysostom tells us that in his time the greater part of the city of Thebes lay deserted, and that only a single statue stood erect among the ruins of the ancient market-place. The same picturesque writer has sketched for us a provincial town of Euboea, where most of the space within the walls was in pasture or rig and furrow, where the gymnasium was a fruitful field in which the images of Hercules and the rest rose here and there above the waving corn, and where sheep grazed peacefully about the public offices in the grass-grown market-place. In one of his *Dialogues of the Dead*, Lucian represents the soul of a rich man

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bitterly reproaching himself for his rashness in having dared to cross Cithaeron with only a couple of men-servants, for he had been set upon and murdered by robbers on the highway at the point where the grey ruins of Eleutherae still look down on the pass ; in the time of Lucian the district, laid waste, he tells us, by the old wars, seems to have been even more lonely and deserted than it is now. Of this state of things Pausanias himself is our best witness. Again and again he notices shrunken or ruined cities, deserted villages, roofless temples, shrines without images and pedestals without statues, faint vestiges of places that once had a name and played a part in history. To the site of one famous city he came and found it a vineyard. In one neglected fane he saw a great ivy-tree clinging to the ruined walls and rending the stones asunder. In others nothing but the tall columns standing up against the sky marked the site of a temple. Nor were more sudden and violent forces of destruction wanting to hasten the slow decay wrought by time, by neglect, by political servitude, by all the subtle indefinable agencies that sap a nation's strength. In Pausanias's lifetime a horde of northern barbarians, the ominous precursor of many more, carried fire and sword into the heart of Greece, and the Roman world was wasted by that great pestilence which thinned its population, enfeebled its energies, and precipitated the decline of art.

The little we know of the life of Pausanias is gathered entirely from his writings. Antiquity, which barely mentions the writer, is silent as to the man.

Fortunately his date is certain. At the beginning of his description of Elis he tells us that two hundred and seventeen years had elapsed since the restoration of Corinth. As Corinth was restored in 44 B.C.,

we see that Pausanias was writing his fifth book in 174 A.D. during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. With this date all the other chronological indications in his book harmonise. Thus he speaks of images which were set up in 125 A.D. as specimens of the art of his day. Again, he gives us to understand that he was a contemporary of Hadrian's, and he tells us that he never saw Hadrian's favourite, Antinous, in life. Now Hadrian died in 138 A.D., and the mysterious death of Antinous in Egypt appears to have fallen in 130 A.D. It is natural to infer from Pausanias's words that though he never saw Antinous in life, he was old enough to have seen him ; from which we conclude that our author was born a good many years before 130 A.D., the date of Antinous's death. The latest historical event mentioned by him is the incursion of the Costoboci into Greece, which seems to have taken place some time between 166 A.D. and 180 A.D., perhaps in 176 A.D.

The birthplace of Pausanias is less certain than his date, but there are good grounds for believing that he was a Lydian. For after saying that in his country traces were still to be seen of the abode of Pelops and Tantalus, he mentions some monuments and natural features associated with the names of these ancient princes on and near Mount Sipylus. This is nearly a direct affirmation that the region about Mount Sipylus in Lydia was his native land. The same thing appears, though less directly, from the minute acquaintance he displays with the district and from the evident fondness with which he recurs again and again to its scenery and legends. He had seen the white eagles wheeling above the lonely tarn of Tantalus in the heart of the hills ; he had beheld the stately tomb of the same hero on Mount Sipylus, the ruined city at the bottom of the clear lake, the rock-hewn throne of Pelops crowning the dizzy

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peak that overhangs the cañon, and the dripping rock which popular fancy took for the bereaved Niobe weeping for her children. He speaks of the clouds of locusts which he had thrice seen vanish from Mount Sipylus, of the wild dance of the peasantry, and of the shrine of Mother Plastene, whose rude image, carved out of the native rock, may still be seen in its niche at the foot of the mountain. From all this it is fair to surmise that Pausanias was born and bred not far from the mountains which he seems to have known and loved so well. Their inmost recesses he may have explored on foot in boyhood and have drunk in their old romantic legends from the lips of woodmen and hunters. Whether, as some conjecture, he was born at Magnesia, the city at the northern foot of Mount Sipylus, we cannot say, but the vicinity of the city to the mountain speaks in favour of the conjecture. It is less probable, perhaps, that his birthplace was the more distant Pergamus, although there is no lack of passages to prove that he knew and interested himself in that city. As a native of Lydia it was natural that Pausanias should be familiar with the western coast of Asia Minor. There is indeed no part of the world outside of Greece to which he refers so often. He seizes an opportunity to give us the history of the colonisation of Ionia, and dwells with patriotic pride on the glorious climate, the matchless temples, and the natural wonders of that beautiful land.

The aim that Pausanias had in writing his *Description of Greece* is nowhere very fully or clearly stated by him. His book has neither head nor tail, neither preface nor epilogue. At the beginning he plunges into the description of Attica without a word of introduction, and at the end he breaks off his account of Ozolian Locris with equal abruptness. There is reason to believe that the work is unfinished,

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for he seems to have intended to describe Opuntian Locris, but this intention was never fulfilled. However, from occasional utterances as well as from the general scope and plan of the book, we can gather a fairly accurate notion of the writer's purpose. Thus in the midst of his description of the Acropolis of Athens he suddenly interposes the remark, "But I must proceed, for I have to describe the whole of Greece," as if the thought of the wide field he had to traverse jogged him, as well it might, and bade him hasten. Again, after bringing his description of Athens and Attica to an end, he adds: "Such are, in my opinion, the most famous of the Athenian traditions and sights: from the mass of materials I have aimed from the outset at selecting the really notable." Later on, before addressing himself to the description of Sparta he explains his purpose still more definitely and emphatically: "To prevent misconceptions, I stated in my *Attica* that I had not described everything, but only a selection of the most memorable objects. This principle I will now repeat before I proceed to describe Sparta. From the outset I aimed at sifting the most valuable traditions from out of the mass of insignificant stories which are current among every people. My plan was adopted after mature deliberation, and I will not depart from it." Again, after briefly narrating the history of Phlius, he says: "I shall now add a notice of the most remarkable sights," and he concludes his description of Delphi with the words: "Such were the notable objects left at Delphi in my time." In introducing his notice of the honorary statues at Olympia he is careful to explain that he does not intend to furnish a complete catalogue of them, but only to mention such as were of special interest either for their artistic merit or for the fame of the persons they portrayed.

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From these and a few more passages of the same sort it seems clear that Pausanias intended to describe all the most notable objects and to narrate all the most memorable traditions which he found existing or current in the Greece of his own time. It was a vast undertaking, and we need not wonder that at the outset he should have felt himself oppressed by the magnitude of it, and that consequently in the first book, dealing with Attica, his selection of notable objects should be scantier and his description of them slighter than in the later books. It was not only that he was bewildered by the multitude of things he had to say, but that he had not quite made up his mind how to say them. He was groping and fumbling after a method. As the work proceeded, he seems to have felt himself more at ease ; the arrangement of the matter becomes more systematic, the range of his interests wider, the descriptions more detailed, his touch surer. Even the second book shows in all these respects a great advance on the first. To mention two conspicuous improvements, he has now definitely adopted the topographical order of description, and he prefaches his account of each considerable city with a sketch of its history. In the first book, on the other hand, an historical introduction is wholly wanting, and though Athens itself is on the whole described in topographical order, the rest of Attica is not. Only with the description of the Sacred Way which led from Athens to Eleusis does Pausanias once for all grasp firmly the topographical thread as the best clue to guide him and his readers through the labyrinth. Throughout the rest of his work the general principle on which he arranges his matter is this. After narrating in outline the history of the district he is about to describe, he proceeds from the frontier to the capital by the nearest road, noting anything of

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interest that strikes him by the way. Arrived at the capital he goes straight to the centre of it, generally to the market-place, describes the chief buildings and monuments there, and then follows the streets, one after the other, that radiate from the centre in all directions, recording the most remarkable objects in each of them. Having finished his account of the capital he describes the surrounding district on the same principle. He follows the chief roads that lead from the capital to all parts of the territory, noting methodically the chief natural features and the most important towns, villages, and monuments that he meets with on the way. Having followed the road up till it brings him to the frontier, he retraces his steps to the capital, and sets off along another which he treats in the same way, until in this manner he has exhausted all the principal thoroughfares that branch from the city. On reaching the end of the last of them he does not return on his footsteps, but crosses the boundary into the next district, which he then proceeds to describe after the same fashion. This, roughly speaking, is the way in which he describes the cities and territories of Corinth, Argos, Sparta, Mantinea, Megalopolis, Tegea, and Thebes.

A better and clearer method of arranging matter so complex and varied it might be hard to devise. It possesses at least one obvious advantage—the routes do not cross each other, and thus a fruitful source of confusion is avoided. The reader, however, will easily perceive that the order of description can hardly have been the one in which Pausanias travelled or expected his readers to travel. The most patient and systematic of topographers and sightseers would hardly submit to the irksome drudgery of pursuing almost every road twice over, first in one direction and then in the other. Manifestly the order has been adopted only for the sake of lucidity, only because in

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no other way could the writer convey to his reader so clear a notion of the relative positions of the places and things described. Why was Pausanias at such pains to present everything to his readers in its exact position? The only probable answer is that he wished to help them to find their way from one object of interest to another; in other words that he intended his *Description of Greece* to serve as a guide-book to travellers. If his aim had been merely to amuse and entertain his readers at home, he could hardly have lighted on a worse method of doing so; for the persons who find topographical directions amusing and can extract entertainment from reading that "This place is so many furlongs from that, and this other so many more from that other," must be few in number and of an unusually cheerful disposition. The ordinary reader is more likely to yawn over such statements and shut up the book. We may take it, then, that in Pausanias's work we possess the ancient equivalent of our modern *Murrays* and *Baedekers*. The need for such a guide-book would be felt by the many travellers who visited Greece, and for whom the garrulous but ignorant ciceroni did not, as we know, always provide the desired information. Yet with the innocent ambition of an author Pausanias may very well have hoped that his book might prove not wholly uninteresting to others than travellers. The digressions on historical subjects, on natural curiosities, on the strange creatures of different countries, with which he so often breaks the thread of his description, may be regarded as so many lures held out to the reader to beguile him on his weary way. Indeed in one passage he plainly intimates his wish not to be tedious to his readers.

When we come to examine the substance of his book we quickly perceive that his interests were mainly antiquarian and religious, and that though he

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professes to describe the whole of Greece or, more literally, all things Greek, what he does describe is little more than the antiquities of the country and the religious traditions and ritual of the people. He interested himself neither in the natural beauties of Greece nor in the ordinary life of his contemporaries. For all the notice he takes of the one or the other, Greece might almost have been a wilderness and its cities uninhabited or peopled only at rare intervals by a motley throng who suddenly appeared as by magic, moved singing through the streets in gay procession with flaring torches and waving censers, dyed the marble pavements of the temples with the blood of victims, filled the air with the smoke and savour of their burning flesh, and then melted away as mysteriously as they had come, leaving the deserted streets and temples to echo only to the footstep of some solitary traveller who explored with awe and wonder the monuments of a vanished race. Yet as his work proceeded Pausanias seems to have wakened up now and then to a dim consciousness that men and women were still living and toiling around him, that fields were still ploughed and harvests reaped, that the vine and the olive still yielded their fruit, though Theseus and Agamemnon, Cimon and Pericles, Philip and Alexander were no more. To this awakening consciousness or, to speak more correctly, to this gradual widening of his interests, we owe the few peeps which in his later books Pausanias affords us at his contemporaries in their daily life. Thus he lets us see the tall and stalwart highlanders of Daulis; the handsome and industrious women of Patrae weaving with deft fingers the fine flax of their native fields into head-dresses and other feminine finery; the fishermen of Bulis putting out to fish the purple shell in the Gulf of Corinth; the potters of Aulis turning their wheels in the little seaside town from which Agamemnon sailed

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for Troy ; and the apothecaries of Chaeronea distilling a fragrant and healing balm from roses and lilies, from irises and narcissuses culled in peaceful gardens on the battlefield where Athens and Thebes, side by side, had made the last stand for the freedom of Greece.

Contrast with these sketches, few and far between, the gallery of pictures he has painted of the religious life of his contemporaries. To mention only a few of them, we see sick people asleep and dreaming on the reeking skins of slaughtered rams or dropping gold and silver coins as a thank-offering for recovered health into a sacred spring ; lepers praying to the nymphs in a cave, then swimming the river and leaving, like Naaman, their uncleanness behind them in the water ; holy men staggering along narrow paths under the burden of uprooted trees ; processions of priests and magistrates, of white-robed boys with garlands of hyacinths in their hair, of children wreathed with corn and ivy, of men holding aloft blazing torches and chanting as they march their native hymns ; women wailing for Achilles while the sun sinks low in the west ; Persians in tall caps droning their strange litany in an unknown tongue ; husbandmen sticking gold leaf on a bronze goat in a market-place to protect their vines from blight, or running with the bleeding pieces of a white cock round the vineyards while the black squall comes crawling up across the bay. We see the priest making rain by dipping an oak-branch in a spring on the holy mountain, or mumbling his weird spells by night over four pits to soothe the fury of the winds that blow from the four quarters of the world. We see men slaughtering beasts at a grave and pouring the warm blood down a hole into the tomb for the dead man to drink ; others casting cakes of meal and honey into the cleft down which the water of the Great Flood all

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ran away ; others trying their fortune by throwing dice in a cave, or flinging barley-cakes into a pool and watching them sink or swim, or letting down a mirror into a spring to know whether a sick friend will recover or die. We see the bronze lamps lit at evening in front of the oracular image, the smoke of incense curling up from the hearth, the enquirer laying a copper coin on the altar, whispering his question into the ear of the image, then stealing out with his hands on his ears, ready to take as the divine answer the first words he may hear on quitting the sanctuary. We see the nightly sky reddened by the fitful glow of the great bonfire on the top of Mount Cithaeron where the many images of oak-wood, arrayed as brides, are being consumed in the flames, after having been dragged in lumbering creaking waggons to the top of the mountain, each image with a bridesmaid standing by its side. These and many more such scenes rise up before us in turning the pages of Pausanias.

Akin to his taste for religious ritual is his love of chronicling quaint customs, observances, and superstitions of all sorts. Thus he tells us how Troezenian maidens used to dedicate locks of their hair in the temple of the bachelor Hippolytus before marriage ; how on a like occasion Megarian girls laid their shorn tresses on the grave of the virgin Iphinoe ; how lads at Phigalia cropped their hair in honour of the river that flows in the deep glen below the town ; how the boy priests of Cranaean Athena bathed in tubs after the ancient fashion ; and how the priest and priestess of Artemis Hymnia must remain all their lives unmarried, must wash and live differently from common folk, and must never enter* the house of a private person. Amongst the curious observances which he notices at the various shrines are the rules that no birth or death might take place within the sacred grove of Aesculapius at Epidaurus, and that all

sacrifices had to be consumed within the bounds ; that no broken bough might be removed from the grove of Hyrnetho near Epidaurus, and no pomegranate brought into the precinct of the Mistress at Lycosura ; that at Pergamus the name of Eurypylus might not be pronounced in the sanctuary of Aesculapius, and no one who had sacrificed to Telephus might enter that sanctuary till he had bathed ; that at Olympia no man who had eaten of the victim offered to Pelops might go into the temple of Zeus, that women might not ascend above the first stage of the great altar, that the paste of ashes which was smeared on the altar must be kneaded with the water of the Alpheus and no other, and that the sacrifices offered to Zeus must be burnt with no wood but that of the white poplar. Again, he loves to note, though he does not always believe, the local superstitions he met with or had read of, such as the belief that at the sacrifice to Zeus on Mount Lycaeus a man was always turned into a wolf, but could regain his human shape if as a wolf he abstained for nine years from preying on human flesh ; that within the precinct of the god on the same mountain neither men nor animals cast shadows, and that whoever entered it would die within the year ; that the trout in the river Aroanius sang like thrushes ; that whoever caught a fish in a certain lake would be turned into a fish himself ; that Tegea could never be taken because it possessed a lock of Medusa's hair ; that Hera recovered her virginity every year by bathing in a spring at Nauplia ; that the water of one spring was a cure for hydrophobia, while the water of another drove mares mad ; that no snakes or wolves could live in Sardinia ; that when the sun was in a certain sign of the zodiac earth taken from the tomb of Amphion and Zethus at Thebes and carried to Tithorea in Phocis would draw away the fertility from the Theban land and transfer it to the Tithorean,

whence at that season the Thebans kept watch and ward over the tomb, lest the Tithoreans should come and filch the precious earth ; that at Marathon every night the dead warriors rose from their graves and fought the great battle over again, while belated wayfarers, hurrying by, heard with a shudder the hoarse cries of the combatants, the trampling of charging horses, and the clash of arms.

The real interest of Pausanias, however, lay neither in the country nor in the people of his own age, but in those monuments of the past, which, though too often injured by time or defaced by violence, he still found scattered in profusion over Greece. It is to a description of them that the greater part of his work is devoted. He did not profess to catalogue, still less to describe, them all. To do so might well have exceeded the powers of any man, however great his patience and industry. All that a writer could reasonably hope to accomplish was to make a choice of the most interesting monuments, to describe them clearly, and to furnish such comments as were needful to understanding them properly. This is what Pausanias attempted to do and what, after every deduction has been made for omissions and mistakes, he may fairly be said to have done well. The choice of the monuments to be described necessarily rested with himself, and if his choice was sometimes different from what ours might have been, it would be unreasonable to blame him for it. He did not write for us. No man in his sober senses ever did write for readers who were to be born some seventeen hundred years after he was in his grave. In his wildest dreams of fame Pausanias can hardly have hoped, perhaps under all the circumstances we ought rather to say feared, that his book would be read, long after the Roman empire had passed away, by the people whom he calls the most numerous and warlike bar-

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barians in Europe,* by the Britons in their distant isle, and by the inhabitants of a new world across the Atlantic.

When we examine Pausanias's choice of monuments we find that, like his account of the country and people, it was mainly determined by two leading principles, his antiquarian tastes and his religious curiosity. In the first place, the monuments described are generally ancient, not modern ; in the second place, they are for the most part religious, not profane. His preference for old over modern art, for works of the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. over those of the later period, was well founded and has been shared by the best judges both in ancient and modern times. Cicero, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Quintilian, and our author's own contemporary, Lucian, perhaps the most refined critic of art in antiquity, mention no artist of later date than the fourth century B.C. The truth is, the subjugation of Greece by Macedonia struck a fatal blow at Greek art. No sculptor or painter of the first rank was born after the conquest. It seemed as if art were a flower that could only bloom in freedom ; in the air of slavery it drooped and faded. Thus if Pausanias chose to chronicle the masterpieces of the great age of art rather than the feebler productions of the decadence, we can only applaud his taste. Yet we may surmise that his taste was here reinforced by his patriotism. For he was more than a mere antiquary and connoisseur. He was a patriot who warmly sympathised with the ancient glories of his country and deeply mourned its decline. He recognised Athens as the representative of all that was best in Greek life, and he can hardly find words strong

* "Antoninus the Second," he tells us (vii 43 6), "inflicted punishment on the Germans, the most numerous and warlike barbarians in Europe."

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enough to express his detestation of the men who by weakening her in the Peloponnesian war directly prepared for the conquest of Greece by Macedonia. The battle of Chaeronea he describes repeatedly as a disaster for the whole of Greece, and of the conqueror Philip himself he speaks in terms of the strongest reprobation. The men who had repelled the Persians, put down the military despotism of Sparta, fought against the Macedonians, and delayed, if they could not avert, the final subjugation of Greece by Rome were for him the benefactors of their country. He gives a list of them, beginning with Miltiades and ending with Philopoemen, after whom, he says, Greece ceased to be the mother of the brave. And as he mentions with pride and gratitude the men who had served the cause of freedom, so he expresses himself with disgust and abhorrence of the men who had worked for the enslavement of Greece to Persia, to Macedonia, and to Rome. His style, generally cold and colourless, grows warm and animated when he tells of a struggle for freedom, whether waged by the Messenians against the Spartans, or by the Greeks against the Gauls, or by the Achaeans against the Romans. And when he has recorded the final catastrophe, the conquest of Greece by Rome, he remarks as with a sigh that the nation had now reached its lowest depth of weakness, and that when Nero afterwards liberated it the boon came too late—the Greeks had forgotten what it was to be free.

The preference which Pausanias exhibits for the art of the best period is not more marked than his preference for sacred over profane or merely decorative art, for buildings consecrated to religion over buildings devoted to the purposes of civic or private life. Rarely does he offer any general remarks on the aspect and architectural style of the cities he describes.

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At Tanagra he praises the complete separation of the houses of the people from the sanctuaries of the gods. Amphissa, he tells us, was handsomely built, and Lebadea could compare with the most flourishing cities of Greece in style and splendour. On the other hand he viewed with unconcealed disdain the squalor and decay of the Phocian city of Panopeus, "if city it can be called that has no government offices, no gymnasium, no theatre, no market-place, no water conducted to a fountain, and where the people live in hovels, just like highland shanties, perched on the edge of a ravine." In the cities he visited he does indeed notice market-places, colonnades, courts of justice, government offices, fountains, baths, and the houses and statues of famous men, but the number of such buildings and monuments in his pages is small compared to the number of temples and precincts, images and votive offerings that he describes, and such notice as he takes of them seldom amounts to more than a bare mention. The civic buildings that he deigns to describe in any detail are very few. Amongst them we may note the Painted Colonnade at Athens with its famous pictures, the spacious and splendid Persian Colonnade at Sparta with its columns of white marble carved in the shape of Persian captives, the market-place at Elis, and the Phocian parliament-house with its double row of columns running down the whole length of the hall and its seats rising in tiers from the columns up to the walls behind.

It is when he comes to religious art and architecture that Pausanias seems to have felt himself most at home. If in his notice of civic buildings and monuments he is chary of details, he is lavish of them in describing the temples and sanctuaries with their store of images, altars, and offerings. The most elaborate of his descriptions are those which he has

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given of the temple of Zeus at Olympia with the great image of the god by Phidias, the scenes on the Chest of Cypselus in the Heraeum at Olympia, the reliefs on the throne of Apollo at Amyclae, and the paintings by Polygnotus in the Cnidian Lesche at Delphi. But, apart from these conspicuous examples, almost every page of his work bears witness to his interest in the monuments of religion, especially when they were more than usually old and quaint. Among the queer images he describes are the thirty square stones revered as gods at Pharae ; the rough stones worshipped as images of Love and Hercules and the Graces at Thespiae, Hyettus, and Orchemenus ; the pyramidal stone which represented Apollo at Megara ; the ancient wooden image of Zeus with three eyes on the acropolis of Argos ; the old idol of Demeter as a woman with a horse's head holding a dove in one hand and a dolphin in the other ; the figure of a mermaid bound fast with golden chains in a wild wood at the meeting of two glens ; the image of the War God at Sparta in fetters to hinder him from running away ; the bronze likeness of an unquiet ghost clamped with iron to a rock to keep him still ; an image of Athena with a purple bandage on her wounded thigh ; a pair of wooden idols of Dionysus with shining gilt bodies and red faces ; and tiny bronze images of Castor and Pollux, a foot high, on a rocky islet over which the sea broke foaming in winter, but could not wash them away.

But his religious bias by no means so warped the mind of Pausanias as to render him indifferent to the historic ground which he trod, and to those monuments of great men and memorable events on which his eye must have fallen at almost every turn. As a scholar he was versed in, and as a patriot he was proud of, the memories which these monuments were

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destined to perpetuate, and which in the genius of the Greek people have found a monument more lasting than any of bronze or marble. He visited the battlefields of Marathon and Plataea and beheld the trophies of victory and the graves of the victors. At Salamis he saw the trophy of the great sea-fight, but he mentions no graves. Doubtless the bones of many victors and vanquished lay together fathoms deep in the bay. At Chaeronea he saw a sadder monument, the colossal stone lion on the grave of the Thebans who had fallen in the cause of freedom. On the battlefield of Mantinea he found the grave of Epaminondas, at Sparta the grave of Leonidas, and among the pine-woods of the sacred isle that looks across the blue Saronic gulf to Attica the grave of the banished Demosthenes. At Thebes he saw the ruins of Pindar's house, the shields of the Lacedaemonian officers who fell at Leuctra, and the figures of white marble which Thrasybulus and his comrades in exile and in arms had dedicated out of gratitude for Theban hospitality. In the Grove of the Muses on Helicon he beheld the statues of renowned poets and musicians—Hesiod with his lute, Arion on his dolphin, blind Thamyris, Orpheus holding the beasts spellbound as he sang. At Tanagra he observed the portrait and the tomb of the poetess Corinna, the rival of Pindar; and in several cities of Arcadia he remarked portraits of the Arcadian historian Polybius.

Nowhere, however, did he find historical monuments crowded so closely together as at Athens, Olympia, and Delphi. The great sanctuaries of Olympia and Delphi served in a manner as the national museums and record-offices of Greece. In them the various Greek cities not only of the mother-country but of Italy, Sicily, Gaul, and the East set up the trophies of their victories and de-

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posited copies of treaties and other important documents. They offered a neutral ground where natives of jealous or hostile states could meet in peace, and where they could survey, with hearts that swelled with various emotions, the records of their country's triumphs and defeats. At Olympia our author mentions a tablet inscribed with a treaty of alliance for a hundred years between Elis, Athens, Argos, and Mantinea ; another tablet recording a treaty of peace for thirty years between Athens and Sparta ; and the quoit of Iphitus inscribed with the terms of the truce of God which was proclaimed at the Olympic festival. Amongst the many trophies of war which he enumerates the most memorable was the image of Zeus dedicated in common by the Greeks who had fought at Plataea, and the most conspicuous, unless we except the figure of Victory on the pillar dedicated by the Messenians of Naupactus, must have been the colossal bronze statue of Zeus, no less than twenty-seven feet high, which the Eleans set up for a victory over the Arcadians. A golden shield, hung high on the eastern gable of the temple of Zeus, proclaimed the triumph of the Lacedaemonian arms at Tanagra. The sight of one-and-twenty gilded shields that glittered on the eastern and southern sides of the temple must have cost Pausanias a pang, for they had been dedicated by the Roman general Mummius to commemorate the conquest of Greece. Another monument that doubtless vexed the patriotic heart of Pausanias was an elegant rotunda with slim Ionic columns resting on marble steps and supporting a marble roof ; for the statues which it enclosed, resplendent in gold and ivory, were those of Philip and Alexander, and the building stood as a memorial of the battle of Chaeronea.

At Delphi the road which wound up the steep slope to the temple of Apollo was lined on both sides

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with an unbroken succession of monuments which illustrated some of the brightest triumphs and darkest tragedies in Greek history. Here the proud trophy of the Lacedaemonian victory at Aegospotami, with its rows of statues rising in tiers, confronted the more modest trophy erected by the Athenians for the victory of Marathon. Here were statues set up by the Argives for the share they had taken with the Thebans in founding Messene. Here was a treasury dedicated by the Athenians out of the spoils of Marathon, and another dedicated by the Thebans out of the spoils of Leuctra. Here another treasury, built by the Syracusans, commemorated the disastrous defeat of the Athenians in Sicily. A bronze palm-tree and a gilded image of Athena stood here as memorials of Athenian valour by sea and land at the Eurymedon. Here, above all, were monuments of the victories achieved by the united Greeks over the Persians at Artemisium, Salamis, and Plataea. The golden tripod, indeed, which formed the trophy of Plataea, had disappeared long before Pausanias passed up the Sacred Way, its empty place testifying silently to the rapacity of the Phocian leaders ; but the bronze serpent which had supported it still stood erect, with the names of the states that had taken part in the battle inscribed on its coils. A prodigious image of Apollo, five-and-thirty ells high, towering above the other monuments, proclaimed at once the enormity of the crime which the Phocians had committed and the magnitude of the fine by which they had expiated it. High and conspicuous too, on the architrave of the temple, hung the shields which told of one of the latest triumphs of the Greek arms, the repulse and defeat of the Gauls. All these and many more historical monuments Pausanias saw and described at Delphi.

At Athens among the portraits of famous men that

attracted his attention were statues of the statesmen Solon, Pericles, and Lycurgus, the generals Conon, Timotheus, and Iphicrates, the orators Demosthenes and Isocrates, the philosopher Chrysippus, and the poets Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Menander. In the Prytaneum were preserved copies of the laws of Solon. The colonnades that flanked the market-place were adorned with pictures of the battles of Marathon, Oenoe, and Mantinea, and in one of them—the celebrated Painted Colonnade—our author observed bronze shields, smeared with pitch to preserve them from rust, which had been taken from the Spartans at Sphacteria. On the Acropolis stood, as a trophy of the Persian wars, the immense bronze statue of Athena, of which the blade of the spear and the crest of the helmet could be seen far off at sea. Close at hand in the Erechtheum the traveller was shown the sword of Mardonius and the corselet of Masistius, who had fallen while leading the Persian cavalry to the charge at Plataea. In Piraeus he saw the sanctuary of Aphrodite which Conon had built after vanquishing the Lacedaemonian fleet off Cnidus, and at the entrance to the great harbour, in view of the ships sailing out and in, the grave of Themistocles who had won for Athens the empire of the sea. But no place in Greece was richer in monuments of the historic past, none seems to have stirred Pausanias more deeply than that memorable spot outside the walls of Athens where, within the narrow compass of a single graveyard, were gathered the mortal remains of so much valour and genius. Here lay not a few of the illustrious men who by their counsels, their swords, or their pens had made Athens great and famous, and hither the ashes of humbler citizens, who had died for their country, were brought from distant battlefields to rest in Attic earth. His description of this the national burying-ground of Athens has not,

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indeed, the pensive grace of Addison's essay on the tombs in the Abbey. It is little more than a bare list of the names he read on the monuments, but there almost every name was a history as full of proud or mournful memories as the names carved on the tombs in Westminster and St. Paul's or stitched on the tattered and blackened banners that droop from the walls of our churches. The annals of Athens were written on these stones—the story of her restless and aspiring activity, her triumphs in art, in eloquence, in arms, her brief noon of glory, and her long twilight of decrepitude and decay. No wonder that our traveller paused amid monuments which seemed, in the gathering night of barbarism, to catch and reflect some beams of the bright day that was over, like the purple light that lingers on the slopes of Hymettus when the sun has set on Athens.

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ON a bright day in late autumn a good many years ago I had ascended the hill of Panopeus in Phocis to examine the ancient Greek fortifications which crest its brow. It was the first of November, but the weather was very hot ; and when my work among the ruins was done, I was glad to rest under the shade of a clump of fine holly-oaks, to inhale the sweet refreshing perfume of the wild thyme which scented all the air, and to enjoy the distant prospects, rich in natural beauty, rich too in memories of the legendary and historic past. To the south the finely cut peak of Helicon peered over the low intervening hills. In the west loomed the mighty mass of Parnassus, its middle slopes darkened by pine-woods like shadows of clouds brooding on the mountain-side ; while at its skirts

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nestled the ivy-mantled walls of Daulis overhanging the deep glen, whose romantic beauty accords so well with the loves and sorrows of Procne and Philomela, which Greek tradition associated with the spot. Northwards, across the broad plain to which the hill of Panopeus descends, steep and bare, the eye rested on the gap in the hills through which the Cephissus winds his tortuous way to flow under grey willows at the foot of barren stony hills, till his turbid waters lose themselves, no longer in the vast reedy swamps of the now vanished Copaic Lake, but in the darkness of a cavern in the limestone rock. Eastward, clinging to the slopes of the bleak range of which the hill of Panopeus forms part, were the ruins of Chaeronea, the birthplace of Plutarch ; and out there in the plain was fought the disastrous battle which laid Greece at the feet of Macedonia. There, too, in a later age East and West met in deadly conflict, when the Roman armies under Sulla defeated the Asiatic hosts of Mithridates. Such was the landscape spread out before me on one of those farewell autumn days of almost pathetic splendour, when the departing summer seems to linger fondly, as if loth to resign to winter the enchanted mountains of Greece. Next day the scene had changed ; summer was gone. A grey November mist hung low on the hills which only yesterday had shone resplendent in the sun, and under its melancholy curtain the dead flat of the Chaeronean plain, a wide treeless expanse shut in by desolate slopes, wore an aspect of chilly sadness befitting the battlefield where a nation's freedom was lost.

But crowded as the prospect from Panopeus is with memories of the past, the place itself, now so still and deserted, was once the scene of an event even more ancient and memorable, if Greek story-tellers can be trusted. For here, they say, the sage Prometheus created our first parents by fashioning them, like a

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potter, out of clay. The very spot where he did so can still be seen. It is a forlorn little glen, or rather hollow, behind the hill of Panopeus, below the ruined but still stately walls and towers which crown the grey rocks of the summit. The glen, when I visited it that hot day after the long drought of summer, was quite dry ; no water trickled down its bushy sides, but in the bottom I found a reddish crumbling earth, a relic perhaps of the clay out of which the potter Prometheus moulded the Greek Adam and Eve. In a volume dedicated to the honour of one who has done more than any other in modern times to shape the ideas of mankind as to their origin, it may not be out of place to recall this crude Greek notion of the creation of the human race, and to compare or contrast it with other rudimentary speculations of primitive peoples on the same subject, if only for the sake of marking the interval which divides the childhood from the maturity of science.

The simple notion that the first man and woman were modelled out of clay by a god or other super-human being is found in the traditions of many peoples. This is the Hebrew belief recorded in Genesis : “ The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life ; and man became a living soul.” To the Hebrews this derivation of our species suggested itself all the more naturally because in their language the word for ground (*adamah*) is in form the feminine of the man (*adam*). From various allusions in Babylonian literature it would seem that the Babylonians also conceived man to have been moulded out of clay. According to Berosus, the Babylonian priest whose account of creation has been preserved in a Greek version, the god Bel cut off his own head, and the other gods caught the flowing blood, mixed it with earth, and fashioned men out of the bloody

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paste ; and that, they said, is why men are so wise, because their mortal clay is tempered with divine blood. In Egyptian mythology Khnoumou, the father of the gods, is said to have moulded men out of clay. We cannot doubt that such crude conceptions of the origin of our race were handed down to the civilised peoples of antiquity by their savage or barbarous forefathers. Certainly stories of the same sort are known to be current among savages and barbarians.

MARATHON

THE plain of Marathon, the scene of the memorable defeat of the Persians by the Athenians in 490 B.C., is a crescent-shaped stretch of flat land curving round the shore of a spacious bay and bounded on the landward side by a semicircle of steep mountains, with bare rocky sides, which rise abruptly from the plain. In its north-eastern corner the plain is terminated by a narrow rocky promontory running southward far into the sea and sheltering the bay on the north-east ; in antiquity this promontory was called Cynosura ("dog's tail"), it is now called Cape Stomi or Cape Marathon. At its southern end the plain is terminated by Mount Agrieliki, a spur of Mount Pentelicus, which here advances so far eastward as to leave only a narrow strip of flat land between it and the sea. Through this strip of flat land at the foot of Mount Agrieliki runs the only carriage road which connects Marathon with Athens. The length of the plain of Marathon from north-east to south-west is about six miles ; its breadth varies from one and a half to two and a half miles. The shore is a shelving sandy beach, free from rocks

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and shoals, and well suited for the disembarkation of troops. A great swamp, covered with sharp reed-grass and divided from the sea by a narrow strip of sandy beach overgrown with pine-trees, occupies most of the northern end of the plain. It never dries wholly up even in the heat of summer ; two canals constructed by General Sutzos have only partially drained it. Tamarisk bushes grow in the drier parts of the marsh ; their scarlet blossoms are conspicuous in spring. The swamp is deepest at its western side, where it is separated only by a narrow passage, hardly wide enough for two horses to pass each other, from the steep rocky slope of Mount Stavrokoraki. The ancient road which led northward from the plain of Marathon to Rhamnus ran along this narrow passage, between the marsh on the one hand and the slope of the mountain on the other. Leake noticed traces of ancient chariot-wheels here ; and till a few years ago a long line of stones, a little farther to the south, marked the line of the ancient road. At the northern end of this defile between the marsh and the mountain stands the modern village of Kato-Souli. About a quarter of a mile to the south of it, close to the road and to the foot of the mountain, are the deepest pools of the swamp ; they are easily distinguished by the luxuriant vegetation that surrounds them, the tall reeds being particularly noticeable. These pools, beside which cattle find green pasture in summer when the plains are scorched and brown with heat, are fed by powerful subterranean sources, the Macaria of the ancients, about which Pausanias tells us the legend of Macaria, daughter of Hercules, who gave her name to the spring. Strabo says that the head of Eurystheus was cut off and buried by Iolaus beside the spring Macaria, under the highroad, and that hence the place was called “ the head of Eurystheus.” At Kato-Souli, about half-way up the

slope of the hill which rises above the village, there are some shallow niche-like excavations in the rock, not unlike mangers. It may have been these niches to which popular fancy gave the name of "the mangers of the horses of Artaphernes." On its opposite or eastern side the great swamp ends in a small salt-water lake, now called Drakonera, that is "the dragon-water" or "the enchanted water." This lake discharges itself into the sea by a stream which flows exactly at the point where the sandy beach of the bay ends and the rocks of Cape Cynosura begin. Sea fish are caught in the lake, and eels in the fresh-water pools of the marsh. The salt lake has perhaps been formed since the time of Pausanias, for he describes only the marsh and a stream flowing from it into the sea. At the southern end of the plain of Marathon there is another, but much smaller, swamp called Vrexisa between the sea and the foot of Mount Agrieliki. Its greatest breadth is about half a mile. It is covered with reedy grass and shrubs, and is separated from the sea by a strip of sand. The high-road to Athens runs betwixt this marsh and the foot of the mountains.

Between these two marshes, the one on the north, the other on the south, the plain of Marathon is now chiefly covered with corn-fields. But towards its southern end there is a stretch of vineyards mixed with olives and fruit-trees and dotted with a few pines and cypresses. Farther north, an isolated oak-tree rising here and there, and a green belt of currant-plantations stretching from the foot of the hills to the shore of the bay, break the uniformity of the endless corn-fields. The plain is uninhabited. The villages lie at the foot of the mountains or in the neighbouring glens. On a still autumn day, under a lowering sky, the wide expanse of the solitary plain presents a chilling and dreary aspect. Not a living creature is

to be seen, except perhaps a few peasants in the distance ploughing with teams of slow-paced oxen.

In this vast sweep of level ground the eye is caught, at no great distance, by a single solitary object rising inconspicuously above it. This is the famous mound, now called Soros, which covers the remains of the Athenians who fell in the battle. It rises from the plain a mile from the foot of the hills, half a mile from the sea, and about three-quarters of a mile north of the marsh of Vrexisa. It is a conical mound of light, reddish mould, some thirty feet high and two hundred paces in circumference. Its top has been somewhat flattened by excavations ; its sides are overgrown with low brushwood. A wild pear-tree grows at its foot. In April-June 1890 the mound was excavated under the superintendence of Mr. Staes for the Greek Government. Trenches were cut into it, and at the depth of about nine feet below the present surface of the plain there was found an artificial floor, constructed of sand and other materials, about eighty-five feet long and twenty feet broad. On this floor there rested a layer of ashes, charcoal, and human bones, charred by fire and mouldering away with damp. Mixed with this layer of ashes and bones were about thirty earthenware vases, most of them broken in pieces. These vases are painted in the common black-figured style ; the subjects represented are generally chariots, but in some cases horsemen and foot-soldiers. Besides these vases there was found a long-necked amphora adorned with friezes of beasts and monsters in the oriental style, and a winged figure of the oriental Artemis ; and another two-handled vase of reddish-brown clay, with decorations somewhat in the Mycenaean style, was found to contain charred bones, perhaps those of a general. Further excavations made in the following year laid bare a sacrificial pit or trench extending diagonally under

the mound from north to south. This trench is cased with burnt bricks, and contained ashes, charcoal, and the bones of animals and birds, mixed with fragments of black-figured vases. It had originally been roofed with bricks, which had fallen in. The bones found in this trench are clearly those of the victims sacrificed to the heroic dead before the mound was heaped over their remains ; and the broken vases discovered along with them may have been those which were used at the funeral banquet. The Greek archaeologists further detected some vestiges which led them to believe that, even after the mound had been raised, sacrifices continued to be annually offered at it. This confirms Pausanias's statement that the men who fell in the battle were worshipped as heroes by the people of Marathon. From an inscription we learn that the Athenian lads went to the tomb, laid wreaths on it, and sacrificed to the dead.

The excavations have finally disproved a theory, broached by E. Curtius in 1853 and maintained by Professor Milchhofer as late as 1889, that the mound was pre-historic and had nothing to do with the battle of Marathon. For the black-figured vases found with the bones and ashes of the dead belong to the period of the Persian wars ; the human remains can therefore be no other than those of the hundred and ninety-two Athenians who fell at Marathon. Curtius's erroneous theory was apparently countenanced by some imperfect excavations made by Dr. Schliemann in 1884. Many bronze arrow-heads, about an inch long and pierced with a round hole at the top for the reception of the shaft, have been picked up at the mound ; also a great number of black flints, rudely chipped into shape. It has been conjectured that these flints are parts of the stone-headed arrows discharged by the Ethiopian archers in the Persian army. But against this opinion it has been urged that similar

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flints have been found at other ancient sites in Attica and elsewhere, especially in the oldest graves on many Greek islands, and have not been found at Thermopylae and Plataea, where, if anywhere, the stone-headed arrows may be supposed to have flown in showers.

There are two main routes from the plain of Marathon to Athens ; one of them goes by the south, the other by the north side of Mount Pentelicus. The first route leaves the plain at its southern extremity, and passing between the foot of Mount Agrieliiki and the marsh of Vrexisa runs parallel with the coast for some distance. It then turns westward, and crossing the deep valley which divides Pentelicus on the north from Hymettus on the south enters the plain of Athens. This is by far the easiest road ; it is the only one which vehicles can traverse. The distance by this road from the great mound at Marathon to Athens is about twenty-five or twenty-six miles. The other route, by the north side of Mount Pentelicus, goes from Oenoe (the modern Ninoi) by a very steep and toilsome path to Stamata, a village in a high situation, surrounded by a few barren fields, among woods of pine. In many places the path is so hemmed in between cliffs and precipices that there is room only for a single horse. Trees are rare, but the stony slopes of the mountain are overgrown with shrubs of many sorts, among which the *Erica arborea* is conspicuous. In spring its masses of white blossoms perfume the whole air with their fragrance. About half an hour short of Stamata, at a point where there is a spring shaded by fine plane-trees, the path is joined on the left by another path, also steep and toilsome, which comes up from Vrana. This latter path commands a magnificent view backward down the deep ravine through which the traveller has ascended. On either side of the ravine rise the mountains, their

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precipitous sides covered with straggling pine-forest or evergreen copse, and terminating in bold peaks ; below is spread out the green expanse of the Marathonian plain, backed by the sea and Cape Cynosura curving into the blue water with the sweep of a scimitar. Farther off, bounding the prospect, stretches the long line of the mountains of Euboea

From Stamata the path skirts the north-western shoulder of Mount Pentelicus and enters Kephisia, from which there is a good highroad through the plain to Athens. The distance by this route from the mound at Marathon to Athens is roughly about twenty-two miles.

A third route, intermediate between the two preceding routes and shorter than either of them, goes from Vrana up the wild romantic ravine of Rapentosa and crosses the southern shoulder of Mount Pentelicus, the highest summit of which is left about a mile to the westward. It is a rugged and precipitous path, hardly practicable even for heavy infantry. Within a distance of little more than nine miles the route ascends and descends a ridge which rises more than two thousand five hundred feet above the plain below.

Clearly the first of these routes is the only road by which a large army with cavalry and baggage-train could march. Therefore when the Persians landed at Marathon, under the guidance of the banished Athenian tyrant Hippias, who was of course familiar with the country, they must have intended to advance on Athens by the southern road, and consequently the Athenians must have marched to meet them by the same road ; for had they taken the northern route the enemy might have given them the slip, and his cavalry might have been entering the streets of Athens at the time when the Athenians were emerging from the defiles of Pentelicus on the plain

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of Marathon. Thus the traveller who drives to Marathon by the carriage road may feel sure that he is following very closely the route by which the Athenian army advanced to the battle.

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PIRAEUS, the port of Athens, is a rocky peninsula which runs out into the sea in a south-westerly direction for a distance of more than two miles. It is composed of two masses, each over a mile wide, which are united to each other by a somewhat low and narrow ridge or isthmus. The south-western mass, anciently known as the Acte, rises gradually on all sides to a height of nearly two hundred feet. The north-eastern mass attains a height of nearly three hundred feet in the steep rocky hill of Munychia. The ancients believed that the peninsula of Piraeus had formerly been an island, and that it had received its name because it was the land across (*peran*) the water. Modern observation confirms the belief that Piraeus was once an island. The peninsula is joined to the mainland by a stretch of low swampy ground, nowhere more than eight feet above the level of the sea. This stretch of low land, which the ancients called Halipedon, appears to be formed of alluvial soil brought down in the course of ages by the Cephisus, which falls into the sea a little to the east, and which has by its deposits gradually converted the rocky island into a peninsula.

Piraeus includes three distinct harbours, each opening to the sea by a separate mouth. These are the great harbour, technically known as Cantharus, on the north-west side of the peninsula, and the two smaller and nearly circular harbours of Zea and

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Munychia on the south-eastern side. The whole of the peninsula, with its three harbours, was strongly fortified in antiquity. The line of the fortification wall may still be traced almost all round it, and in most places the foundations are so well preserved that it is possible to reconstruct the plan of the fortress as a whole. The wall runs along the shore at such a distance as to be out of reach of the waves, and yet near enough the sea to prevent an enemy from bringing siege engines into play on the beach. It is from ten to twelve feet thick, and is very carefully built of squared blocks of the native limestone without mortar. The quarries in which the stones were hewn may be observed at many points both behind and in front of the wall. In places where the stones have been taken away from the wall to furnish building material for the modern town, we can see the grooves or channels cut in the rock in which the stones were originally bedded. These grooves are each about two and a half feet wide and run parallel to each other, showing that only the outer and inner faces of the wall were of solid masonry, and that the core must have been, as in many ancient Greek walls, filled up with rubble and earth. In the best preserved portions the wall is still standing to a height of five courses or more. It is flanked by towers which project from the curtain at intervals of sixty or seventy yards.

In addition to this sea-wall which skirted the coast, the mouths of the three harbours were contracted by moles of solid masonry that ran out to meet each other on either side, leaving only a narrow entrance between their extremities. The long moles which thus barred the mouth of the great harbour still exist, though the southern of the two has been washed away by the waves to a depth of some thirteen feet under the surface of the water. They now sup-

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port the red and green lights which at night mark the entrance to the harbour. The haven of Zea is naturally stronger than the great harbour, and therefore needed less elaborate fortifications. It consists of a circular basin lying about two hundred yards inland from the sea, and is approached by a channel a hundred yards wide. Walls ran along this channel on either side, so that an enemy's ships endeavouring to enter the harbour would have had to run the gauntlet of a cross fire. At its inner end the channel was flanked on either side by a tower of solid masonry built out into the water, but connected with the fortification walls. The third harbour, Munychia, the smallest of the three, is farthest removed from the business and bustle of the modern port town, and hence has, in some respects, best preserved the relics of antiquity. Originally it was a mere open bay, and therefore needed vast constructions of masonry to convert it into a war harbour. The moles built for this purpose are described by Lieutenant von Alten, who examined them with attention, as the most magnificent specimens of ancient Greek fortification which have survived. In some places on the outer edges of the moles the colossal blocks of which they are composed have been piled up in wild confusion by the heavy surf, and project like islets above the surface of the water. Each mole ended in a tower ; and the narrow entrance to the harbour was between the towers. The tiny basin is commanded by the hill of Munychia which rises steeply from the shore. In time of danger each of the harbour mouths could be closed with a chain stretched between the two towers that flanked the entrance. The chain seems to have been coated with tar to prevent it from rusting in the water.

On the landward side the peninsula was defended

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by a wall, which started from the harbour of Munychia, ascended the hill, and after following the edge of the plateau for some distance gradually descended westward to the shallow northern bight of the great harbour, across which it appears to have been carried on a mole or dam. This landward wall, to judge from its existing remains, seems to have been a masterpiece of military engineering, every opportunity offered by the nature of the ground for strengthening the fortifications having been unerringly seized upon and turned to account. The naturally weakest spot in the whole circuit was where the wall crossed the flat between the hill of Munychia and the great harbour. Here accordingly we find the wall especially strong ; it is twenty-six feet thick, and is constructed of solid masonry in large squared blocks without any core of rubble. Naturally the gates were placed in this landward wall and opened northward. Remains of four of them can be distinguished. The principal gate, flanked by two square towers on oval bases, stood in the flat ground between the north-east end of the great harbour and the heights of Munychia. Through it doubtless ran the highway to Athens ; and here at a little side portal for foot-passengers probably stood the image of Hermes, which the nine archons dedicated when they set about fortifying Piraeus. A little to the east of this principal gate and on slightly higher ground is another gate, through which the road to Athens went between the two Long Walls. The gate is double, that is, it is composed of a court nearly square with a gate at each end. The reason of this construction, which is common⁷ in Greek fortifications, was that, if an enemy should force the outer gate, he would still have a second gate in front of him and would in the meantime find himself pent in a narrow court, as in a trap, from the walls of which

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he would be assailed on all sides by the missiles of the defenders.

The docks at Piraeus were one of the glories of Athens. Demosthenes mentions them along with the Parthenon and the Propylaea. When the Athenian navy numbered about four hundred warships, we learn from inscriptions that the number of docks was three hundred and seventy-two. But this excess of ships over docks could scarcely have caused inconvenience, as some vessels must always have been in commission. Very considerable remains of the ancient docks are still to be seen in the harbours of Zea and Munychia. The flat beach all round the basin of Zea was enclosed by a wall of ashlar masonry, which ran round the harbour at a distance of fifty or sixty feet from the water's edge. This formed the back wall of all the docks, which extended at right angles to it and parallel to each other down into the water. The average breadth of each dock or berth was about twenty feet. The docks were separated from each other by rows of columns, the foundations of which, bedded on the shelving rocky beach, descend in steps to the water, and are continued under it for some distance. These columns supported the roofs, which were probably wooden, for no remains of a stone roof have been found. Between these partition rows of columns the rock has been hollowed out and smoothed, so that it forms an inclined plane, descending gradually, like the rows of columns, to the sea, and continued under water for some way. Each of these inclined planes formed the floor of a dock. In the middle of each floor is built a stone pier about ten feet wide and a yard high ; in some places the native rock, hewn out at the sides, has been left standing in the centre so as to form a pier of similar dimensions. On these piers, whether built or hewn out of the rock, the ancient ships were

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hauled up and down. Remains of them may still be seen all round the harbour of Zea running out under the clear water.

The only relics of ancient ships which have been found at Zea are some plates of Parian marble representing great eyes. Clearly these were the ship's eyes which used to be fastened to the bows of ancient Greek vessels. Pollux tells us that the ship's name was painted beside its eye. Philostratus describes the picture of an Etruscan pirate ship painted blue, with fierce eyes at the prow to frighten the enemy. In a list of missing or unserviceable ships' furniture, preserved in an inscription, mention is twice made of a broken ship's eye. Some of the eyes found at Zea show traces of red paint at the back ; the paint probably adhered to them from the ships' sides ; for ships' bows were often painted red. Modern Italian sailors sometimes still paint an eye on the bow of their vessel. In the East, too, every craft owned by a Chinaman, from a sampan up to an English-built screw-steamer, has a pair of eyes painted on the bows, that it may see its way and spy out sunken rocks and other dangers of the deep. Indeed, in all parts of eastern Asia where many Chinese travel, the local steamers, whether owned by Chinese or not, all have eyes ; otherwise no Chinaman would travel in them or send his goods by them.

Another famous structure in Piraeus was the arsenal, which formed a necessary adjunct to the docks of the navy. We know from ancient authors that it was built from designs furnished by the architect Philo, who explained them to the people in a speech which won him a high reputation for eloquence. The building was admired for its elegance, and the Athenians were proud of it. However, it was finally burnt by the Romans under Sulla in 86 B.C. ; and no certain vestiges of it have been as

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yet discovered. But by an extraordinary piece of good fortune the directions given to the contractor for its construction have been preserved to us. They were discovered in 1882 engraved on a slab of Hymettian marble at the foot of the hill of Munychia, not far from the harbour of Zea. The directions are so full, clear, and precise that we now know Philo's arsenal from roof to foundation better than any other building of ancient Greece, though not a stone of it has been found. A brief description of the edifice, derived from the inscription, may not be uninteresting.

The arsenal was to be built at Zea, the principal war-harbour, and was to begin at the gateway which led from the market-place and to extend to the back of the docks. It was to be constructed of the hard reddish-grey Piraeic limestone, an excellent building material often mentioned in inscriptions and still much in use. In shape it was to be a sort of arcade, lit principally by rows of windows in the long sides, and divided into three aisles by two rows of columns running down its whole length. The central aisle, paved with flags, and entered by two bronze-plated doors at each end, was to be kept clear as a passage for the public ; while the two side aisles were to serve for storing the ships' tackle. For this purpose each of the side aisles was divided into two stories by a wooden flooring. On the ground floor the sails and other canvas gear were stowed away in presses ; and in the upper galleries the ropes were coiled on open wooden shelves. Between the columns which flanked the central aisle there ran a stone balustrade with latticed gates opening into the side aisles between each pair of columns. The roof of the building was to be constructed of strong wooden rafters overlaid with boards, which were to be fastened on with iron nails ; and the whole was to be covered with close-fitting Corinthian tiles. To secure that the building

should be well aired, which was especially necessary in a magazine of this sort, lest the tackle should suffer from damp, slit-like openings were to be left in the walls between the joints of the stones, the number and situation of these air-holes being left to the discretion of the architect. Such was, in outline, the great arsenal of the Piraeus. Thither on hot summer days, we may suppose, crowds were glad to escape from the dust and glare of the streets and to promenade in the cool, lofty, and dimly-lighted arcade, often stopping to gaze with idle curiosity or patriotic pride at the long array of well-ordered tackle which spoke of the naval supremacy of Athens.

Before we quit the war-harbours we should note the Choma, as it was called, a quay near the mouth of the harbour on which, when an armament was fitting out for sea, the Council of the Five Hundred held their sittings daily till the squadron sailed. When all was ready, every captain was bound by law to lay his vessel alongside the quay to be inspected by the Council. The inspection over, the fleet weighed anchor and proceeded on its voyage. It must have been a heart-stirring sight to witness the departure of a fleet for the seat of war, as gallant ship after ship passed in long procession through the mouth of the harbour and stood out to sea, followed by the gazing eyes and by the hopes and fears and prayers of thousands assembled on the shore. When the last ship had glided from the smooth water of the harbour, and begun to breast the waves and shake out its sails to the freshening breeze, multitudes would rush from the shore to the heights, there to watch the galleys slowly lessening in the distance, till they could discern no longer the flash and sparkle of the oars as they rose and fell at the ships' sides, and till even the white sails melted away like snow in the blaze of the sun on the far southern horizon.

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A long line of colonnades extending along the eastern shore of the great harbour appears to have formed the public mart or emporium. One of the most important buildings in this commercial part of the harbour was a bazaar or exchange, where foreign merchants exhibited samples of their wares, and where bankers sat at the receipt of custom. It must have been close to the quays and the shipping, as we learn from the account of a successful raid which Alexander of Pherae once made on the bankers' counters. One day a squadron was seen standing into the harbour. The loungers on the quays watched it with indolent curiosity till the ships drew up alongside the wharfs, when a crowd of armed men leaped from the ships' sides, drew their swords, and with a flourish of trumpets made a rush for the bazaar, where they swept the counters clean and then returned with the booty to their vessels, without stopping to notice the panic-stricken crowds who were fleeing in all directions. In another 'cutting-out' expedition which the Lacedaemonians made with twelve ships into the harbour of Piraeus, a handful of daring men jumped ashore, laid hold of some merchants and skippers in the bazaar, and hurried them on board. It was in the bazaar that the Boastful Man in Theophrastus used to stand talking with foreigners about the great sums he had at sea, while he sent his page to the bank where he kept the sum of tenpence.

Chief among the holy places of Piraeus was a sanctuary of Saviour Zeus. Fine paintings by distinguished artists adorned the cloisters attached to it, and statues stood in the open air. The festival of the god included a regatta and a procession through the streets. The expenses of the sanctuary were partly defrayed by a small tax levied on every vessel which put into the port. Moreover, persons who had escaped from danger—for example, seafaring men

who had come safe to land—commonly brought thank-offerings to the shrine. From a fragment of an ancient comedy, *The Painter*, by Diphilus, we learn that, among the long-shore sharks who lay in wait on the quays for sailors fresh from a voyage, there were cooks with an eye to business. For in the passage in question one of the fraternity tells us how, whenever he spied a jolly tar just stepping ashore, ready for a spree, with a bulging purse in his fist and an expansive smile on his sunburnt face, he used to rush up to him, shake him warmly by the hand, drop a delicate allusion to Saviour Zeus, and proffer his services at the sacrifice. The bait took, and soon he was to be seen heading for the sanctuary with the sailor man in tow.

Better known to English readers than the sanctuary of Saviour Zeus was the altar of the Unknown God which St. Paul, and after him Pausanias, saw at Phalerum, the old port of Athens. In the dialogue *Philopatris*, attributed to Lucian, a certain Critias raps out a number of oaths by the old heathen gods and goddesses, and for each of them he is gravely taken to task by his comrade Triphon, who has just been initiated into the sublime mysteries of the Christian theology by a person of a Hebrew cast of countenance, whom he describes as a bald-pated long-nosed Galilean. At last Critias swears by the Unknown God at Athens, and this oath is allowed to pass unchallenged by Triphon, who winds up the dialogue with this edifying advice : “ Let us, having found out and worshipped the Unknown God at Athens, raise our hands to heaven and give him thanks that we have been found worthy to be subject unto so great a power ; but let us leave other folk to babble, satisfied ourselves with applying to them the proverb ‘ Hippocrides doesn’t care.’ ”

A little way from the shore of the great harbour

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was the market-place named after the Milesian architect Hippodamus, who laid out Piraeus on a regular plan. It must have been a spacious open square, for we hear of troops mustering in it. The distinguished general Timotheus had a house on the market-place, and it was here that he lodged his two royal visitors, Jason of Phœre and Alcetas king of Epirus, when they came to give evidence at his trial. The general had impaired his private fortune by his exertions in the public service, and when his illustrious visitors arrived late one evening he had to send out his Caleb Balderston in haste to borrow some bedding and silver plate. From the market-place a street led upwards to the sanctuary of Artemis on the hill of Munychia. It must have been a wide street ; for in the street-fighting at the revolution which overthrew the tyranny of the Thirty and restored the democracy, the troops of the tyrants formed in order of battle in the market-place and then marched up the street, while the democratic party, led by Thrasybulus, charged down the street in battle array and met them. At one time apparently the market-place fell into disrepair, and enjoyed the dubious privilege of what is popularly known in Scotland as a “free coup,” the inhabitants of the neighbouring streets using it unceremoniously as a convenient dust-hole, wherein to throw away their old rags and bones and other domestic refuse. At last the authorities felt constrained to interfere and put a stop to the nuisance. So they ordered that the market-place be levelled and put in good repair, and that for the future nobody should be allowed to shoot rubbish or dump down dung in it.

The broad straight streets of the new town of Piraeus must have formed a striking contrast to the narrow and crooked streets, lined with mean houses, which Athens itself seems always to have retained.

Aristotle perhaps had this contrast in his mind when he recommended for his ideal city a mixture of the two modes of building, remarking that the new straight streets in the style of Hippodamus were handsomer and more convenient, but that the old crooked streets could be better defended against an enemy. Another advantage of the older style of architecture, at least in southern cities, is the shade and coolness of narrow lanes from which as from the bottom of a well, we look up at a narrow strip of blue sky high overhead, instead of being exposed to the pitiless glare of the sun as we pace, with blue spectacles on our eyes and a white umbrella over our head, the broad open streets which, on the model of the Parisian boulevards, are rapidly springing up in the towns of southern Europe. Still, in spite of the ravages of municipal authorities and the jerry-builder, we can even yet remark in modern Europe a contrast between the towns that have grown up irregularly in the course of ages, and those which have been created at once on a regular plan by the will of a despot. The two most regularly built towns in Europe are probably Turin and Mannheim. Turin still stands on the lines laid down by Augustus, when he founded a Roman colony on the site ; Mannheim was built by the Elector Palatine, Frederick the Fourth, in 1606. Something of the same difference may also be observed between Madrid, the new capital of Spain, with its thoroughfares radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the Puerta del Sol, and the old Spanish capital Toledo, with its narrow lanes straggling up and down the rocky hill whence the white, silent, seemingly half-deserted city looks down on the gorge of the Tagus. But Madrid, a creation of Philip the Second, does not equal Turin or Mannheim in mathematical regularity of construction.

There can be no doubt that the fortification of

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Piraeus and the transference to it of the port of Athens from the open roadstead of Phalerum constituted one of the most momentous steps in the history of Athens. Coupled with the construction of a large permanent war-fleet it made Athens the first naval power in Greece, and so determined her subsequent history. All three measures originated in the far-seeing mind of Themistocles, who thus in a sense created Athens, and proved himself thereby one of the greatest of statesmen. He saw that Piraeus was more important to the Athenians than Athens itself, and he often advised them, if ever they were hard put to it by land, to evacuate Athens and settle at Piraeus, where with their fleet they could defy the world. If they had taken his advice, Athens might perhaps have played a still greater part in history.

The man to whom Athens owed so much died an exile in a foreign land ; but, if tradition may be trusted, his bones were afterwards brought and laid, with singular felicity, beside the sea at the foot of the frowning walls of that great fortress which formed his noblest monument. The exact spot has been described by an ancient writer. “At the great harbour of Piraeus,” says Plutarch, quoting Diodorus the Periegete, “a sort of elbow juts out from the headland of Alcimus ; and when you have rounded this elbow, on the inner side, where the sea is somewhat calm, there is a large basement of masonry, and the altar-like structure on it is the grave of Themistocles. And Diodorus imagines that the comic poet Plato bears him out in the following passage :—

‘ Fair lies thy tomb
For it will speak to merchants everywhere ;
It will behold the seamen sailing out and in,
And mark the contests of the ships.’ ”

Tradition places the site of the tomb on the shore

of the Acte peninsula, near the modern lighthouse, some way to the south of the entrance to the great harbour. Here a small square space has been levelled in the rock ; and its outer margin has been cut and smoothed as if to form the bed of a wall. Within this area are three graves, and just outside it, on the side away from the sea, is a large sepulchre hewn in the rock. It has been suggested that when the square space was enclosed by its wall, and the interior was filled up with rubble, it may have been the “ altar-like structure ” described by Diodorus the Periegete, and that the rock-hewn tomb behind it, and sheltered by it from the surf and spray of the neighbouring sea, may have been what antiquity was fain to regard as the grave of Themistocles.

ELEUSIS

THE remains of the sanctuary of Demeter, to which Eleusis owed its fame in antiquity, are situated at the eastern foot of the hill. The rock has here been cut away perpendicularly and levelled horizontally, so as to form an artificial terrace ; and on this terrace the group of buildings which composed the sanctuary was placed. The earliest mention of the sanctuary of Demeter at Eleusis occurs in the Homeric hymn to Demeter, where the goddess is represented bidding the people of Eleusis build her a great temple and altar on a projecting hill, at the foot of the citadel. The old sanctuary was burnt by the Persians in 480 or 479 B.C. The new sanctuary was built, or at least begun, under the administration of Pericles. According to Strabo and Vitruvius the architect was Ictinus, who built the Parthenon. Plutarch agrees with Strabo and Vitruvius in representing the new sanctu-

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ary as built or begun in the age of Pericles, but he has given a different account of the architects, Coroebus, Metagenes and Xerocles, by whom the work was designed and executed. Plutarch's detailed account is probably to be preferred. So famous a building, designed or executed in the age of Pericles, might naturally, though incorrectly, be ascribed by popular report to Ictinus, the most illustrious architect of the age.

The sacred precinct was bounded on the west by the rock of the acropolis and on the other three sides by a fortification-wall strengthened with towers. It was thus a fortress united to the acropolis. The fortification-wall was built of unburnt bricks on a foundation of limestone. Remains of this wall, including portions of the upper part built of unburnt bricks, may still be seen. The entrance to the sacred precinct was on the north. Outside of the precinct there was a spacious court paved with stone flags. The grand portal or Great Propylaea faces north-east. It is a close, almost slavish copy of the Propylaea on the Acropolis at Athens. About 50 feet to the south of the Great Propylaea is a second portal, the Small Propylaea. From this portal a paved road leads south to the great Hall of Initiation.

The great Hall of Initiation, to which the paved road leads from the smaller portal, is a vast single chamber about a hundred and seventy feet square, the sides of which face north, south, east, and west. The whole of the west side, together with the western parts of the northern and southern sides, are bounded by the rock of the acropolis, which has been cut away perpendicularly to make room for the hall. The roof was supported by six rows of columns, seven columns in each row: the bases of all these columns except one are still to be seen in their places. Eight tiers of steps, partly cut in the rock, partly built, ran

all round the chamber except at the entrances, of which there were six, namely, two on the north, two on the east, and two on the south. On these tiers of steps the initiated probably sat watching the performance of the mysteries which took place in the body of the hall. It is calculated that about three thousand people could find room on them. The steps, originally narrow, were widened at a later date by a casing of marble. That this marble casing of the steps is a late work appears from the use of mortar to fasten it on.

There are passages of ancient writers which seem to imply that besides the place to which the initiated had access there was an inner Holy of Holies called the *anaktoron* or *megaron*, which none but the high-priest of the mysteries might enter, and which, being suddenly thrown open, disclosed to the view of the awestruck beholders the most sacred objects of their religious veneration lit up by a blaze of dazzling light. But no trace of any inner chamber or enclosure has been discovered in the great Hall of Initiation. It may therefore be suggested that the *anaktoron* or *megaron* was perhaps nothing but the body of the hall, which may have been screened by curtains from the spectators sitting in darkness on the tiers of seats that ran all round it, till suddenly the curtain rose and revealed the vast hall brilliantly illuminated, with the gorgeously attired actors in the sacred drama moving mazily in solemn procession or giddy dance out and in amongst the forest of columns that rose from the floor of the hall, while the strains of grave or voluptuous music filled the air. Then, when all was over, the curtain would as suddenly descend, leaving the spectators in darkness and silence, with nothing but the memory of the splendid pageant that had burst upon them and vanished like a dream.

DELPHI

DELPHI

THE site of Delphi, till lately occupied by the modern village of Kastri, is in the highest degree striking and impressive. The city lay at the southern foot of the tremendous cliffs of Parnassus, which form a sheer wall of rock, about eight hundred feet high. Over these frightful precipices Philomelus drove some of the defeated Locrians. Just at the angle where this vast wall of rock bends round towards the south it is rent from top to bottom by a deep and gloomy gorge, some twenty feet wide, where there is a fine echo. Facing each other across this narrow chasm rise two stupendous cliffs, whose peaked summits tower considerably above the rest of the line of cliffs. They are nearly perpendicular in front, and perfectly so where they fall sheer down into the gorge. The eastern of the two cliffs was called Hyampia in antiquity ; from its top Aesop is said to have been hurled by the Delphians. It has been suggested, though perhaps without sufficient reason, that when the later writers of antiquity, especially the Roman poets, speak of the two summits of Parnassus, they are really referring to these two cliffs. In point of fact the cliffs are far indeed from being near the summit of Parnassus ; but seen from Delphi they completely hide the higher slopes of the mountain. In winter or wet weather a torrent comes foaming down the gorge in a cascade about two hundred feet high, bringing down the water from the higher slopes of the mountain. At the mouth of the gorge, under the eastern cliff, is the rock-cut basin of the perennial Castalian spring, a few paces above the highway. The water from the spring joins the stream from the gorge, which, after passing over the road, plunges into a deep rocky lyn or glen, which it has scooped

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out for itself in the steep side of the mountain. Down this glen the stream descends to join the Plistus, which flows along the bottom of the Delphic valley from east to west, at a great depth below the town.

From the cliffs at the back of Delphi the ground slopes away so steeply to the bed of the Plistus that it is only by means of a succession of artificial terraces, rising in tiers above each other, that the soil can be cultivated and made fit for habitation. There are about thirty of these terraces, supported by stone walls, mostly of polygonal masonry. The sanctuary of Apollo occupies only the five or six highest terraces at the foot of the cliffs, on the western side of the Castalian gorge. So high does it stand above the bottom of the valley that twenty minutes are needed to descend the steep terraced slope to the bed of the Plistus. Corn is grown on the terraces below the sanctuary ; and the slopes on the eastern side of the Castalian gorge are wooded with fine olive and mulberry trees. Across the valley, on the southern side of the Plistus, rise the bare precipitous cliffs of Mount Cirphis, capped with fir-woods. From the western end of the precipices which rise at the back of Delphi a high rocky ridge projects southward toward the bed of the Plistus. This ridge closes the valley of Delphi on the west, shutting out all view of the Crisaean plain and the gulf of Corinth, though a glimpse of the waters of the gulf is obtained from the stadium, the highest part of Delphi.

Thus, enclosed by a rocky ridge on the west, by tremendous precipices on the north and east, and faced on the south, across the valley of the Plistus, by the lower but still precipitous sides of Mount Cirphis, Delphi lay in a secluded mountain valley ; and rising on terraces in a semicircular shape, it resembled an immense theatre, to which it has justly been compared by ancient and modern writers. The

AESCHINES AT DELPHI

whole scene is one of stern and awful majesty, well fitted to be the seat of a great religious capital. In respect of natural scenery no contrast could well be more striking than that between the two great religious capitals of ancient Greece, Delphi and Olympia—Delphi clinging to the rugged side of barren mountains, with frowning precipices above and a profound glen below ; Olympia stretched out on the level margin of a river that winds in stately curves among the corn-fields and vineyards of a smiling valley set between soft wooded hills.

AESCHINES AT DELPHI

THAT the place of assembly of the Amphictyonic Council at Delphi must have been situated near the chapel of St. Elias is shown by a passage of Aeschines, in which he says that the Cirrhaean plain lay spread beneath and in full view of the meeting-place of the Amphictyonic Council. The orator himself, he tells us, was one of the Athenian representatives at a meeting of the Council. Addressing it he pointed to the smiling and peaceful plain stretched at their feet, with its olive-groves and corn-fields, its cottages and potteries, and in the distance the shining waters of the gulf, with the port-town visible beside it. “ You see,” he cried, “ yonder plain tilled by the men of Amphissa and the potteries and cottages they have built. You see with your eyes the fortifications of the cursed and execrated port. You know for yourselves that these men levy tolls and take money from the sacred harbour.” He then reminded his hearers of the oath sworn by their ancestors that this fair plain should lie a wilderness for ever. His words were received with a tumult of applause, and next day at dawn the men

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of Delphi, armed with shovels and mattocks, marched down into the plain, razed the fortifications of the port to the ground, and gave the houses to the flames. It is refreshing to know that on their way back they were hotly pursued by the Amphissaeans in arms and had to run for their lives. This was the beginning of the chain of events which in a few months more brought Philip at the head of a Macedonian army into Greece and ended in the overthrow of Greek freedom at Chaeronea.

The view described by the orator, whose ill-omened eloquence brought all these miseries and disasters in its train, is to be obtained, not from the platform on which the chapel of St. Elias stands, but from a point a little way to the south-west of it, where the traveller coming from Delphi reaches the end of the high ridge that shuts in the valley of Delphi on the west. Here as he turns the corner the whole Crisaean plain, now covered with luxuriant olive-woods, comes suddenly into sight. The scene is again as rich and peaceful as it was before Aeschines raised his voice, like the scream of some foul bird snuffing the carrion afar off, and turned it into a desert. We may suppose either that in his time the Amphictyonic Council met at this point, or, what is far likelier, that the orator's description of that day's doings is more graphic than correct.

THE FALL OF THE STYX

THE village of Solos stands on the right bank of the Styx, near where that stream falls into the Crathis. But the source of the stream is at the head of the glen, some miles to the south, where the water tumbles or trickles, according to the season, over the smooth face of an immense perpendicular cliff, the top of

THE FALL OF THE STYX

which is not far below the conical summit of Mount Chelmos, a mountain nearly eight thousand feet high. The walk from Solos to the foot of the fall and back is exceedingly fatiguing, and very few travellers accomplish it ; most of them are content to view the fall from a convenient distance through a telescope. For the first two miles or so the path is practicable for horses, and travellers who are resolved to make their way to the waterfall will do well to ride thus far and to have the horses waiting for them here on their return. It is also necessary to take a guide or guides. The path winds up the glen, keeping at first high on the right bank. The bed of the stream is here prettily wooded with poplars and other trees and is spanned by a bridge with a single high arch. For a considerable distance above the village the water of the Styx, as seen from above, appears to be of a clear light-blue colour, with a tinge of green. This colour, however, is only apparent, and is due to the slaty rocks, of a pale greenish-blue colour, among which the river flows. In reality the water is quite clear and colourless.

In about twenty minutes from leaving the village we come in sight of the cliff over which the water of the Styx descends. It is an immense cliff, absolutely perpendicular, a little to the left or east of the high conical summit of Mount Chelmos. The whole of this northern face of the mountain is in fact nothing but a sheer and in places even overhanging precipice of grey rock—by far the most awful line of precipices I have ever seen. The cliffs of Delphi, grand and imposing as they are, sink into insignificance compared with the prodigious wall of rock in which Mount Chelmos descends on the north into the glen of the Styx. The cliff down which the water comes is merely the eastern and lower end of this huge wall of rock. Seen from a distance it appears to be streaked

perpendicularly with black and red. The black streak marks the line of the waterfall, to which it has given the modern name of Mavro-nero, 'the Black Water.' The colour is produced by a dark incrustation which spreads over the smooth face of the rock wherever it is washed by the falling water or by the spray into which the water dissolves before it reaches the ground. In the crevices of the cliffs to the right and left of the fall great patches of snow remain all the year through. I saw them and passed close to the largest of them on a warm autumn day, after the heat of summer and before the first snow of winter.

About twenty-five minutes after leaving Solos we cross the Styx by a ford, and henceforward the route lies on the left or western bank of the stream. Five minutes from the ford bring us to a mill picturesquely situated among trees, where a brook comes purling down a little glen wooded with willows and plane-trees. Just above the mill the Styx tumbles over a fine rocky lyn in a roaring cascade. Beyond this point the steep slopes of the hills on the opposite bank of the stream are covered with ferns, which when I rode up the glen were tinged with the gold of autumn. In front of us looms nearer and larger the cone of Mount Chelmos with its long line of precipices.

Ten or twelve minutes beyond the mill the horses are left and the traveller sets forward on foot. As we advance the glen grows wilder and more desolate, but for the first half-mile or so it is fairly open, the track keeps close to the bed of the stream, and there is no particular difficulty. A deep glen now joins the glen of the Styx from the south-east. Here we begin to ascend the slope and cross an artificial channel which brings down water to the mill. All pretence of a path now ceases, and henceforward till we reach the foot of the waterfall there is nothing for it but to scramble over rocks and to creep along slopes often so steep and

THE FALL OF THE STYX

precipitous that to find a foothold or handhold on them is not easy, and stretching away into such depths below that it is best not to look down them but to keep the eyes fixed on the ground at one's feet. A stone set rolling down one of these slopes will be heard rumbling for a long time, and the sound is echoed and prolonged by the cliffs with such startling distinctness that at first it sounds as if a rock were coming thundering down upon the wayfarer from above. In the worst places the guides point out to the traveller where to plant his feet and hold him up if he begins to slip. Shrubs, tough grass, and here and there a stunted pine-tree give a welcome hold, but on the steepest slopes they are wanting. The last slope up to the foot of the cliff—a very long and steep declivity of loose gravel which gives way at every step—is most fatiguing. As I was struggling slowly up it with the guides, we heard the furious barking of dogs away up the mountains on the opposite side of the glen. The barking came nearer and nearer, and being echoed by the cliffs had a weird impressive sound that suited well with the scene, as if hell-hounds were baying at the strangers who dared to approach the infernal water. However, the dogs came no nearer than the foot of the slope up which we were clambering, and some shouts and volleys of stones served to keep them at bay.

At the head of this long slope of loose gravel we reach the foot of the waterfall. The water, as I have indicated, descends the smooth face of a huge cliff, said to be over six hundred feet high. It comes largely from the snow-fields on the summit of Mount Chelmos, and hence its volume varies with the season. When I visited the fall early in October, after the long drought of summer, the water merely trickled down the black streak on the face of the cliff, its presence being shown only by the glistening appearance which it communicated to the dark surface of the rock. At

the foot of the cliff it formed a small stream, flowing down a very steep rocky bed into the bottom of the glen far below. The water was clear and not excessively cold. Even when, through the melting of the snows, the body of the water is considerable, it is said to be all dissolved into spray by falling through such a height and to reach the ground in the form of fine rain. Only the lower part of the cliff is visible from the foot of the waterfall, probably because the cliff overhangs somewhat. Certainly the cliffs a little to the right of the waterfall overhang considerably. With these enormous beetling crags of grey rock rising on three sides, the scene is one of sublime but wild and desolate grandeur I have seen nothing to equal it anywhere. On the third side, looking down the glen and away over the nearer hills, we see the blue mountains of Acarnania across the Gulf of Corinth ; my guide said these mountains were in Roumelia. In the face of the rock, a few yards to the right of the waterfall, are carved the names or initials of persons who have visited the spot, with the dates of their visits. Among the names is that of King Otho, with the date 1847.

A draught of the water of Styx was supposed to be instantly fatal. Seneca, who reports the deadly quality of the water, admits that there was nothing in the appearance or smell of it to excite suspicion. Ovid says that the water was injurious by day but harmless by night. Chemical analysis has shown that the water contains no substances held in solution ; hence any injurious effects which it may produce can only be imputed to its extreme coldness, for it is snow-water. The belief in the deadly nature of the water probably explains why solemn oaths were taken by it. The oath was in fact a sort of poison-ordeal ; the water would kill the man who forswore himself, but spare the man who swore truly. When Cleomenes, the banished king of Sparta, tried to band the Arcadians

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together against his native land, he was eager to persuade the chief men of Arcadia to go with him to Nonacris and swear by the water of the Styx that they would follow wherever he might lead. Although this is the only instance of the sort recorded in history, we may safely infer that from time immemorial an oath by the water of the Styx had been regarded by the Arcadians as a very solemn oath ; and that when the poets made the gods swear by Styx they were only transferring to heaven a practice which had long been customary on earth. That the old oath did not simply attest the Styx but was accompanied by a libation or draught of the water, or at all events by contact of some sort with it, seems proved by the fact that Cleomenes thought it needful to take his men to the spot in order to put the oath to them. Hesiod represents this as fetching the water of the Styx in a golden jar for the gods to swear by ; and his words seem to imply that the oath was accompanied by a libation.

Oaths accompanied by a draught of water, over which prayers have been uttered or ceremonies performed, are common in many parts of the world. To give a few instances. In Cambodia and Siam an oath of allegiance to the king is taken twice a year by the mandarins and officials ; the oath is accompanied by a draught of water in which the king's weapons have been dipped. The meaning of dipping of the king's weapons into the water is stated to be that the weapons will pierce the perjured man. This idea comes out still more clearly in the ceremony of making peace which is in vogue among the Karens of Burma. When two villages have been at war with each other and resolve to conclude a peace, they prepare what is called the " peace-making water." Filings are made from a sword, a spear, a musket-barrel, and a stone ; a dog is killed ; the filings are mixed with its blood and also with the blood of a hog and a fowl ; and the

whole is put into a cup of water. This is the “peace-making water.” Then the skull of the dog is chopped in two, and the representative of one village hangs the dog’s lower jaw by a string round his neck, while the representative of the other village takes the skull and upper jaw of the dog and hangs it round his neck in like manner. They next take the cup in hand, promise solemnly to observe the peace, and then drink the water. After drinking they wish that, if any one breaks the engagement, the spear may pierce his breast, the musket his bowels, the sword his head ; that the dog, the hog, and the stone may devour him. Similarly in the island of Buru (East Indies), when an oath is to be sworn, the head of a household takes a calabash full of water, and puts into it salt, a knife, a sword, and a spear, stirring the water with the spear. After the oath has been sworn, he says to the persons who have taken it, “ Reflect, both of you, and speak the truth ; otherwise ye shall melt as salt, be stabbed with the spear, and have your throat cut with the knife.” Then the persons swearing drink the water.

THE CAPTURE OF CORINTH BY ARATUS

THE story of the capture of Corinth by Aratus has been told by Plutarch with a wealth of picturesque details which he doubtless took from the Memoirs written by Aratus himself. The city, and especially the lofty and precipitous acropolis of Corinth, was held for King Antigonus by a Macedonian garrison. Aratus resolved to take the place by a night surprise. For this perilous service he picked out four hundred men, and led them to one of the city-gates. It was midsummer : a full moon rode in a cloudless sky, and the assailants feared that its bright beams, reflected

THE CAPTURE OF CORINTH BY ARATUS

from so many helmets and spears, might betray their approach to the sentinels on the walls. But just as the head of the column neared the gate, a heavy bank of clouds came scudding up from the sea and veiled the moon, blotting out the line of walls and shrouding the storming-party in darkness. Favoured by the gloom, eight men, in the guise of travellers, crept up to the gate and put the sentinels to the sword. Ordering the rest of his men to follow him to the best speed they could make, Aratus now advanced at the head of a forlorn hope of one hundred men, planted the ladders, scaled the wall, and descended into the city. Not a soul was stirring in the streets, and Aratus hurried along in the direction of the acropolis, congratulating himself on escaping observation, when a patrol of four men was seen coming down the street with flaring torches. The moon shone full on them, but Aratus and his men were in shadow. Aratus whispered his men to stand close in the shadow of the houses. The unsuspecting patrol came on. in a minute three of them were cut down, and the fourth escaped with a gash on his head, crying out that the enemy were within the walls. A few minutes more and the trumpets rang out and the whole city was up. The streets, lately silent and deserted, were thronged with crowds hurrying to and fro ; lights glanced at the windows ; and high above the city a line of twinkling points of fire marked the summit of the acropolis. At the same time a confused hum of voices broke on the ear from all sides. Undeterred by these symptoms of the gathering storm, Aratus pressed up the winding path towards the acropolis as fast as the steep and rugged nature of the ground allowed.

Meantime the three hundred men whom he had left behind, bewildered by the sudden uproar, the flashing of multitudinous lights, and all the tumult of the rudely awakened city, missed the path up the

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acropolis and, knowing not whither to turn, halted under an overhanging crag at the foot of the mountain. Here they remained in a state of the utmost anxiety and alarm. For by this time Aratus was hotly engaged with the garrison on the summit, and the noise of battle and of distant cheering came floating down to them, but so faint with distance, so broken and distorted by the reverberation of the cliffs, that the men below, listening intently, could not tell from which direction the sounds proceeded. While they were still crouching under the shadow of the precipice, they were startled by a loud peal of trumpets close at hand, and peering through the gloom they perceived a large body of men marching past them up the slope. It was the king's troops hastening to the relief of the garrison on the acropolis. Instantly the three hundred charged out from their lurking-place, and taking the enemy completely by surprise, broke them and drove them in confusion towards the city. They were still flushed with victory when a messenger came hurrying down at breakneck speed from the citadel, telling them that Aratus was at it, cut and thrust, with the garrison, who stood bravely to their arms, and imploring them to hasten to his assistance. They bade him lead the way ; and as they toiled upwards they shouted to let their comrades know that help was at hand. By this time the clouds had passed over and the sky was again clear ; and so all up the weary ascent they could see the weapons of friend and foe glittering in the moonlight, as the fight swayed this way and that, and could hear their hoarse cries, multiplied apparently a thousandfold as they rolled down on the night air from crag to crag. At last they reached the top, and charging side by side with their friends, forced the enemy from the walls. Day was beginning to break when Aratus and his men stood victorious on the summit.

OLYMPIA

OLYMPIA

OLYMPIA lies on the right or north bank of the Alpheus, where the river meanders westward through a spacious valley enclosed by low wooded hills of soft and rounded forms, beyond which appear on the eastern horizon the loftier mountains of Arcadia. The soil of the valley, being alluvial, is fertile ; corn-fields and vineyards stretch away in all directions. The whole aspect of the scene, without being grand or impressive, is rich, peaceful, and pleasing. The bed of the Alpheus is wide ; but in summer the water is scanty and is divided into several streams running over a broad gravelly bed. The sacred precinct or Altis of Olympia lies between the river on the south and a low but steep hill, thickly wooded with pine-trees and shrubs, which rises on the north. This wooded hill is the ancient Mount Cronius. Immediately to the west of the precinct the Cladeus flows between steep sandy banks into the Alpheus from the north.

In the close hot climate of Olympia the need of a good supply of drinking water is especially felt. For months together rain hardly falls ; between May and October a shower is a rarity. The great festival was always held in summer (July or August), when the weather at Olympia is cloudless and the heat intense. Hence the multitudes who flocked to witness the games must have been much distressed by the dust and the burning sun, against which the spreading shade of the plane-trees in the sacred precinct could have afforded only an imperfect protection. Indeed Lucian, doubtless with a strong touch of exaggeration, speaks of the spectators packed together and dying in swarms of thirst and of distemper contracted from the excessive drought. The water of the Alpheus is not good to drink, for even in the height of summer it

holds in solution a quantity of chalky matter. The water of the Cladeus, on the other hand, is drinkable in its normal state ; but even a little rain swells it and makes it run turbid for a long time. Hence it was necessary to sink wells and to bring water from a distance. This was done even in Greek times. Nine wells, some square, some round, some lined with the usual shell-limestone, others with plaques of terra-cotta, have been found at Olympia ; and water was brought in aqueducts from the upper valley of the Cladeus. But in Roman times the supply was immensely improved and extended by the munificence of the wealthy sophist Herodes Atticus. Lucian tells us how the mountebank Peregrinus denounced Herodes and his aqueduct for pandering to the luxury and effeminacy of the day. It was the duty of the spectators, he said, to endure their thirst, and if need be to die of it. This doctrine proved unacceptable to his hearers, and the preacher had to run for his life pursued by a volley of stones.

MEGARA AND THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH

FROM Eleusis to Megara by road or railway is about fourteen miles. The road first passes along the northern side of the low ridge which formed the acropolis of Eleusis ; then it turns down to the sea and follows the shore. The plain of Eleusis is divided from the plain of Megara by a chain of wooded hills which advances southward from Mount Cithaeron to the shore of the bay. The road skirts the foot of these hills, ascending and descending, traversing olive-groves, and winding round little bays and headlands, commanding views, ever shifting but ever beautiful, of the coast of Salamis across the

MEGARA AND THE Isthmus of Corinth

blue and blue-green waters of the lake-like bay, which is here so narrow that the white monastery of Phaneromene, with its clustered domes and turrets, can be plainly seen standing among green fields on the opposite shore. Then, when the last spur of the hills is rounded, the plain of Megara, covered with olives and vines, and backed by high mountains, opens out before us. In the distance can be distinguished the picturesque oriental-looking town of Megara, with its white houses rising in terraces, one above the other, on the sides of two isolated hills in the far corner of the plain: the higher of the two hills used to be crowned by a square mediaeval tower.

The modern town is chiefly confined to the western hill, the southern slope of which it occupies to the summit. Its narrow steep streets, and white-washed, flat-roofed, windowless houses, with low doorways opening into courts shaded here and there by a fig-tree, have much the appearance of an Arab village. The dazzlingly white walls make, in the brilliant sunshine, an excellent background for the gay costumes of the women, the bright colours of which (red, green, blue, violet) add to the Eastern effect of the scene.

The famous pass along the sea-cliffs, known in antiquity as the Scironian Road, is thus described by Strabo: "The Scironian cliffs leave no passage between them and the sea. The road from the Isthmus to Megara and Attica runs along the top of them; indeed in many places it is compelled by the beetling mountain, which is high and inaccessible, to skirt the brink of the precipices." The dread of robbers, who here lay in wait for travellers, enhanced the natural horrors of the pass in ancient as well as in modern times. In recent years these horrors have been dissipated by the construction of a high-

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road and a railway along the coast ; but down to the middle of the present century, if we may trust the descriptions of travellers, the cliff-path well deserved its modern name of Kake Skala or “ the Evil Staircase.” For six miles it ran along a narrow, crumbling ledge half-way up the face of an almost sheer cliff, at a height of six to seven hundred feet above the sea. On the right rose the rock like a wall ; on the left yawned the dizzy abyss, where, far below, the waves broke at the foot of the precipices in a broad sheet of white curdling foam. So narrow was the path that only a single sure-footed beast could make its way with tolerable security along it. In stormy or gusty weather it was dangerous ; a single slip or stumble would have been fatal. When two trains of mules met, the difficulty of passing each other was extreme. Indeed at the beginning of the present century Colonel Leake pronounced the path impassable for horses ; and at a later time, when it had been somewhat mended, another distinguished traveller, himself a Swiss, declared that he knew of no such giddy track, used by horses, in all Switzerland. In many places the narrow path had been narrowed still further by its outer edge having given way and slid into the depths, so that it was only by using the utmost caution that the traveller was able to scramble along at all. At one point, where it crossed the mouth of a gully, the road had completely disappeared, having either fallen into the sea or, according to another account, been blown up in the War of Independence. Here therefore the wayfarer was obliged to pick his steps down a breakneck track which zigzagged down to the narrow strip of beach, from which he had laboriously to clamber up by a similar track on the opposite side of the gully. One traveller has graphically described how his baggage-horses slid and slipped on their hind feet down one of these

tracks, while their drivers hung on to the tails of the animals to check their too precipitate descent. Last century the path had ceased to be used even by foot-passengers. Chandler took boat at Nisaea and coasted along the foot of the cliffs, looking up with amazement at the narrow path carried along the edge of perpendicular precipices above the breakers and supported so slenderly beneath "that a spectator may reasonably shudder with horror at the idea of crossing."

Nothing was easier than to make such a path impassable. Accordingly when word reached Peloponnesus that Leonidas and his men had been annihilated by the Persians at Thermopylae, the Peloponnesians hurried to the Isthmus, blocked up the Scironian road, and built a fortification-wall across the Isthmus. In modern times, though the path had fallen into decay, it still showed traces of having been used and cared for in antiquity. In many places the marks of the chariot-wheels were visible in the rock ; in other places there were remains of massive substructions of masonry which had once supported and widened the road ; and here and there pieces of ancient pavement were to be seen. These were probably vestiges of the carriage-road which, as Pausanias tells us, the emperor Hadrian constructed along this wild and beautiful coast. At the present day, as the traveller is whirled along it in the train, he is struck chiefly by the blueness of the sea and the greenness of the thick pine-woods which mantle the steep shelving sides of the mountains.

The Isthmus of Corinth, which unites Peloponnesus on the south to the mountainous district of Megara and Central Greece on the north, is a low flat neck of land about three and a half miles wide at the narrowest part and about two hundred and sixty feet high at the lowest point, stretching roughly in

a direction from south-west to north-east. The central part is a flat tableland, which shelves away in steep terraces to the sea on the southern side. Its surface is rugged, barren, and waterless ; where it is not quite bare and stony, it is mostly overgrown with stunted shrubs and dwarf pines, or with thistles and other prickly plants of a grey, arid aspect. There is no underwood and no turf. In spring some grass and herbage sprout in patches among the thistles and afford pasture to flocks. The niggard soil, where soil exists, is cultivated in a rude, imperfect way, and yields some scanty crops, mostly of wheat and barley. But in the drought of summer every green blade disappears, and the fields are little more than a bare stony wilderness swept by whirling clouds of dust. This rugged barren quality of the soil was equally characteristic of the Isthmus in antiquity. It seems to have been customary to gather the stones from the fields before sowing the seed.

In ancient times ships of small burden were regularly dragged on rollers or waggons across the narrowest part of the Isthmus in order to avoid the long voyage round Peloponnese ; hence this part of the Isthmus was known as the *Diolkos* or Portage. The Portage began on the east at Schoenus, near the modern Kalamaki ; its western termination is not mentioned by ancient writers, but was probably near the west end of the modern canal. We read of fleets of warships being transported across the Isthmus ; for example after the battle of Actium the victorious Augustus thus conveyed his ships across the Isthmus in pursuit of Antony and Cleopatra, and in 883 A.D. the Greek admiral Nicetas Oriphias transported a fleet across it to repel an attack of the Saracens. Some remains of the ancient Portage, which seems to have been a sort of tramway, may still be seen near a guard-house, at the point where

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the road from Kalamaki to Corinth crosses the northern of the two ancient fortification-walls.

The lowest and narrowest part of the Isthmus, through which the Portage went in antiquity and the modern canal now runs, is bounded on the south by a line of low cliffs. Along the crest of these cliffs may be traced the remains of an ancient fortification-wall stretching right across the Isthmus from sea to sea. It is built of large blocks laid in fairly regular courses, and is flanked by square towers which project from the curtain at regular intervals of about a hundred yards on the north side, showing that the wall was meant to protect the Corinthian end of the Isthmus against invasion from the north. The wall does not extend in a straight line, but follows the crest of the cliffs, wherever this natural advantage presented itself.

MOUNT HYMETTUS

THE outline of Hymettus, viewed from Athens, is even and regular ; but its sides are furrowed by winter torrents and its base is broken into many small isolated hills of a conical form. Except towards its base the range is almost destitute of soil. Wild olives, myrtles, laurels, and oleanders are found only in some of the gullies at the foot of the mountain. Its steep rocky slopes are composed of grey marble seamed and cracked in all directions. Some stunted shrubs, however, including the lentisk, terebinth, and juniper, and sweet-smelling herbs, such as thyme, lavender, savory, and sage, grow in the clefts of the rocks, and, with flowers such as hyacinths and purple crocuses, furnish the bees with the food from which they still extract the famous Hymettian honey. Hymettus seems to have been as bare and treeless

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in classical antiquity as it is now ; for Plato remarks that some of the Attic mountains, which now only provided food for bees, had at no very remote epoch furnished the timber with which some very large buildings were still roofed at the time when he wrote. The honey of Hymettus was renowned. It was said that when Plato was a babe the bees on Hymettus filled his mouth with honey. The story went that bees were first produced on the mountain. Poets spoke of the flowery and fragrant Hymettus. The thyme and the creeping thyme (*serpyllum*) of Hymettus are specially mentioned ; the creeping thyme was transplanted to Athens and grown there. When ancient writers speak of Attic honey in general, they may have had Hymettian honey in view. Vitruvius compares Attic honey to resin in colour, which aptly describes the colour of the modern Hymettian honey. When Synesius visited Athens in the fifth century A.D. he found that the glory of its philosophers had departed, but that the glory of its bee-masters still remained. Opinions differ as to the quality of the modern Hymettian honey. Leake pronounced it superior to that of the rest of Attica and of the surrounding provinces of Greece. Others think it inferior to the honey of other parts of Greece, such as the Cyclades, Corinth, and Thebes, as well as to the heather honey of Scotland and Ireland. Most of the honey sold as Hymettian comes from Tourko Vouni, north of Athens, and from other parts of Attica.

Hymettus was also famous in antiquity for its marble, which seems to have been especially prized by the Romans. This marble, which is still quarried in large quantities on Hymettus, is a bluish-grey streaky marble, of finer and closer grain than the white Pentelic marble, but far inferior to it in beauty. The Greeks seem not to have used it commonly till the third century B.C. From that time onward we

MOUNT HYMETTUS

find it employed for tombstones, inscriptions, and the casing of buildings. The principal quarries are on the western side of the mountain, on the slopes which enclose the valley of St. George on the south and south-east and which on the other side descend nearly sheer into "the Devil's Glen" or "the Evil Glen," the deepest and wildest gorge in Hymettus. Vestiges of the ancient road or slide by which the blocks were brought down from the quarries may be seen about a hundred yards above the chapel of St. George ; the road seems to have been led in serpentine curves down the slope, not in a straight line like the road from the quarries on Pentelicus. A great part of the upper ridge of Hymettus is composed of a white marble resembling the white marble of Pentelicus, but inferior to it in crystalline structure and of a duller white. The ancients apparently made little use of this white Hymettian marble.

Clouds on Hymettus were believed to prognosticate rain ; if during a storm a long bank of clouds was seen lowering on the mountain, it meant that the storm would increase in fury. Hymettus is still as of old remarkable for the wonderful purple glow which comes over it as seen from Athens by evening light. When the sun is setting, a rosy flush spreads over the whole mountain, which, as the daylight fades and the shadows creep up the slope, passes by insensible transitions through all intermediate shades of colour into the deepest violet. This purple tinge is peculiar to Hymettus ; none of the other mountains which encircle the plain of Athens assumes it at any hour of the day. It was when the sunset glow was on Hymettus that Socrates drained the poisoned cup.

SPARTA

ANCIENT Sparta stood upon a broad stretch of fairly level ground, broken by a few low eminences, on the right bank of the Eurotas, where the river makes a bend to the south-east. Thus the city was bounded on the north and east by the wide gravelly bed of the river. Approaching from the north by the high-road from Tegea you cross the river by a new iron bridge, then traversing a flat strip of ground ascend through a hollow between two of the low eminences or hills which were included within the circuit of ancient Sparta. Leaving these eminences on the right and left you emerge to the south upon a level stretch of cornland, with olive-trees thickly dotted over it. When I saw it the wheat was breast high, and its waving surface, dappled with the shadows of multitudinous olive-trees, presented a rich and park-like aspect. This plain is about half a mile across ; on the south it is terminated by the low broad-backed ridge, running east and west, on which stands the town of New Sparta.

This new town, which has sprung up since the War of Independence, is charming. The streets, crossing each other at right angles, are broad and pleasant. Many of the houses are surrounded by gardens, and the soft verdure of the trees peeping over the low walls is grateful and refreshing to the eyes. The gardens abound with orange-trees, which, when laden with fruit, remind one of the gardens of the Hesperides. In spring the air, even in the streets, is heavy with rich perfumes. On the south the town is bounded by the river of Magoula, which here flows from west to east, to fall into the Eurotas a little below the town, opposite the steep heights of Therapnae. Westward the plain extends three or four miles to the foot

SPARTA

of the magnificent range of Taygetus, which rises abruptly with steep rocky sides to the height of nearly eight thousand feet. A conspicuous landmark to the west, viewed from Sparta, is the sharp conical hill of Mistra, leaning upon, but still sharply defined against, the Taygetus range. Though really a mountain over two thousand feet high, it is completely dwarfed by the immense wall of Taygetus rising at its back.

The country between Sparta and Taygetus offers points of the most picturesque beauty, especially if, instead of following the high-road, which is rather tame, you strike straight across for Mistra from the ruined theatre of Old Sparta. It was a bright evening in spring or early summer (towards the end of April, but summer is earlier in Greece than in England) when I took this walk, and the impression it made on me was ineffaceable. The orange-groves, the gardens fresh and green on all sides, men taking their ease in the warm evening air at a picturesque tavern under a great spreading tree, children playing in the green lanes, a group of Spartan maidens filling their pitchers at a spring that gurgled from a grey time-worn wall, a river (the Magoula) spanned by a quaint old bridge and winding through groves of orange-trees spangled with golden fruit, and towering above all the stupendous snow-clad range of Taygetus in the west, with the sunset sky above it—all this made up a picture, or rather a succession of pictures, of which it is impossible to convey in words the effect. It was a dream of Arcadia, the Arcadia of poets, and of painters like the Poussins.

In this union of luxuriant verdure with grand mountain scenery the valley of Sparta recalls the more famed but not more beautiful Granada with its green spreading Vega, its lilac-tinted mountains basking under the bright sky of Spain, and the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada lying like a great white

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cloud on the southern horizon. But Taygetus towers above the spectator at Sparta as the Sierra Nevada certainly does not over the spectator at Granada. To see it on a bright day with all its superb outline—its sharp peaks and grand sweeping curves—clearly defined in the pellucid air, its long line of snowy summits glistering in the sun, and the deep purple shadows brooding on its lower slopes, is a sight not to be forgotten. A recent explorer of Greece has observed that of all Greek cities Sparta enjoys the most beautiful situation. So far as my experience goes, the observation is just.

PHYLE

AN expedition to the ruins of Phyle is a favourite excursion of visitors to Athens. The distance by road is about fourteen miles. Diodorus indeed estimates the distance at a hundred Greek furlongs or eleven miles. But he is wrong. Demosthenes, more correctly, says that it was over a hundred and twenty Greek furlongs. A carriage road runs as far as Chasia, a large village on the southern slopes of Mount Parnes, about ten miles from Athens. Beyond this point the way is nothing but a steep and stony bridle-path. After ascending it for half an hour we come to the meeting of two deep and savage glens. In the glen to the right or east the little monastery of Our Lady of the Defile stands romantically at the foot of sheer precipices. The path to Phyle (which is at the same time the direct road to Thebes) winds rapidly up the narrow western glen through a thin forest of firs. In places the path is hewn in the rock, and the defile is so narrow that a handful of men might make it good against an army.

PHYLE

Phyle is reached in about an hour and three-quarters from Chasia. The fortress with its massive walls and towers crowns a high precipitous crag on the southern side of the pass, which it completely dominates. A ridge connects the crag with the higher mountains on the east ; and along this ridge is the only approach to the fortress. On the west and south the sides of the crag fall away abruptly into a deep ravine, which is broken by tremendous precipices, crested with firs and tufted with shrubs and under-wood. The ruins of the fortress encircle a little plateau, scarcely three hundred feet long from east to west, on the summit of the crag. The walls and towers, built of fine quadrangular blocks without mortar, are best preserved on the north-east side, where they are still standing to a height of seventeen courses. The tower at the north-east angle is round ; the other two remaining towers are square. The principal gate was on the east side, approached from the ridge. There was further a postern, also approached from the ridge, near the south-east corner. From the fortress, which stands more than two thousand feet above the sea, the view is magnificent, taking in the whole of the Athenian plain with Athens itself and Hymettus, and the sea with Salamis, Aegina, and the coast of Peloponnese.

The high peak, now named Mount Pagania, which towers immediately to the north-east of Phyle in the form of a crescent-shaped wall of naked rock is probably the ancient Harma, which the augurs at Athens watched till they saw lightning flash about its summit, whereupon they sent the sacrifice to Delphi. Strabo expressly says that Harma was near Phyle. On its eastern side the peak descends in precipices into the deep glen, already mentioned, at the entrance of which is the monastery of Our Lady of the Defile.

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Further up this glen than the monastery, at a height of some hundreds of feet above the torrent (the Potami) which traverses it, there is a cavern which is sometimes visited. The direct distance of this cavern from the monastery is only about a mile and a half. But in the glen the stream, hemmed in by precipices advancing from the mountains on both sides, has scooped out for itself between them a bed so profound and rugged that to scramble along it is impossible, even when the water is at its lowest. Hence in order to reach the cavern it is needful to make a long detour round the western flanks of Mount Pagania and to come down into the glen at a point a good deal higher up. Having done so we follow the glen downward past the place where another glen opens into it, bringing its tributary stream to swell the Potami. The cave is situated high up on the eastern side of the main glen, a little below the meeting of the waters. To clamber up the steep slope to it is far from easy. The mouth of the cave is so narrow that only one person can enter it at a time ; it opens at the foot of a precipice darkened by overhanging trees and flanked by two crags which project like wings on either side. In the face of the rock to the right of the entrance into the cavern are some votive niches with worn inscriptions under them. Within the cave, which may be about a hundred paces deep, water dripping from the roof has formed large stalactites and has hollowed out basins in the floor. Broken lamps and potsherds have been found in it in considerable quantities, which, with the votive niches outside, prove that this secluded spot was an ancient ~~sanctuary~~ ^{sanctuary} of the Nymphs, which Menander mentioned as being near Phyle. Here, too, the people of Phyle probably offered the sacrifices to Pan to which Aelian refers.

THE PASS OF THE TRETUS AND MYCENAE

For one of the inscriptions on the rock outside the cave sets forth that a certain Tychander caused workmen to put up the image of Pan beside the Celadon, and that sacrifices were offered by one Trophimianus. From this inscription we learn that the Potami, which flows in the depth of the glen below the cave, went in antiquity by the name of the Celadon or "Roaring Stream."

THE PASS OF THE TRETUS AND MYCENAE

At the southern end of the valley of Cleonae there rises like a wall of rock the mountain of Tretus, which forms the watershed between the Corinthian and the Argolic gulfs. A straight, toilsome path led from Cleonae in antiquity, and still leads past the village of Hagios Vasilios, over the mountain, descending into the Argolic plain at the ruins of Mycenae. But the more convenient way from the valley of Cleonae to the plain of Argos bends round to the west, where the mountain is not so high, and runs up a gradually ascending gully. This was the pass of the Tretus, the chief line of communication between Corinth and the south. In antiquity it was, as Pausanias tells us, a driving road, and the ruts worn by the chariot-wheels can still be seen in many places. The defile, though long and narrow, shut in by high mountains on either hand, is nowhere steep, and the rise is not considerable. The road runs by a deeply worn watercourse, at the bottom of which a clear and shallow stream finds its way amid luxuriant thickets of oleander, myrtle, and arbutus. The lower slopes of the mountains are also green with shrubs, but their upper slopes are grey and rocky.

The pass is easily defended. On both sides, to-

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wards Cleonae and towards the plain of Argos, may be seen traces of ancient works built to defend the defile. Near the highest point of the pass, where the road begins to descend towards Argos, there are low Turkish watch-towers called Derweni on both sides, and rough stone walls such as the Greeks threw up in many passes during the War of Independence. In 1822 the Turkish army under Dramali Pasha, retreating from the plain of Argos, was caught by the Greeks in the pass of the Tretus and nearly annihilated ; for years afterwards the defile was strewed with skeletons and skulls of men and horses.

“ Every part of the Argolic plain,” says Leake, “ is considered unhealthy in summer, and the heat is excessive ; that of the ravine of the Tretus, in the mid-day hours, is said to be something beyond bearing, which I can easily conceive, having passed through it in August, at an hour in the morning when the heat was comparatively moderate. Not long since a Tartar, after having drunk plentifully of wine and raki at Corinth, was found to be dead when the suriji held his stirrup to dismount at the khan of Kharvati (Mycenae), just beyond the exit of the Tretus.”

The name Tretus (‘perforated’) was supposed by the ancients to be derived from a great cave in the mountain where the Nemean lion had his lair. As to the ancient name of the pass, and the supposed wheel-marks in it, W. G. Clark says : “ This is the road known by the name of Tretos, or ‘ the perforated ’ ; not, I conceive, in consequence of the caverns in the neighbouring rocks, which are not more numerous hereabouts than elsewhere, but because the glen is, as it were, *drilled* through the rock. And drilled it has been by the stream which flows at the bottom. We saw, or fancied we saw, frequent wheel-marks in the rocks, and we know that this was the

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direction of a carriage road. But from my subsequent observations I learned to distrust these marks. The ordinary mode of carrying wood in Greece is to tie the heavier ends of the poles on each side to the back of the horse or donkey, and suffer the other ends to trail along the ground, thus making two parallel ruts which in course of time may attain the depth of and be mistaken for wheel-tracks. When a depression is once made, it becomes a channel for the winter rains, and so is smoothed and deepened."

The modern name of the defile is Dervenaki. The railway from Corinth to Argos runs through it. Towards the northern end of the pass the khan of Dervenaki stands in a little glade overshadowed by tall poplars, cypresses, and mulberry-trees, beside a murmuring spring. At the southern outlet of the pass the whole plain of Argos, with the mountains on either hand and the sea in the distance, bursts suddenly on the view. On the left, nestling at the foot of the hills, are Mycenae and Tiryns, with Nauplia and its towering acropolis rising from the sea and bounding the plain on this side. On the right is Argos with its mountain citadel, and beyond it the Lernaean lake glimmers faintly in the distance. In the centre of the picture, beyond the long foreground of level plain, stretches the blue line of the Argolic Gulf.

Passing southwards through the pass of the Tretus, we see the spacious plain of Argolis stretched out before us. Mycenae lies to our left at the roots of the mountains which bound the eastern side of the plain, not far from the point where the pass of the Tretus opens out on it. The Argolic plain may be roughly described as a great triangle, the base of which, on the south, is formed by the Argolic Gulf, while the eastern and western sides are enclosed by the ranges of mountains which converge northwards till they meet in Mount Tretus. The length of the plain from north

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to south is about twelve miles, the greatest breadth from east to west perhaps not much less. The mountains which shut it in are barren and rocky, the highest being those on the west which form the boundary between Argolis and Arcadia. The whole expanse appears to have been once a bay of the sea, which has been gradually filled up by the deposits brought down from the surrounding mountains. The Gulf of Argolis, a broad and beautiful sheet of water winding between mountains, must originally, before its upper waters were expelled by the alluvial deposit, have resembled still more closely, what it still recalls, a fine Scotch sea-loch or a Norwegian fiord.

This alluvial plain, situated at the head of a deep and sheltered frith or arm of the sea, which opening on the Aegean gave ready access to the islands of the Archipelago and the coasts of Asia, was naturally fitted to become one of the earliest seats of civilisation in Greece. And in point of fact legend and archaeology combine to show that in prehistoric times Greek civilisation reached a very high pitch in the plain of Argolis. It contained at least three fortified towns of great importance, of which remains exist to this day, Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenae (to mention them in the order in which they lie from south to north). Tiryns and Mycenae stand on the eastern, Argos on the western side of the plain. Of the three Tiryns is nearest to the sea, from which it is distant not much more than a mile. It, or rather its citadel, occupies a low rocky mound, not a hundred feet above the level of the sea, and rising in perfect isolation from the flat. Further inland Argos lies at the foot of the last spur which projects into the western side of the plain from the range of Artemisius. Its citadel, the Larisa, is a fine bold peak nearly a thousand feet high.

Further inland, nine miles from the nearest point of the sea, stands Mycenae, near the northern ex-

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tremity of the plain, but on its eastern side. Its citadel, in respect of elevation and natural strength, occupies an intermediate position between the low citadel of Tiryns and the high mountainous one of Argos. It lies at the mouth of a wild and narrow glen, which here opens on the eastern side of the Argolic plain, between two lofty, steep, and rocky mountains. From the mouth of this glen two deep ravines diverge, one running due west, the other running south-west. The triangular tableland which they enclose between them is the citadel of Mycenae. The whole scene, viewed from the citadel, is one of desolate grandeur. The ravines yawning to a great depth at our feet, the rugged utterly barren mountains towering immediately across them, the bleak highland glen winding away into the depth of these gloomy and forbidding hills, make up a stern impressive picture, the effect of which is heightened if one sees it, as the present writer chanced to do, on a rainy day. Then with a lowering sky overhead and the mist clinging to the slopes of the mountains, no sound heard but the patter of the rain and the tinkling of sheep-bells from the glen, the whole landscape seems to frown and assumes an aspect more in keeping with the mist-wrapt stronghold of some old robber chief in Skye or Lochaber, than with the conception which the traveller had formed of Agamemnon's "golden city."

The catastrophe which put an end to the Mycenaean civilisation in Greece would seem to have been the Dorian invasion, which, according to the traditional Greek chronology, befell about the middle of the twelfth century B.C. That the end of Mycenae and Tiryns was sudden and violent is proved by the conclusive evidence which shows that the palaces were destroyed by fire and that, once destroyed, they were never rebuilt. The date, too, of the Dorian

invasion, so far as we can determine it, harmonises well with this view ; for the Egyptian evidence of the existence of Mycenae comes down to about the time of the Dorian invasion, and there significantly stops. The cessation also of the characteristic Mycenaean pottery about the same date points to the same conclusion. It is not indeed to be supposed that the Dorians swept over Greece in one unbroken wave of conquest. The tide of invasion probably ebbed and flowed ; raids were met and repelled, but were followed by incursions of fresh swarms of invaders, the new-comers steadily gaining ground, encroaching on and enveloping the ancient Mycenaean kingdoms till, the last barrier giving way before them, the capitals themselves were stormed, their treasures plundered, and the palaces given to the flames. The conflict between civilisation and barbarism, the slow decline of the former and the gradual triumph of the latter, may have lasted many years. It is thus that many, if not most, permanent conquests have been effected. It was thus that the Saxons step by step ousted the Britons, and the Danes obtained a footing in England ; it was thus that the Turks slowly strangled the Byzantine empire. Events like the fall of Constantinople and the expulsion of the Moors from Granada are only the last scenes in tragedies which have been acting for centuries.

To attribute, with some writers, the creation instead of the destruction of the Mycenaean civilisation to the Dorians is preposterous, since the Dorian immigration did not take place till the twelfth century B.C., while the Mycenaean civilisation is known from Egyptian evidence to have existed from the middle of the fifteenth century B.C. at least. But this attribution involves other than chronological difficulties. The typical Dorians were the Spartans, and no greater contrast can well be conceived than that between the

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luxurious semi-Oriental civilisation of Mycenae and the stern simplicity of Sparta. On the one side we see imposing fortifications, stately tombs, luxurious baths, magnificent palaces, their walls gay with bright frescoes or glittering with burnished bronze, their halls crowded with a profusion of precious objects of art and luxury, wrought by native craftsmen or brought by merchants from the bazaars of Egypt and Assyria ; and in the midst of all a sultan, laden with golden jewellery, listening to minstrels singing the tale of Troy or the wanderings of Ulysses. On the other side we see an open unfortified city with insignificant buildings, where art and poetry never flourished, where gold and silver were banned, and where even the kings prided themselves on the meanness of their attire. The Dorians, if we may judge of them by the purest specimens of the breed, were just as incapable of creating the art of Mycenae as the Turks were of building the Parthenon and St. Sophia.

Of the Greeks who were rendered homeless by the Dorian invasion most fled to Asia. There, on the beautiful island-studded coast, under the soft Ionian sky, a new Greece arose which, in its splendid cities, its busy marts, its solemn fanes, combined Greek subtlety and refinement with much of Asiatic pomp and luxury. By this long and brilliant after-glow of the Mycenaean civilisation in Asia we may judge, as it has been well said, what its meridian splendour had been in Europe.

THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES

HERMES is represented standing with the infant Dionysus on his left arm, and the weight of his body resting on his right foot. His form is the per-

fection of manly grace and vigour ; the features of his oval face, under the curly hair that encircles his brow, are refined, strong, and beautiful ; their expression is tender and slightly pensive. The profile is of the straight Greek type, with "the bar of Michael Angelo" over the eyebrows. The left arm of the god rests upon the stump of a tree, over which his mantle hangs loosely in rich folds, that contrast well with his nude body. His right arm is raised. The child Dionysus lays his right hand confidently on the shoulder of Hermes ; his gaze is fixed on the object, whatever it was, which Hermes held in his right hand, and his missing left arm must have been stretched out (as it appears in the restoration) towards the same object. As most of Hermes's right arm is wanting, we cannot know for certain what he had in his right hand. Probably it was a bunch of grapes. In a wall-painting at Pompeii a satyr is represented holding the infant Dionysus on his left arm, while in his raised right hand he dangles a bunch of grapes, after which the child reaches. It is highly probable that this painting is an imitation, not necessarily at first hand, of the work of Praxiteles ; and if so, it affords a strong ground for supposing that the missing right hand of the Hermes held a bunch of grapes. The only objection of any weight to this view is that in the statue Hermes is not looking at the child, as we should expect him to be, but is gazing past him into the distance with what has been described as a listening or dreamy look. Hence it has been suggested that Hermes held a pair of cymbals or castanets in his hand, to the sound of which both he and the child are listening ; and a passage of Calpurnius has been quoted in which Silenus is represented holding the infant Dionysus on his arm and amusing him by shaking a rattle. This certainly would well explain the attitude and look of Hermes ;

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but on the other hand cymbals or a rattle would not serve so well as a bunch of grapes to characterise the infant Dionysus. The same may be said of the suggestion that Hermes, as god of gain, held aloft a purse and was listening to the chinking of the money in it. In his left hand Hermes probably held his characteristic attribute, a herald's staff ; the round hole for it in the hand is still visible.

On his head he seems to have worn a metal wreath; the deep groove for fastening it on may be seen in the back part of the hair. Traces of dark red paint were perceived on the hair and on the sandal of the foot when the statue was found ; the colour is supposed to have been laid on as ground for gilding. The back of the statue, which would not be seen well, is not carefully finished ; it still shows the strokes of the chisel. Otherwise the technical finish is exquisite. The differences of texture between the delicate white skin of the god, the leather straps of the sandals, the woollen stuff of the cloak, and the curly hair of the head, are expressed in the most masterly way.

A late distinguished critic was of opinion that the Hermes is an early work of Praxiteles, executed before he had attained a full mastery of his art. Such a view, it would seem, can only be held by one who knows the statue solely from photographs and casts. But no reproductions afford an adequate idea of the beauty of the original. Engravings of it are often no better than caricatures. Again, the dead white colour and the mealy texture of casts give no conception of the soft, glossy, flesh-like, seemingly elastic surface of the original, which appears to glow with divine life. Looking at the original, it seems impossible to conceive that Praxiteles or any man ever attained to a greater mastery over stone than is exhibited in this astonishing work.

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PERICLES, a great Athenian statesman, and one of the most remarkable men of antiquity, was the son of Xanthippus, who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Mycale. By his mother Agariste, niece of Clisthenes, who reformed the democracy at Athens after the expulsion of the Pisistratidae, he was connected both with the old princely line of Sicyon and with the great but unfortunate house of the Alcmaeonidae. The date of his birth is unknown, but his youth must have fallen in the stirring times of the great Persian war. From his friendship with the poet Anacreon, his father would seem to have been a man of taste, and as he stood in relations of hospitality to the Spartan kings his house was no doubt a political as well as literary centre. Pericles received the best education which the age could supply. For masters he had Pythoclides and the distinguished musician Damon, who infused into his music lessons a tincture of philosophy, whereby he incurred the suspicions of the vulgar, and received the honour of ostracism. Pericles listened also to the subtle dialectics of the Eleatic Zeno. But the man who swayed him most deeply and permanently was the philosopher Anaxagoras. The influence of the speculative genius and dignified and gentle character of the philosopher who resigned his property that he might turn his thoughts more steadily to heaven, which he called his home, and who begged as his last honour that the school-children might have a holiday on the day he died, can be traced alike in the intellectual breadth and the elevated moral tone of the pupil, in his superiority to vulgar superstitions, and in the unruffled serenity which he preserved throughout the storms of political life. It was probably the grand manner

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of Pericles even more than his eloquence that won him the surname of Olympian Zeus.*

In his youth he distinguished himself in the field, but eschewed politics, fearing, it is said, the suspicions which might be excited in the populace not only by his wealth, high birth, and powerful friends, but by the striking resemblance to the tyrant Pisistratus which old men traced in his personal appearance, musical voice, and flowing speech. But when the banishment of Themistocles and the death of Aristides had somewhat cleared the political stage, Pericles came forward as the champion of the democratic or progressive party, in opposition to Cimon, the leader of the aristocratic or conservative party. The two leaders differed hardly less than their policies. Both indeed were men of aristocratic birth and temper, honourable, brave, and generous, faithful and laborious in the service of Athens. But Cimon was a true sailor, blunt, jovial, free-handed, who sang a capital song, and was always equally ready to drink or fight, to whose artless mind (he was innocent of even a smattering of letters †) the barrack-room life of the barbarous Spartans seemed the type of human perfectibility, and whose simple programme was summed up in the maxim "fight the Persians." Naturally the new ideas of political progress and intellectual development had no place in his honest head ; naturally he was a sturdy supporter of the good old times of which, to the popular mind, he was the best embodiment. Pericles, grave, studious, reserved, was himself penetrated by those ideas of

* It is said that once, when Pericles was transacting business in public, a low fellow railed at him all day long, and at nightfall dogged him to his house, reviling him in the foulest language. Pericles took no notice of him till he reached his own door, when he bade one of the servants take a torch and light the man home.

† It is amusing to read in Plutarch of this stout old salt sitting in judgement on the respective merits of Aeschylus and Sophocles.

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progress and culture which he undertook to convert into political and social realities ; philosophy was his recreation ; during the whole course of his political career he never accepted but once an invitation to dinner, and he was never to be seen walking except between his house and the popular assembly and senate-house. He husbanded his patrimony and regulated his domestic affairs with rigid economy that he might escape both the temptation and the suspicion of enriching himself at the public expense.

The steps by which he rose to the commanding position which he occupied in later life cannot be traced with certainty. According to Plutarch, Pericles, whose fortune did not allow him to imitate the profuse hospitality by which Cimon endeared himself to the people, sought to outbid him by a lavish distribution of the public moneys among the poorer classes ; this device was suggested to him by Damonides, says Plutarch on the authority of Aristotle. We may doubt the motive alleged by Plutarch, but we cannot doubt the fact that Pericles did extend, if not originate, the practice of distributing large sums among the citizens either as gratuities or as payment for services rendered—a practice which afterwards attained most mischievous proportions. According to Plato, it was a common saying that Pericles, by the system of payments which he introduced, had corrupted the Athenians, rendering them idle, cowardly, talkative, and avaricious. It was Pericles who introduced the payment of jurymen, and, as there were six thousand of them told off annually for duty, of whom a great part sat daily, the disbursement from the treasury was great, while the poor and idle were encouraged to live at the public expense. But the payment for attendance on the public assembly or parliament (of which all citizens of mature age were members), though probably suggested by the payment

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of the jurymen, was not introduced by Pericles, and indeed does not seem to have existed during his lifetime. It was he who instituted the payment of the citizens for military service—a measure but for which the Athenians would probably not have prolonged the Peloponnesian War as they did, and in particular would not have been so ready to embark on the fatal Sicilian expedition.

There was more justification, perhaps, for the practice, originated by Pericles, of supplying the poorer citizens from the public treasury with the price of admission to the theatre. For in an age when the study of the poets formed a chief element of education, and when the great dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were being put on the stage in all their freshness, such a measure might almost be regarded as a state provision for the education of the citizens. It was part of the policy of Pericles at once to educate and delight the people by numerous and splendid festivals, processions, and shows. But the good was mixed with seeds of evil, which took root and spread, till, in the days of Demosthenes, the money which should have been spent in fighting the enemies of Athens was squandered in spectacles and pageants. The Spectacular Fund or *Theorikon* has been called the cancer of Athens. Vast sums were further spent by Pericles in adorning the city with those buildings, which even in their ruins are the wonder of the world. Amongst these were the Parthenon, or Temple of the Virgin, and the Erechtheum, both on the acropolis, the former completed in 438 B.C., the latter left unfinished at Pericles's death ; the magnificent Propylaea or vestibule to the acropolis, built between 437 and 432 ; and the Odeum or music-hall, on the south-eastern slope of the acropolis, completed before 444. The musical contests instituted by Pericles, and for which he himself laid

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down the rules and acted as judge, took place in the Odeum. Many artists and architects were entrusted with the execution of these great works, but under the direction of the master-mind of Phidias, sculptor, architect, painter — the Michelangelo of antiquity.

But Pericles fortified as well as beautified Athens. It had been the policy of Themistocles to make her primarily a naval and commercial power, and to do so he strengthened the marine, and gave to the city as far as possible the advantages of an insular situation by means of fortifications, which rendered both it and its port impregnable on the land side. By thus basing the Athenian state on commerce instead of, like Solon, on agriculture, he at the same time transferred the political predominance to the democratic or progressive party, which is as naturally recruited from a commercial as a conservative or aristocratic party is from an agricultural population. This policy was fully accepted and carried out by Pericles. It was in his time and probably by his advice that the Long Walls were built, which, connecting Athens with Piraeus, converted the capital and its seaport into one vast fortress. Further, in order to train the Athenians in seamanship, he kept a fleet of sixty ships at sea eight months out of every year.

The expenses entailed by these great schemes were chiefly defrayed by the annual tribute, which the confederates of Athens originally furnished for the purpose of waging war against Persia, but which Athens, as head of the league, subsequently applied to her own purposes. If, as seems likely, the transference of the treasury of the league from Delos to Athens, which sealed the conversion of the Athenian headship into an empire, took place between 460 and 454, the step was probably suggested or supported by Pericles, and at all events he managed the fund after its trans-

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ference. But, though the diversion of the fund from its original purpose probably did not begin with Pericles, yet, once established, he maintained it unwaveringly. The Athenians, he held, fulfilled the trust committed to them by defending their allies against all comers, and the tribute was their wages, which it was their right and privilege to expend in works which by employing labour and stimulating commerce were a present benefit, and by their beauty would be “a joy for ever.” That Athens ruled by force, that her empire was in fact a tyranny, he fully admitted, but he justified that tyranny by the high and glorious ends which it subserved.

The rise of Pericles to power, though it cannot be followed step by step, has an obvious and sufficient explanation in his combined wisdom and eloquence. Plato traces his eloquence largely to the influence of Anaxagoras ; intercourse with that philosopher, he says, filled the mind of Pericles with lofty speculations and a true conception of the nature of intelligence, and hence his oratory possessed the intellectual grandeur and artistic finish characteristic of the highest eloquence. The range and compass of his rhetoric were wonderful, extending from the most winning persuasion to the most overwhelming denunciation. The comic poets of the day, in general very unfriendly to him, speak with admiration of his oratory : “greatest of Grecian tongues,” says Cratinus ; “persuasion sat on his lips, such was his charm,” and “he alone of the orators left his sting in his hearers,” says Eupolis ; “he lightened, he thundered,” says Aristophanes. His speeches were prepared with conscientious care ; before rising to speak he used to pray that no inappropriate word might fall from his lips. He left no written speeches, but the few sayings of his which have come down to us reveal a passionate imagination such as breathes in the fragments of Sappho. Thus,

in speaking of those who had died in war, he said that the youth had perished from the city like the spring from the year. He called the hostile island of Aegina "the eyesore of the Piraeus," and declared that he saw war "lowering from Peloponnesse." Three of his speeches have been reported by Thucydides, who may have heard them, but, though their substance may be correctly recorded, in passing through the medium of the historian's dispassionate mind they have been shorn of the orator's imaginative glow, and in their cold iron logic are hardly to be distinguished from the other speeches in Thucydides. An exception to this is the speech which Thucydides reports as having been delivered by Pericles over the slain in the first year of the Peloponnesian War. This speech stands quite apart from the others ; and as well in particular touches (for example, in the saying that "the grave of great men is the world") as in its whole tenor we catch the ring of a great orator, such as Thucydides with all his genius was not. It is probably a fairly close report of the speech actually delivered by Pericles.

The first public appearance of Pericles of which we have record probably fell about 463. When Cimon, on his return from the expedition to Thasos, was tried on the utterly improbable charge of having been bribed by the Macedonian king to betray the interests of Athens, Pericles was appointed by the people to assist in conducting the prosecution ; but, more perhaps from a conviction of the innocence of the accused than, as was said, in compliance with the entreaties of Cimon's sister Elpinice, he did not press the charge, and Cimon was acquitted. Not^{*} long afterwards Pericles struck a blow at the conservative party by attacking the Areopagus, a council composed of life-members who had worthily discharged the duties of archon. The nature of the functions of the Areopagus

at this period is but little known ; it seems to have had a general supervision over the magistrates, the popular assembly, and the citizens, and to have exercised this supervision in an eminently conservative spirit. It sat also as a court for the trial of certain crimes, especially murder. Pericles appears to have deprived it of nearly all its functions, except its jurisdiction in cases of murder. The poet Aeschylus composed his *Eumenides* in vindication of the ancient privileges of the Areopagus. Though Pericles was the real author of the attack on the Areopagus, the measure was nominally carried by Ephialtes. It was, indeed, part of Pericles's policy to keep in the background, and to act as far as possible through agents, reserving himself for great occasions. Ephialtes, a friend of Pericles, and a patriot of inflexible integrity, paid dearly for the distinction ; he fell by the hand of an assassin employed by the oligarchical party—an event the more striking from the rarity of political assassinations in Greek history. The popular party seems to have immediately followed up its victory over the Areopagus by procuring the ostracism of Cimon, which strengthened the hands of Pericles by removing his most influential opponent. Pericles took part in the battle of Tanagra and bore himself with desperate bravery. After the battle Cimon was recalled from banishment, and it was Pericles who proposed and carried the decree for his recall.

In 454 Pericles led an Athenian squadron from the port of Pegae on the Corinthian Gulf, landed at Sicyon, and defeated the inhabitants who ventured to oppose him ; then, taking with him a body of Achaeans, he crossed to Acarnania, and besieged the town of Oeniadae, but had to return home without capturing it. Not long afterwards he conducted a successful expedition to the Thracian Chersonese, where he not only strengthened the Greek cities by

the addition of a thousand Athenian colonists, but also protected them against the incursions of the barbarians by fortifying the isthmus from sea to sea. This was only one of Pericles's many measures for extending and strengthening the naval empire of Athens. Colonies were established by him at various times in Naxos, Andros, Oreus in Euboea, Brea in Macedonia, and Aegina. They served the double purpose of establishing the Athenian power in distant parts and of relieving the pressure of population at home by providing the poorer citizens with lands. Somewhat different were the famous colonies established under Pericles's influence at Thurii in Italy, on the site of the ancient Sybaris, and at Amphipolis on the Strymon, for, though planted under the conduct of Athens, they were not exclusively Athenian colonies, other Greeks being allowed, and even invited, to take part in them. This was especially true of Thurii, which was in a manner a national Greek colony, and never stood in a relation of subjection to Athens. On one occasion Pericles sailed at the head of a splendid armament to the Black Sea, where he helped and encouraged the Greek cities and overawed the barbarians. At Sinope he left a force of ships and men, under the gallant Lamachus, to co-operate with the inhabitants against the tyrant Timesileos, and on the expulsion of the tyrant and his party he carried a decree for the despatch of six hundred Athenian colonists to Sinope, to occupy the lands vacated by the exiles. But, with the sober wisdom which characterised him, Pericles never allowed his plans to exceed the bounds of the possible ; he was no political dreamer like Alcibiades, to be dazzled with the vision of a universal Athenian empire in Greece, Italy, and Africa, such as floated before the minds of many in that and the following generations. The disastrous expedition which the Athenians sent to Egypt, to

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support the rebel Inarus against Persia, received no countenance from Pericles.

When Cimon died in 449 the aristocratical party sought to counterbalance the power of Pericles by putting forward Thucydides, son of Melesias, as the new head of the party. He seems to have been an honest patriot, but, as the event proved, he was no match for Pericles. The Sacred War in 448 showed once more that Pericles knew how to defend the interests of Athens. The Phocians, under the protection of Athens, had wrested the control of the Delphic oracle from their enemies the Delphians. The latter were friendly to Sparta, and accordingly the Spartans marched into Phocis and restored the oracle to the Delphians. When they had departed, Pericles, at the head of an Athenian force, placed the oracle once more in the hands of the Phocians. As the seat of the great oracle, Delphi was to ancient Greece much what Rome was to mediaeval Europe, and the friendship of the god, or of his priests, was no small political advantage.

When the Athenians despatched a small force under Tolmides to crush a rising in Boeotia, they did so in spite of the warnings of Pericles. These warnings were soon justified by the unfortunate battle of Coronea, which deprived Athens at a blow of the continental dominion she had acquired a few years before by the battle of Oenophyta. The island of Euboea now revolted from Athens, and hardly had Pericles crossed over with an army to reduce it when word came that the Megarians had massacred the Athenian garrison, and, in league with Corinth, Sicyon, and Epidaurus, were up in arms, while a Peloponnesian army under King Plistoanax was on the point of invading Attica. Pericles recrossed in haste to Attica. The Peloponnesians returned home, having advanced no farther than Eleusis and Thria.

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It was said that Pericles had bribed Cleandridas ; certain it is that both Cleandridas and Plistoanax were charged at Sparta with having misconducted the expedition and were found guilty. Having saved Attica, Pericles returned to Euboea, reduced it to subjection, expelled the Histiaeans, and settled the Athenian colony of Oreus on their lands.

The thirty years' peace, concluded soon afterwards with Sparta, was probably in large measure the work of Pericles. The Athenians had evacuated Boeotia immediately after the battle of Coronea, and by the terms of the peace they now renounced their other continental possessions—Achaia, Troezen, Nisaea, and Pegae. The peace left Pericles at liberty to develop his schemes for promoting the internal welfare of Athens, and for making it the centre of the intellectual and artistic life of Greece. But first he had to settle accounts with his political rival Thucydides ; the struggle was soon decided by the ostracism of the latter in 444. Thenceforward to the end of his life Pericles guided the destinies of Athens alone ; in the words of the historian Thucydides, the government was in name a democracy, but in fact it was the rule of the first citizen. The unparalleled ascendancy which he wielded so long over the fickle people is one of the best proofs of his extraordinary genius. He owed it entirely to his personal character, and he used it for the wisest and purest purposes. He was neither a vulgar demagogue to truckle to the passions and caprices of the mob, nor a vulgar despot to cow it by a hireling soldiery ; he was a citizen among citizens, who obeyed him because they trusted him, because they knew that in his hands the honour and interests of Athens were safe. The period during which he ruled Athens was the happiest and greatest in her history, as it was one of the greatest ages of the world. Other ages have had their bright particular stars ;

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the age of Pericles is the Milky Way of great men. In his lifetime there lived and worked at Athens the poets Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Cratinus, Crates, the philosophers Anaxagoras, Zeno, Protagoras, Socrates, the astronomer Meton, the painter Polygnotus, and the sculptors Myron and Phidias. Contemporary with these, though not resident at Athens, were Herodotus, the father of history ; Hippocrates, the father of medicine ; Pindar, " the Theban eagle " ; the sculptor Polyclitus ; and the philosophers Empedocles and Democritus, the latter joint author with Leucippus of the atomic theory. When Pericles died, other stars were rising or soon to rise above the horizon—the historians Thucydides and Xenophon, the poets Eupolis and Aristophanes, the orators Lysias and Isocrates, and the gifted but unscrupulous Alcibiades. Plato was born shortly before or after the death of Pericles. Of this brilliant circle Pericles was the centre. His generous and richly-endowed nature responded to all that was beautiful and noble not only in literature and art but in life, and it is with justice that the age of Pericles has received its name from the man in whom, more than in any other, all the various lines of Greek culture met and were harmonised. In this perfect harmony and completeness of nature, and in the classic calm which was the fruit of it, Pericles is the type of the ideal spirit, not of his own age only, but of antiquity.

It seems to have been shortly after the ostracism of Thucydides that Pericles conceived the plan of summoning a general congress of all the Greek states to be held at Athens. Its objects were the restoration of the temples which the Persians had destroyed, the fulfilment of the vows made during the war, and the establishment of a general peace and the security of the sea. Invitations were sent to the Greeks of Asia, the islands from Lesbos to Rhodes, the Hellespont,

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Thrace, Byzantium, Boeotia, Phocis, Peloponnese, Locris, Acarnania, Ambracia, and Thessaly. The aim of Pericles seems to have been to draw the bonds of union closer between the Greeks and to form a national federation. The beneficent project was defeated by the short-sighted opposition of the Spartans. But if in this scheme Pericles rose above the petty jealousies of Greek politics, another of his measures proves that he shared the Greek prejudices as to birth. At an early period of his career he enacted, or perhaps only revived a law confining the rights of Athenian citizenship to persons both of whose parents were Athenian citizens. In the year 444, on the occasion of a scrutiny of the list of citizens, nearly five thousand persons claiming to be citizens were proved to be aliens under this law, and were ruthlessly sold into slavery.

The period of the thirty years' peace was not one of uninterrupted tranquillity for Athens. In 440 a war broke out between the island of Samos (a leading member of the Athenian confederacy) and Miletus. Athens sided with Miletus ; Pericles sailed to Samos with an Athenian squadron, and established a democracy in place of the previous oligarchy. After his departure, however, some of the exiled oligarchs, in league with Pissuthnes, satrap of Sardes, collected troops and, crossing over to Samos, overpowered the popular party and revolted from Athens. In this revolt they were joined by Byzantium. The situation was critical ; the example set by Samos and Byzantium might be followed by the other confederates. Pericles discerned the danger and met it promptly. He led a squadron of sixty ships against Samos ; and, after detaching some vessels to summon reinforcements from Chios and Lesbos, and others to look out for the Phoenician fleet which the Persians were expected to send to the help of Samos, he gave battle

with forty-four ships to the Samian fleet of seventy sail and defeated it. Having received reinforcements of sixty-five ships, he landed in Samos and laid siege to the capital. But when he sailed with sixty ships to meet the Phoenician vessels which were reported to be near, the Samians sallied out with their vessels, defeated the besiegers, and remained masters of the sea for fourteen days. On his return, however, they were again blockaded and were compelled to surrender, nine months after the outbreak of the war.

Though Pericles enjoyed the confidence of the people as a whole, his policy and opinions could not fail to rouse the dislike and suspicions of many, and in the last years of his life his enemies combined to assail him. Two points in particular were singled out for attack, his administration of the public moneys and his religious opinions. With regard to the former, there must always be a certain number of persons who will not believe that others can resist and despise a temptation which to themselves would be irresistible ; with regard to the latter, the suspicion that Pericles held heretical views on the national religion was doubtless well grounded. At first, however, his enemies did not venture to impeach himself, but struck at him in the persons of his friends. In 432 Phidias was accused of having appropriated some of the gold destined for the adornment of the statue of Athena in the Parthenon. But by the prudent advice of Pericles the golden ornaments had been so attached that they could be taken off and weighed, and when Pericles challenged the accusers to have recourse to this test the accusation fell to the ground. More dangerous, for more true, was the charge against Phidias of having introduced portraits of himself and Pericles into the battle of the Amazons, depicted on the shield of the goddess : the sculptor appeared as a bald old man lifting a stone, while Pericles was

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represented as fighting an Amazon, his face partly concealed by his raised spear. To the pious Athenians this seemed a desecration of the temple, and accordingly Phidias was clapped into gaol. Whether he died there or at Elis is uncertain.

Even more deeply was Pericles wounded by the accusation levelled at the woman he loved. This was the famous Aspasia, a native of Miletus, whose talents won for her general admiration at Athens. Pericles divorced his wife, a lady of good birth who had borne him two sons, Xanthippus and Paralus, but with whom he was unhappy, and attached himself to Aspasia. With her he lived on terms of devoted affection to the end of his life, though, as she was a foreigner, their union was not a legal marriage. She enjoyed a high reputation as a teacher of rhetoric, and seems to have been the centre of a brilliant intellectual society, which included Socrates and his friends. The comic poet, Hermippus, brought her to trial on the double charge of impiety and of corrupting Athenian women for the gratification of Pericles. A decree was further carried by a religious fanatic named Diopithes, whereby all who denied the existence of the gods or discussed the nature of the heavenly bodies were to be tried as criminals. This blow was aimed directly at the aged philosopher Anaxagoras, but indirectly at his pupil Pericles as well as at Aspasia. When this decree was passed, and apparently while the trial of Aspasia was still pending, Pericles himself was called upon by a decree of the people to render an account of the money which had passed through his hands. The result is not mentioned, but we cannot doubt that the matter either was dropped or ended in an acquittal. The perfect integrity of Pericles is proved by the unimpeachable evidence of his contemporary, the historian Thucydides. Aspasia was acquitted, but not before Pericles had exerted all his eloquence in her behalf.

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Anaxagoras, tried on the charge of impiety, was obliged to quit the city.

It was in the same year (432) that the great contest between Athens and Sparta, known as the Peloponnesian War, broke out. We may dismiss as a vulgar calumny the statement, often repeated in antiquity, but quite unsupported by Thucydides, that the war was brought about by Pericles for the purpose of avoiding a prosecution. The war was in truth inevitable ; its real cause was Sparta's jealousy of the growing power of Athens ; its immediate occasion was the help lent by Athens to Corcyra in its war with Corinth. At first, with a hypocritical regard for religion, the Spartans demanded as a condition of peace that the Athenians should expel the race of the Alcmaeonidae (including, of course, Pericles), whose ancestors had been guilty of sacrilege about two centuries before. The Athenians retorted in kind, and, after a little more diplomatic fencing, the Spartans were constrained to show their hand by demanding bluntly that Athens should give back to the Greeks their independence—in other words, renounce her empire and abandon herself to the tender mercies of Sparta. Pericles encouraged the Athenians to reject the demand. He pointed out that Athens possessed advantages over the Peloponnesians in superior wealth and greater unity of counsels. He advised the Athenians, in case of war, not to take the field against the numerically superior forces of the Peloponnesians, but to allow the enemy to ravage Attica at will, while they confined themselves to the defence of the city. Through their fleet they would maintain communication with their island empire, procure supplies, and harass the enemy by sudden descents on his coasts. By pursuing this defensive policy without attempting to extend their empire, he predicted that they would be victorious. The people hearkened to him

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and replied to the Spartan ultimatum by counter-demands, which they knew would not be accepted. Pericles had not neglected in time of peace to prepare for war, and Athens was now well equipped with men, money, and ships.

In June of the following summer a Peloponnesian army invaded Attica. By the advice of Pericles the rural population, with their movables, had taken refuge in the city, while the cattle had been sent for safety to the neighbouring islands. The sight of their country ravaged under their eyes excited in the Athenians a longing to march out and meet the enemy, but in the teeth of popular clamour and obloquy Pericles steadily adhered to his defensive policy, content to protect the suburbs of Athens with cavalry. Meanwhile Athenian fleets retaliated upon the enemy's coasts. About the same time, as a punishment for the share that they were supposed to have had in bringing on the war, the whole population of Aegina was expelled from their island to make room for Athenian colonists. This measure, directed by Pericles, relieved to some extent the pressure in the overcrowded capital, and secured a strong outpost on the side of Peloponnes. In the autumn, after the Peloponnesian army had been obliged by want of provisions to quit Attica and disband, Pericles conducted the whole available army of Athens into the territory of Megara, and laid it waste.

It was a custom with the Athenians that at the end of a campaign the bones of those who had fallen in battle should be buried with public honours in the beautiful suburb of Ceramicus, the Westminster of Athens, and the vast crowd of mourners and spectators gathered about the grave was addressed by a citizen chosen for his character and abilities to pay the last tribute of a grateful country to its departed brave. On the present occasion the choice fell on Pericles.

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Once before, at the close of the Samian War, it had been his lot to discharge a similar duty. The speech which he now delivered, as reported to us by Thucydides, is one of the noblest monuments of antiquity. It is indeed the creed of Athens and of Greece. In its aristocratic republicanism—recognising at once the equal legal rights and the unequal intrinsic merits of individuals—it differs alike from the monarchical spirit of mediaeval and modern Europe, with its artificial class distinctions, and from that reactionary communism which preaches the natural as well as the legal equality of men. In its frank admiration of art and letters and all the social festivals which humanise and cheer life, it is as far from the sullen asceticism and the wild debauchery of the East as the grave and manly simplicity of its style is removed from the fanciful luxuriance of Oriental rhetoric. Finally, in the words of comfort and exhortation addressed to the bereaved, the speech—to adopt Thirlwall's description of another great effort of Athenian oratory—"breathes the spirit of that high philosophy which, whether learnt in the schools or from life, has consoled the noblest of our kind in prisons, and on scaffolds, and under every persecution of adverse fortune."

The fortitude of the Athenians was put to a still severer test in the following summer, when to the horrors of war (the Peloponnesians had again invaded Attica) were added the horrors of the plague, which spread havoc in the crowded city. Pericles himself escaped the scourge, but many of his relations and best friends, amongst them his sister and his two sons Xanthippus and Paralus, were struck down. With the elder of his sons, Xanthippus, a worthless young man, the father had been on bad terms, but the death of his surviving son, at an interval of a few days, affected him deeply, and when he came to lay

the wreath upon the corpse, though he struggled hard to maintain his habitual calm, he broke down, and for the first time in his public life burst into a passion of weeping. But neither private grief nor public calamity shook for a moment the lofty courage and resolution with which he continued to the last to oppose a firm front alike to enemies without and to cravens within. While refusing as before to risk a battle in Attica, which he allowed the Peloponnesians to devastate at pleasure, he led in person a powerful fleet against Peloponnese, ravaged the coast, and destroyed the town of Prasiae in Laconia. But the Athenians were greatly disheartened ; they sued for peace, and when their suit was rejected by Sparta they vented their ill-humour on Pericles, as the author of the war, by subjecting him to a fine. However, they soon repented of this burst of petulance, and atoned for it by re-electing him general and placing the government once more in his hands. Further, they allowed him to legitimate his son by Aspasia, that his house might not be without an heir. He survived this reconciliation about a year, but his name is not again mentioned in connexion with public affairs. In the autumn of 429 he died. We may well believe that the philosophy which had been the recreation of his happier days supported and consoled him in the clouded evening of his life. To his clement nature it was a peculiar consolation to reflect that he had never carried political differences to the shedding of blood. Indeed, his extraordinary, almost fatherly, tenderness for the life of every Athenian citizen is attested by various of his sayings. On his deathbed, when the friends about him were telling his long roll of glory, rousing himself from a lethargy into which he had fallen, he reminded them of his fairest title to honour : "No Athenian," he said, "ever put on black through me."

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He was buried amongst the illustrious dead in the Ceramicus, and in after years Phormio, Thrasybulus, and Chabrias slept beside him. In person he was graceful and well made, save for an unusual height of head, which the comic poets were never weary of ridiculing. In the busts of him which we possess, his regular features, with the straight Greek nose and full lips, still preserve an expression of Olympian repose.

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The long and difficult journey to Tomi would seem to have been compulsorily undertaken in winter, for the poet tells us that in chill December he was shivering on the Adriatic, while he wrote versified epistles on shipboard to the friends he had left behind him. Here the ship encountered a storm that threatened to drive her back to the port from which she had sailed, and the exiled bard was tantalised by seeing, across the heaving waters, the distant coast of Italy on which he might never set foot again. He crossed the Isthmus of Corinth and took ship again at the port of Cenchreæ, only to be again tempest-tossed on the Aegean as he had been on the Adriatic, and again to scribble verses in the height of the storm, to the astonishment, as the poet imagined, of the very Cyclades themselves. After touching at the island of Samothrace he landed in Thrace and made his way on foot through the country of the Bistones to Tomi. It was doubtless on this land journey through the snowy Thracian mountains that our author beheld the Sapaeans and other wild highlanders offering the entrails of dogs in sacrifice to a barbarous deity whom he identified with Diana.

At Tomi our author sought to while away the tedious hours of exile by inditing poetical epistles to his family, his friends and patrons in Rome, entreating them to use their influence with the Emperor to ensure his pardon or at least his removal to a less distant and less barbarous place of banishment. He even addressed himself to Augustus direct in the longest of these poems, beseeching him for mercy, but all in vain. And after the death of Augustus the unhappy poet turned to the popular prince Germanicus the stream of his mingled flattery and prayer in the hope of touching his clement heart and obtaining at least a mitigation of his sentence. But all his entreaties fell on deaf ears.

THE LIFE OF OVID

The neighbouring barbarians did not add to the amenities of life in the frontier town by the random flights of poisoned arrows which from time to time they sent whizzing over the walls in the hope of picking off some fat pursy citizen as he went about his peaceful business in the streets. Ovid often alludes to these missiles and even contemplated the possibility of his blood dyeing a Scythian arrow or a Getic sword, but we have no reason to suppose that his life was thus brought to an untimely end, although, when the watchman on the battlements gave the signal of an approaching raid, and the hostile cavalry were circling at full gallop round the walls, the stout-hearted bard used to clap a helmet on his grey head and, grasping sword and shield in his tremulous hands, hurry to the gate to meet the foe.

However, the valiant poet returned good for evil by learning the languages of both the barbarous tribes, the Getae and the Sarmatians, who infested the bleak, treeless, birdless plains that stretched away to the horizon from the walls of Tomi—plains where spring brought no vernal flowers and autumn no cheerful reapers, and the only crop that broke the dreary prospect was here and there a patch of bitter wormwood. But Ovid did more than learn the language of his enemies. He composed a poem in the Getic language in which he paid high, not to say fulsome, compliments to the memory of the deceased Augustus, to his surviving widow, to his sons, and to his successor on the throne, the Emperor Tiberius ; and this precious effusion he professes to have recited to a circle of Getic hearers, who received it with murmurs of ~~applause~~, which they emphasised appropriately by rattling their quivers. The poet even expressed a fear that his study of the Getic language had corrupted his Latin style. In the interest of science, if not of literature, it is much to

be regretted that the poem has perished ; had it survived it would have been of priceless value as a unique example of barbarous language preserved for us by the care and diligence of a classical writer.

Among the poet's murmurs at his fate are naturally many references to the rigorous climate of his place of banishment in the far north, on the very edge of the Roman world. He says that winter there was almost continuous, that the sea froze, that the wine turned to blocks of ice, and that the barbarians drove their creaking ox-drawn wains over the frozen Danube. Of the society of the place he does not paint a flattering portrait. He admits that there was a tincture of Greek blood and a smatch of Greek culture in them, but adds that in their composition there was more of the Getic barbarian, which came out in their harsh voices, grim faces, and shaggy unkempt hair and beard ; every man carried a bow and wore a knife at his side with which he was ready to stab at the smallest provocation. However, a residence of nine or ten years at this end of the world would seem to have in some measure reconciled the poet to his lot. In one of his last letters, written to a friend from Tomi, he tells him that he keeps all his old serenity of mind ; that he had won the goodwill of the people of Tomi, who for their own sakes would gladly keep him with them, though for his sake they would willingly let him depart ; and that they and the inhabitants of neighbouring towns had publicly testified to their friendship by passing decrees in his honour and granting him immunity from taxes. And in almost the last letter of all he addresses the people of Tomi, telling them that not even the folk of his dear native vale among the Apennines could have been kinder to him in his misfortune and sorrow than they had been, and he even adds that Tomi had grown as dear to him as Delos to Diana when she

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stayed the wandering island and found in it a place of rest and peace. So the curtain falls gently, almost tenderly, on the exiled poet. He died at the age of sixty in the year A.D. 17 or 18, and was buried at Tomi, among the people whom he had made his friends.

THE “FASTI”

THE *Fasti* may rank next to the *Metamorphoses* as the most elaborate and important of Ovid's works. It is a poetical treatise on the Roman calendar, which it discusses in strictly chronological order, beginning with the first day of January and ending with the last day of June, where it stops abruptly. But repeated references in the poem to later dates in the year, of which he purposed to speak, suffice to prove that the poet intended to continue his work on the same plan to the end of December, no doubt devoting to each of the last six months a separate book, as he has done with the first six months of the year in the poem as we possess it. Indeed, in one of his poems written in exile and addressed to Augustus, he expressly says that he had written the *Fasti* in twelve books, each book dealing with a separate month, and that he had dedicated the whole work to the Emperor, though his fate, by which he means his exile, had interrupted it. We have no reason to reject such a definite statement addressed by the author to the man whom of all others he least dared to deceive. But the last six books of the poem have disappeared without leaving a trace; for no ancient writer cites or refers to them, and the four doggerel verses which a few manuscripts insert at the end of the sixth book, purporting to explain the old name of July (*Quintilis*), are clearly the interpolation of a clumsy scribe. It is

true that in the seventeenth century the great scholar Nicolaus Heinsius mentioned, on the authority of Gronovius, a rumour that the last six books of the *Fasti* were preserved by a presbyter in a village near Ulm, but the rumour was probably no better founded than the reports of the discovery of the lost books of Livy, which occasionally startle the more credulous portion of the learned world. We can only apparently conclude, either that the last six books of the *Fasti* were lost, possibly in the post, which can hardly have been very regular or secure at Tomi, or that the poet left them in so rough and unfinished a state that his literary executors, in justice to the author's reputation, deemed it prudent to suppress them. Of the two alternative suppositions the latter is perhaps the more probable, since Ovid's own words seem to imply that his exile interrupted his work on the poem and prevented him from putting the final touches to it. The same conclusion is reinforced by another consideration. In the poem addressed to Augustus, as we have just seen, our author expressly affirms that he had dedicated the *Fasti* to Augustus, but in that work, as we have it, the dedication is not to Augustus but to Germanicus. The only reasonable explanation of this anomaly, as modern editors have seen, appears to be that after the death of Augustus the author cancelled the original dedication and substituted a dedication to Germanicus in the hope that the clement and popular prince, himself a poet, would be moved by the compliment to intercede with the reigning Emperor Tiberius in order to procure the poet's pardon, or at least a mitigation of his sentence. Whatever the motive, the change of dedication suffices to prove that during the later years of his exile Ovid was engaged in the revision of the *Fasti*; but, so far as the substitution of Germanicus for Augustus in the place of honour is concerned, the revision appears

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not to have extended beyond the first book, for in the remaining five books it is the dead emperor and not the living prince at whom the poet aims the shafts of his flattery and praise. But other traces of revision may be seen in the veiled allusions to his exile which Ovid has let fall in some of the later books of the *Fasti*.

While the poet was thus filing and polishing the *Fasti* down to near the end of his life, we have no direct evidence as to the time when the work was begun. However, the author's own declaration to Augustus, quoted above, seems clearly to imply that the poem was nearly completed at the date of the writer's exile in A.D. 8 when he was about fifty years of age. We may conclude, then, that the *Fasti* was a work of Ovid's maturity, when the poet was at the height of his intellectual powers and a passed master of his art. The subject was happily chosen, for it offered him full scope for the display not merely of his fancy and eloquence but of his learning, which was very considerable. The matter of the poem falls, roughly speaking, into three sections, the historical, the astronomical, and the religious, which form, if we may say so, the three threads out of which the artist has woven the web of the *Fasti*.

The historical section comprises a considerable portion of the legends and annals of Rome, so far as these were attached to definite dates in the calendar. Thus, for example, the author seizes the traditional date of the foundation of Rome on the twenty-first of April as a peg on which to hang the legend of that momentous event in the history of the world ; the Ides of February recalls the march out and final destruction of the three hundred heroic Fabii, which the poet recounts at full length ; the notice of the foundation of the temple of Fortune on the eleventh of June furnishes the author with an opportunity of telling

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the story of the foul murder of the popular king Servius Tullius and the infamous conduct of his unnatural daughter ; the Flight of the King, which the calendar placed on the twenty-fourth of February, allows the poet to relate in graphic detail the crime which led to the downfall of Tarquin the Proud and the expulsion of the kings from Rome. And so on with page after page of legend and story ; in a sense the Roman calendar was an epitome of Roman history, and Ovid's poem is an illuminated edition of that epitome, in which the bare mention of an event is often expanded into a beautiful picture aglow with all the rich colours of poetic fancy.

The astronomical section of the poem, which the author puts prominently forward in his exordium, is much less valuable than the historical. The notices of the rising and setting of the constellations, which were the hinges whereon the ancient calendars revolved, are often very inaccurate in the *Fasti*, and while Ovid pays a warm tribute to the genius and lofty character of the ancient astronomers, he seems not to have learned even the elements of their science. Indeed, he has fallen into the strange mistake of mentioning an entirely fictitious constellation, that of the Kite, which seems to have owed its imaginary existence to the blunder of some ignorant Roman calendar-maker, who, finding in a Greek calendar the notice of the arrival of the kite in spring, converted the first appearance of that migratory bird into the rising of a constellation of the same name. However, the mention of the constellations furnishes our author with a reason, or an excuse, for relating some of their myths in his usual agreeable style.

The religious section of the poem embraces the notices and explanations of those fixed festivals and sacred rites which were recorded in the calendar. This is for us moderns by far the most interesting and

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valuable part of the work, for our knowledge of Roman religion is comparatively meagre and fragmentary, and in the absence of more detailed and authoritative expositions, such as were doubtless to be found in some of the lost books of Varro, the *Fasti* of Ovid must always rank as a document of the first importance. To note only a few of the festivals on which the poet has thrown light that we could ill afford to spare, we may mention the quaint ritual of the Festival of the Dead (the Lemuria) in May ; the no less curious rites in honour of the God of Boundaries and of the Goddess Mildew ; the Shepherds' Festival of the Parilia, with its leaps over three fires and the driving of the flocks through the smoke and flames ; the enigmatic rites of the Lupercalia with its strange mode of conferring the blessing of offspring on women ; the merry revels in the flower-decked boats floating down the Tiber on Midsummer Eve ; and the very different rite in the month of May when Father Tiber received those rush-made effigies of men which were cast from the old wooden bridge into his yellow stream, apparently as a toll to compensate the river-god for the loss of the human beings who now passed dryshod over the bridge instead of being drowned at the ford. These and many other sacred rites are described by Ovid in the *Fasti*, and if we cannot always accept his explanations of them, we ought always to be grateful to him for having recorded the facts.

A work embracing such a mass of varied information must have entailed a considerable amount of research, but Ovid mentions none of his authorities by name, contenting himself with saying briefly that he had drawn his materials "from annals old." He had probably read some of the early Roman historians, such as the poet Ennius and the old annalist Quintus Fabius Pictor, and it is possible that he may have inspected the official *Annales Maximi* compiled by

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the pontiffs, which formed the real basis of authentic Roman history. He must certainly have known and used, though he does not mention, the great work of his contemporary the historian Livy, as his narratives of the tragedy of Lucretia and of the defeat and death of the Fabii suffice to prove. He naturally also consulted the official Roman calendar, of which a number of versions, for the most part fragmentary, have come down to us and afford invaluable help to a commentator on the *Fasti* by enabling him to check and control the statements of his author as to the dates of festivals and the foundation of temples. For the most part the records of these calendars confirm the poet's evidence and strengthen our confidence in the general accuracy of his testimony on matters for which other witnesses are lacking. He seems to have had some knowledge also of the local calendars of various Latin and Sabine towns, to which he repeatedly refers. On questions of Roman antiquities and religion we cannot doubt that he conned and drew freely on the vast stores of the great antiquary Varro, whose existing works, scanty and fragmentary as they are, often serve to illustrate the topics treated of by Ovid in his poem. He may also have known the writings of the learned grammarian Verrius Flaccus, whose treatise on the signification of words, though it survives only in the abridgements of Festus and Paulus Diaconus, is of itself almost a commentary on the *Fasti*.

It has been suggested that Ovid may have borrowed the idea of writing the *Fasti* from the *Aitia* or "Causes" of Callimachus, an elegiac poem in four books, in which the learned Alexandrian poet set forth many myths and legends explanatory of Greek customs and rites. The *Aitia* as a whole is lost, but in recent years some considerable fragments of it have been recovered from Egyptian papyri. The last

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book of the elegies of Propertius, in which that poet relates a number of Roman legends, may have served as the immediate model of the *Fasti*.

THE ROMAN GOD JUPITER

IN Roman religion we meet with the same old sky-god as in Vedic and Greek mythology. His name is Jupiter, which is etymologically identical with the Vedic *Dyaus pitar* and the Greek *Zeus pater*, the latter part of his name (-*piter*) being only a slightly altered form of *pater*, "father," while the first part (*Ju-*) is contracted from *Diov*, as appears from the forms of the divine name *Iovis* and *Diovis* which occur in Old Latin and Oscan. A rare alternative form of Jupiter is *Diespiter*, in which the original form of the first part of the name is more clearly preserved. The sky-god Jupiter was always the head of the Roman pantheon, just as his namesake the sky-god Zeus was always the head of the Greek pantheon ; but unlike Zeus the process of personification was never carried so far in Jupiter as to obscure his original connexion with the sky. The Latin poets not uncommonly use his name as equivalent to sky, and Ennius in a verse which is often quoted says :—
“ Behold yon shining firmament which all name
Jove.”

In another passage the same poet declares that Jupiter “ is what the Greeks call the air, which is the wind and the clouds, afterwards the rain, and the cold which follows rain.” In quoting this latter passage the learned Roman antiquary Varro says plainly that Jupiter and Juno are the deified Sky and Earth ; and many centuries afterwards the learned Christian Father, St. Augustine, declared

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that the identity of Jupiter with the sky was affirmed by a multitude of witnesses.

As a sky-god Jupiter was naturally associated with the rain, the thunder, and the lightning, of all of which he was supposed to be the author. One of his epithets was Rainy, and another was Serene, with reference to a cloudless sky, because by his look he was believed to clear the cloudy heaven and still the storm. In time of drought prayers were put up to Jupiter for rain. At Rome the women used to go in procession with bare feet and streaming hair up the slope to the Capitol, and implore the deity to send the needed showers ; whereupon, we are told, the rain used immediately to fall in bucketfuls, and they all returned home as wet as drowned rats. But nowadays, says the writer (Petronius, *Sat.* 44) who records these good old times when rain was to be had of Jupiter for the asking, nobody believes that the sky is the sky, nobody fasts, nobody cares a brass button for Jupiter, and that is the reason why farming is now in so bad a way. Speaking of these prayers for rain, the Christian Father, Tertullian, says contemptuously, " You sacrifice to Jupiter for rain, you command the people to go barefoot, you seek the sky on the Capitol, and you expect clouds from the ceiling." In his capacity of a deity from whom rain could be elicited by prayer, like water from a barrel by turning a tap, Jupiter had an altar on the Aventine which was said to have been dedicated by the pious King Numa.

But of all the celestial phenomena none were so frequently ascribed to the direct agency of Jupiter as thunder and lightning. Many epithets derived from thunder and lightning were applied to him ; indeed the very names for lightning and thunderbolt were coupled with his name as if he were identical with these phenomena. In the Field of Mars at Rome

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there was a shrine of Lightning Jupiter. In a familiar passage Horace speaks of Jupiter sending snow and hail on the earth, and hurling lightning from his red right hand, as if the flash of the lightning spread a ruddy glow over his uplifted arm. Augustus founded a temple of Thundering Jupiter on the Capitol in gratitude for a narrow escape which he had had of being killed by lightning. For once, when he was marching by night in Spain, it chanced that a flash of lightning grazed his litter and struck dead the slave who was carrying a torch in front of him. The Temple of Thundering Jupiter on the Capitol the devout emperor used often to visit. Once he dreamed that Capitoline Jupiter appeared to him and complained of the loss of his worshippers, who were drawn away from him by the attractions of the new temple. The emperor endeavoured to pacify the irate deity by assuring him that he had only planted the Thunderer there in order to serve as doorkeeper to the genuine and original Jupiter in his ancient temple hard by ; and to lend an air of plausibility to the excuse he caused bells to be hung from the gable of the Thunderer's temple, so that visitors to the temple might ring a bell to advertise the god of their approach and to ascertain whether he was at home, just as Roman gentlemen did when they called on their friends. The story is instructive as illustrating the extreme jealousy of the divine nature ; for in this case Capitoline Jupiter was clearly very jealous of Thundering Jupiter, though in point of fact the Thunderer was only himself under another name. The anecdote shows, too, how easy it is to multiply gods by the simple process of multiplying their names ; for no doubt many simple-minded people would take the two Jupiters for two distinct and even rival deities, who competed against each other for the custom of their worshippers. In this or some such way Roman

mythology might have developed a god of thunder different from and independent of the god of the sky. Elsewhere such a differentiation of divine functions has actually taken place. We shall see presently, for example, that the Babylonian pantheon included a Thunder-god as well as a Sky-god, the two deities being distinct in both name and nature.

The supreme place which Jupiter occupied in the Roman pantheon is sufficiently indicated by the titles Best and Greatest (*Optimus Maximus*) which were commonly bestowed on him, but which belonged especially to Capitoline Jupiter at Rome. When Cicero, on his return from exile, appealed to the pontiffs for the restoration of his house, which in his absence had been pulled down by his enemy, the ruffian Clodius, he concluded his speech with a peroration in which he solemnly invoked the protection of the Roman Gods, beginning with Capitoline Jupiter under his titles of Best and Greatest, and explaining that the Roman people gave the name of Best to Jupiter on account of his benefits, and the name of Greatest on account of his power. When Anthony addressed Caesar as king and attempted to place a crown on his head, Caesar refused it and sent the crown to Jupiter, Best and Greatest, on the Capitol, saying that Jupiter alone was king of the Romans. Down to the end of paganism this worship of Jupiter Best and Greatest on the Capitol remained the heart of Roman religion : in a late dedication the deity is styled the chief of the gods, the governor of all things, the ruler of heaven and earth. He was indeed the divine embodiment of the Roman empire ; and when the emperor Constantine abandoned the old for a new religion, it was fitting that he also abandoned the ancient capital for a new seat of empire nearer to the birthplace of the Oriental faith which he had borrowed from Judaea.

THE ROMAN GOD JANUS

IN the Forum, in front of the Senate-house, and a little above what was called the Three Fates, there stood a small shrine of Janus, of quadrangular shape but so small that it was only large enough to hold the image of the god. This image was made of bronze ; its height was five cubits and it represented a man with a head that had two faces, one face looking to the east and the other to the west. The shrine had two bronze doors, each of them opposite one of the two faces of Janus. In time of peace the doors of the temple were kept closed, but in time of war they were opened. This description of the shrine we owe to Procopius, who tells us that the whole edifice was made of bronze. The usual name of the shrine seems to have been the Twin Janus (*Ianus Geminus*) ; but it was also known as the Januan Gate (*porta Ianualis*), because the principal feature of the edifice was its double doorway. According to Livy, who calls the shrine simply the Janus, it was founded by King Numa at the lowest point of the Argiletum to be an index of peace and war, signifying, when it was open, that the nation was under arms, and when it was closed that all the peoples round about were at peace. Livy then informs us that from the reign of Numa down to his own time the shrine had been closed only twice in token that Rome was at peace ; once in the consulship of Titus Manlius (235 B.C.) after the First Punic War, and a second time after the victory of Augustus over Antony at Actium (31 B.C.), which was followed by peace on land and sea. In the great inscription known as the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, in which at the end of his life Augustus recorded, with a dignified restraint of language, his glorious achievements in peace and war, he mentions that thrice

in his reign the temple of Janus had been closed by decree of the Senate. The statement is confirmed by Suetonius. The second time when the shrine of Janus was closed in the reign of Augustus was in 25 B.C., at the end of the war with the Cantabrians and Asturians of Spain. In 10 B.C. the Senate decreed that the shrine of Janus Geminus (the Double Janus) should be closed, but closed it was not; for before the decree could be executed news arrived that the Dacians had crossed the Danube on the ice and ravaged Pannonia. The date of the third closing of the shrine of Janus in the reign of Augustus is not known. During the long and peaceful reign of Numa, which is said to have lasted forty-three years, the gates of Janus are reported to have remained closed. From the custom of opening them in time of war the gates came to be known as the Gates or the Twin Gates of War. It was the consul who, in full official costume, threw open the creaking doors on the declaration of hostilities, and the act was followed by the blast of horns and the blare of trumpets.

THE RECEPTION OF CYBELE

IN 205 B.C., towards the end of the long struggle with Hannibal, the Sibylline Books were consulted, and a prediction was produced from them to the effect that the Carthaginians could be driven from Italy if the Idaean Mother were brought from Pessinus in Phrygia to Rome. Envoys were accordingly sent to Delphi to inquire of the oracle. The god, or the priestess, gave an encouraging reply, advising the envoys to apply to Attalus, king of Pergamum, and stipulating that, when the goddess arrived in Rome, she should there be received by the best man

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in the city. Thus fortified by the divine approval, the envoys repaired to king Attalus at Pergamum. He received them politely and conducted them to Pessinus in Phrygia, where he gave into their hands the sacred stone which the people of the place declared to be the Mother of the Gods. The holy stone was brought by sea to Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, where it was solemnly received.

Ovid's description of the popular enthusiasm with which the image of the Mother of the Gods was received on its arrival at Ostia is fully borne out by Livy's account, from which, indeed, the poet may have borrowed its general features. The historian tells us that Publius Cornelius Scipio, a young man who had not yet attained to the office of *quaestor*, was chosen as the best man in Rome for the honour of receiving the goddess at Ostia and entrusting her to the matrons, who were to convey her to Rome. He carried out his instructions. When the ship with the goddess arrived off the mouth of the Tiber, he went out in a tender to meet her, boarded the vessel, received the image, and carried it ashore. There he committed it to the hands of the noblest matrons of Rome, who passed it on from one to the other till it reached the capital. The whole population of the city poured out to meet it. At the doors of all the houses where the image passed burning censers were set out, and it was amid the fumes of incense and the sound of pious prayers and ejaculations that the goddess made her triumphal entry into the temple of Victory on the Palatine. To understand this outburst of popular or rather national enthusiasm, we must remember that at the time the Second Punic War was still dragging out its weary length; the memory of Cannae and the Trasimene Lake was still fresh in the minds of men of middle age, though a new generation was growing up which had only

heard from their mothers' lips of these dreadful days; above all, Hannibal was still in Italy, clinging desperately to the heel of the peninsula which, at the head of his dusky army, he had traversed at will for so many years. The coming of the goddess had been heralded by prophecy as the pledge of final victory, and it was at once as the harbinger and the author of the crowning triumph that she was received and escorted by the whole people to the temple of Victory on the Palatine.

The following story of the miracle by which the noble lady Claudia towed the barge that had stuck fast in the mud, thereby vindicating her good name against the breach of calumny, is often told or alluded to by ancient writers. The prudent or sceptical Livy says nothing about the miracle, and contents himself with observing that the pious service which Claudia Quinta rendered to the goddess on that occasion established for all time her reputation for virtue, which had been dubious before. According to some late writers, Claudia was a Vestal Virgin, but their testimony on this point is not corroborated by Livy and other ancient authorities. Appian says that Claudia was accused of adultery, which seems to imply that she was a matron, and Livy certainly appears to have taken this view, for he expressly includes her among the noble matrons who received the Mother of the Gods at Ostia.

THE BEGGING FRIARS OF CYBELE

IN the processions of Cybele or the Mother of the Gods, her ministers solicited alms in the shape of small coins from the spectators, after the fashion of the begging friars of the Middle Ages. The Greeks

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had a regular name (*metragyrtæ*) for these begging friars of Cybele. It is said that the first of this fry who showed his face in Athens received an exceedingly short shrift, being thrown head foremost into the pit where criminals met their end. But a pestilence breaking out shortly afterwards, an oracle warned the Athenians to propitiate the ghost of the murdered friar, who was clearly responsible for the calamity. So they filled up the pit, built a council-house on the scene of the murder, fenced it about, and dedicated it to the Mother of the Gods ; and they set up a statue of the deceased friar, after which we may be quite sure that they were never again troubled by his ghost. In his ideal state Cicero proposed to suppress pious mendicants, on the ground that they filled the minds of people with superstition and emptied their pockets ; but curiously enough he made an exception in favour of the ministers of the Idaean Mother, whom he would suffer to continue their solicitations during the few days of the festival when they were on the prowl. In the days of Augustine these fellows, with their whitened faces and scented locks, were still to be seen begging for their livelihood in the streets and squares of Carthage. Ovid is no doubt mistaken in supposing that the custom of thus levying contributions on the pious was instituted to defray the cost of rebuilding the temple after the fire of 111 B.C. For a century earlier, in 212 B.C., the Senate, with the fear of Hannibal before their eyes, decreed that, as an infallible means of ensuring victory, games should be held in the Circus Maximus in honour of Apollo, and that, while the performances were going on, the hat should circulate among the spectators, and everybody should drop into it as many coppers as he or she could spare. To these sage measures for terminating the war they were instigated by a mountebank named Marcius, who produced oracles with which, according to his

own account, he had been favoured by Jupiter. The games thus instituted were afterwards continued. The spectators wore wreaths of laurel and paid their pennies. Such collections for religious purposes were made in the form of copper coins (*asses*), for which in this connexion the regular term was *stips*, the word employed by Ovid in the present passage (*Fasti*, iv. 350). No doubt merit was supposed to attach to gifts thus made for pious uses, and a corresponding benefit to accrue to the givers. In consequence of a dream the emperor Augustus used to beg small coins of the populace on a certain day every year, holding out his hand to receive the coppers which the people dropped into it. The crazy Caligula used in like manner to stand at the door of his palace to receive the small coins which the obsequious crowd showered on him.

THE SECULAR GAMES

TARENTUM or Terentum, as the name was also spelled, was a place in the Field of Mars (*Campus Martius*), where there was an altar dedicated to the infernal deities, Father Dis and Proserpine. The altar was buried at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground. The way in which the altar, after being long buried and forgotten, is said to have been discovered was as follows. Once on a time, when a great plague was laying waste both city and country, a certain man called Valesius, who dwelt in the Sabine region, despaired of the life of his three children, for they were very sick.^T So he fell on his knees before the household gods (*Lares familiares*) and prayed them to save the lives of his children, even at the expense of his own. A voice answered that they would be saved if he conveyed them down the river

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Tiber to Tarentum and there refreshed them with warm water fetched from the altar of Father Dis and Proserpine. He feared to undertake the long and perilous journey to Tarentum in the south of Italy; however, trusting in the divine guidance, the pious man put his children in a boat, and with them floated down the Tiber. When darkness fell, he landed for the night at the Field of Mars and learned from the pilot that the place was called Tarentum. He joyfully accepted the omen, and dipping up some water from the river in a vessel he carried it to a spot where he saw smoke issuing from the ground; there he found a smouldering fire which he contrived to blow up into a flame and so to heat the water, which he thereupon gave to his sick children to drink. Refreshed by the draught they fell into a sound sleep, from which they awoke hale and well; their long sickness had departed. They now told their father that while they slept they had a vision of a god, who wiped their bodies with a sponge and commanded a sacrifice of dusky victims to be offered at the altar of Father Dis and Proserpine, from which the draught had been brought to them; further, the deity enjoined on them that a divine banquet (*lectisternium*) should be served and games held by night at the altar. As the father saw no altar on the spot, he went into the city to purchase one, leaving some men to dig the foundations for it. On digging down some twenty feet they found an altar with an inscription recording its dedication to Father Dis and Proserpine. When he heard of this discovery, Valesius gave up his intention of buying an altar, and sacrificed black victims at the spot called Tarentum; and he celebrated games and divine banquets on three successive nights, because the number of his children saved from death was three. Following his example, Publius Valerius Publicola, one of the first consuls who held

office after the expulsion of the kings, in the interests of the whole community publicly sacrificed black cattle at the same altar to Dis and Proserpine, the victims for Dis being bulls and the victims for Proserpine cows. Moreover, he celebrated games for three nights at the altar, and when they were over he buried the altar again in the earth. Such, according to Valerius Maximus, was the origin of the games called Secular.

The tale is told in substantially the same form by the Byzantine historian Zosimus, except that he carries the story still further back by relating the original foundation of the buried altar. He says that in a war between the Romans and the Albans, when the two armies were about to engage, there appeared to them a dreadful phantom clad in a black hide, who cried that Dis and Proserpine commanded them to offer sacrifice to their divinities under ground before coming to grips with each other. Having said this, the phantom vanished. The Romans complied with his injunction : they built an altar under ground, and having sacrificed on it they covered it over with earth to a depth of twenty feet, that none but Romans might know where it was. This was the altar which was afterwards discovered by Valesius. At a later time, in the first year after the expulsion of the kings, Publius Valerius Publicola sacrificed a black bull and a black heifer at the altar to Dis and Proserpine in order to save the city from a pestilence which was then raging, and on the altar he engraved an inscription to this effect : “ I, Publius Valerius Publicola, dedicated this igneous plain to Dis and Proserpine, and I celebrated rites in honour of Dis and Proserpine on behalf of the freedom of Rome.”

The games celebrated at this place were originally called Tarentine but afterwards Secular, because they were supposed to be held at the end of a certain period

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called a *saeculum* ; however, as to the exact length of this period the ancients themselves were uncertain : it was commonly reckoned either at a hundred or a hundred and ten years. Varro and Livy defined it as a hundred years ; but the Commentaries of the Fifteen Men, whose office it was to regulate the sacred rites, and the edicts of Augustus fixed the length of the period at a hundred and ten years. This latter length (a hundred and ten years) is the one expressly mentioned by Horace in the ode which he wrote for the celebration of the Secular Games instituted by Augustus in 17 B.C. ; and it is also the period mentioned in the Sibylline oracle which was quoted as the authority for the celebration of the games on that occasion. On the other hand the *saeculum* was reckoned at a hundred years by Festus, who probably followed Verrius Flaccus, and also by Augustine.

The celebration of the Secular Games in 17 B.C., which Horace commemorated and Ovid most probably witnessed, was one of the achievements on which Augustus prided himself, for he recorded it, with the date, in the great historical inscription (*Monumentum Ancyranum*) in which he bequeathed to posterity his long roll of glory. In this record he professes to have celebrated the games on behalf of the College of the Fifteen Men and in the character of Master of the College, with Agrippa for his colleague. This was reckoned the fifth celebration of the games. The sixth celebration took place in A.D. 47 under the reign of the Emperor Claudius, who thus clearly reckoned the *saeculum* at a hundred years ; for the year A.D. 47 was reckoned the seven hundredth year since the foundation of Rome and therefore the correct year in which to celebrate the sixth centenary of the city. As Claudius was a learned antiquary, specially versed in Etruscan history, on which indeed he composed a work in twenty books, his testimony to the hundred years'

length of the *saeculum* carries weight, all the more so because the *saeculum* was apparently a very ancient institution among the Etruscans, who originally reckoned it at a hundred years. When we add the evidence of Claudius to the concurrent testimony of such high authorities as Varro, Livy, and Verrius Flaccus, we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the *saeculum* was properly a period of a hundred years, and that its supposed extension to a hundred and ten years was nothing more than a contrivance to suit the political convenience of Augustus, who “fixed upon the year 17 B.C., because it marked the end of his first ten years’ *imperium*, and also the consummation of his social and domestic legislation, which was to usher in a new and purer age” (E. G. Hardy). It is true that the Emperor pleaded the authority of the Fifteen Men and the Sibylline Books ; but we shall probably be doing no injustice to the College of the Fifteen Men, who had charge of the sacred volumes, if we suppose that they felt little scruple at garbling or concocting an oracle to suit the requirements of the Emperor

The site of the place called Tarentum, where the Secular Games were held, was discovered in the winter of 1886-1887, when the new Corso Vittorio Emanuele was being opened at the back of the Cesarini palace. The place is between the Chiesa Nuova and the Piazza Sforza-Cesarini. Here, at a depth of about sixteen feet below the level of the Corso, were found the remains of a large altar, no doubt the altar of Dis and Proserpine. Two blocks of the altar were discovered, resting on a pedestal, which was approached by three steps. The altar must have measured about eleven feet square. Behind it was a massive wall of tufa, and round it a triple wall of peperino. Further, in a mediaeval wall some 300 yards to the north of the altar there were discovered fragments of a huge block or blocks of marble inscribed

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with the official record of the celebration of the Secular Games under Augustus in 17 B.C. and under Septimius Severus in A.D. 204. These inscriptions are now in the Museo delle Terme at Rome.

The documents thus fortunately brought to light illustrate, confirm, and supplement the notices of the festival which have been bequeathed to us by ancient writers. The ceremonies began on the night of May 31, when, in the Field of Mars, beside the Tiber, the Emperor Augustus sacrificed nine ewe lambs and nine she-goats to the Fates (*Moerae*), and prayed the goddesses to accept the sacrifice and be gracious to the Roman people, the Fifteen Men, the Emperor himself, and his family. When the sacrifice had been offered, plays (*ludi*) were acted on a stage in the open air, without any seats being provided for the audience ; but in the two following nights the performances were given in a wooden theatre erected for the purpose beside the Tiber. At the same time one hundred and ten matrons, whose number corresponded to that of the years in the *saeculum*, offered a solemn banquet to Juno and Diana, seats being set for the invisible goddesses. Next day, being the first of June, Augustus and his minister Agrippa sacrificed each a bull to Jupiter Best and Greatest (*Optimus Maximus*) on the Capitol, and prayed to him in much the same form as they had prayed to the Fates on the preceding night. That night (June first) Latin plays were acted in the wooden theatre beside the Tiber, and the hundred and ten matrons entertained the two goddesses as before. Moreover, the Fifteen Men issued an edict that women in mourning should lay aside all tokens of sorrow and bereavement in honour of the gods. Why this edict should be issued at this stage of the proceedings instead of before the beginning of the festival, is not apparent. That same night Augustus offered a sacrifice of nine cakes of each of three

different sorts of cakes, or twenty-seven cakes in all, to the Goddesses of Childbirth (*Ilithynae*), together with a prayer in which, curiously enough, he addressed only one of the goddesses (*Ilithyia*). Next day, being the second of June, Augustus and Agrippa sacrificed each a cow to Queen Juno on the Capitol and prayed in much the same form as before. After they had prayed, the hundred and ten matrons in their turn offered a solemn prayer to Queen Juno for the prosperity of the Roman people at home and abroad and for their eternal victory. That night plays were acted as before, and at night beside the Tiber Augustus sacrificed a farrow sow to Mother Earth with a prayer ; and the hundred and ten matrons entertained the two goddesses for the third time. Next day, being the third of June, Augustus and Agrippa sacrificed to Apollo and Diana on the Palatine three different sorts of cakes, nine of each, making twenty-seven cakes in all, and offered a prayer in the usual form. After the sacrifice of the cakes and the prayer, twenty-seven boys, whose fathers and mothers were alive, sang an ode composed by Q. Horatius Flaccus (the poet Horace), and afterwards they chanted it in the same manner on the Capitol. When the theatrical performances were over, a racecourse was laid out near the place where sacrifices had been offered on the preceding nights, and where the wooden theatre had been set up. There four-horse chariots raced, and pairs of horses ran with single riders who leaped from one horse to the other (*desultores*). This concluded the Secular Games (*ludi saeculares*). But after an interval of a day (the fourth of June) they were followed by other Honorary Games (*ludi honorarii*) which lasted seven days, from the fifth to the eleventh of June. These were offered spontaneously to the public by the College of the Fifteen Men, and they included plays in the wooden theatre beside the Tiber, in the theatre

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of Pompey, and in the theatre of Marcellus. The plays were followed by a hunting of wild beasts and chariot races.

The legend as to the origin of the Secular Games appears to indicate that at first they were instituted for the purpose of staying a pestilence, or perhaps more generally of putting an end to a time of public danger and distress. . Their celebration might be taken to mark the end of an old period of unhappiness and adversity and the beginning of a new period of happiness and prosperity. Such ideas were undoubtedly associated with the celebration of the Secular Games in the reign of Augustus ; Horace gave expression to them when he said that now Peace and Honour, Good Faith and ancient Modesty, and Virtue, so long neglected, dared to return to the world, and that blessed Plenty now showed herself with her full horn. Nothing could be more natural than these hopes and aspirations in a world exhausted, as the Roman world then was, by many years of internecine strife and bloodshed and just beginning to taste the blessedness of internal calm and tranquillity after the storm. There are indeed indications that the coming of a new era of peace and prosperity had been anticipated and even predicted a good many years before Augustus attempted to crown these hopes and fulfil these prophecies by celebrating the Secular Games. When a comet appeared after the murder of Julius Caesar, a seer named Vulcatius is said to have proclaimed in a public assembly that it heralded the beginning of a new age (*saeculum*), but that the gods would punish him for revealing their secrets ; and the words had hardly passed his lips, when he fell down dead. About the same time, or a little later, the great Roman antiquary Varro, in his book on the descent of the Roman people, called attention to the doctrine of palingenesis,

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according to which souls were reborn in their original bodies after a period of four hundred and forty years. This period is clearly obtained by multiplying a period of a hundred and ten years by four ; but a period of a hundred and ten years is the *saeculum* on which Augustus based his celebration of the Secular Games ; and it is probable that Virgil had in his mind either the period of a hundred and ten years or its multiple by four when, in his fourth Eclogue, he announced the end of the period foretold by the Sibyl of Cumae, and prophesied the beginning of a great new era, the return of the Golden Age. Though Virgil died in 19 B.C., two years before Augustus celebrated the Secular Games, we can hardly doubt that as an intimate of Augustus he was acquainted with the plans of the Emperor for inaugurating in a formal manner the new era, so long and so ardently desired by a weary world, and that in this famous poem, which more than any other production of Greek or Roman literature resembles the utterance of a Hebrew prophet, he echoed the hopes and aspirations of his generation.

THE PALLADIUM

THE celestial image of Minerva was the famous Palladium, the image of the goddess Pallas, whom the Greeks identified with Athena and the Romans with their goddess Minerva. The Palladium is not mentioned by Homer ; but according to the ancient epic poet Arctinus it was given by Zeus to Dardanus and remained in Ilium till the city was captured by the Greeks. The origin of the image is related more fully by Apollodorus. He says that when Ilus, great-grandson of Dardanus, was founding the city of

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Ilium, otherwise known as Troy, he prayed to Zeus for a sign, and in answer to his prayer Zeus caused the Palladium to fall from heaven, and Ilus found it lying before his tent. The image was three cubits high, its feet were joined together ; in its right hand it held a spear, and in its left a distaff and a spindle. According to one account, when Ilus was building the temple of Minerva (Pallas), but before the sacred edifice had been roofed over, the Palladium, a wooden image of the goddess, dropped from the sky into the very place destined for it in the temple. A more prosaic version of the story was that when Tros was founding Troy he received the image as a gift from a certain philosophic Grand Master named Asius, and that in gratitude for the priceless gift he named the continent Asia after his benefactor.

But whatever the origin of the image, an oracle declared that so long as it remained within the walls of Troy the city could not be taken. Being apprised of this oracle by the Trojan diviner Helenus, whom they had captured, the Greeks resolved to steal the Palladium as the only means of ensuring the fall of the otherwise impregnable city. The feat was successfully accomplished by Diomedes and Ulysses in company, though accounts differ as to the precise share which each of them took in the enterprise. According to one account, they made their way into the citadel through a tunnel or a sewer, and putting the sentinels to the sword, carried off the precious image. Sophocles made the story the theme of a tragedy ; and Virgil accepted it, though he omitted the undignified mode in which the heroes effected an entrance into the temple. In the long speech which Ovid (*Metamorph.* xiii. 335-356) puts into the mouth of Ulysses in the wordy war between him and Ajax for the arms of Achilles, the poet represents the wily hero claiming the whole credit of the exploit,

though the murmurs of his hearers obliged him to admit grudgingly that Diomedes had borne a hand in it. But the braggart cut a very different figure in another version of the tale. When the two comrades, so runs the story, came by night to Troy, Diomedes mounted on the shoulders of Ulysses and so scaled the wall ; but when he was on the top he refused to pull his friend up after him, and going off by himself he secured the Palladium and returned with it in triumph. Carrying the trophy, Diomedes now retraced his steps to the Greek camp, accompanied by his crestfallen companion. But an evil thought struck Ulysses ; he determined to slay Diomedes and appropriate at once the image and the whole glory of the enterprise. So he fell behind his comrade and drew his sword. But the moon was shining, and, as the dastard raised his arm to strike, the shadow of the sword on the ground, or the flash of the blade in the moonbeams, attracted the eye of the wary Diomedes, and facing round he caught his treacherous friend in the act. Ulysses made haste to return his sword to the scabbard with such shuffling excuse as he could devise on the spur of the moment ; but Diomedes was not to be deceived, he tied the traitor's arms behind his back, and drawing his own sword beat him with the flat of it and so drove him back to the camp. This picturesque story appears to have been told in *The Little Iliad*. The tradition to which the author of *The Little Iliad* gave currency seems to have been the one generally accepted by Greek artists, for on most of the monuments which represent the stealing of the Palladium it is apparently Diomedes and not Ulysses who is carrying the image. Thus in the marble relief known as the *Tabula Iliaca*, which in this part is professedly based on *The Little Iliad*, Diomedes is seen carrying the Palladium in one hand and a drawn sword in the

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other, while Ulysses follows him. The arrival of the Palladium in the Greek camp gave rise to much wrangling among the Greek chiefs for the possession of the precious image, for Ajax also put in a claim for it on the plea of his eminent services in the war ; but on the suicide of Ajax the prize finally remained in the hands of Diomedes.

That the Palladium was stolen from Troy by Diomedes or Ulysses or by both together would seem to have been the ordinary Greek version of the story. But the common Roman belief was that the Palladium had remained in Troy till the city fell, when it was saved from the burning ruins by Aeneas and carried by him to Italy, where it found a final resting-place in the temple of Vesta at Rome ; there none but the Vestal Virgins were allowed to look on it. This Roman belief clearly contradicted the Greek tradition, and it further conflicted with the notion that the city which possessed the sacred image was impregnable, since, on the Roman showing, the presence of the Palladium in Troy had not prevented the capture of the city by the Greeks. Hence in order to reconcile the two versions of the story, or at all events to vindicate the Trojan origin of the image in the temple of Vesta, patriotic Roman antiquaries and their complaisant Greek colleagues resorted to various shifts. They said, for example, that the true Palladium had been carefully concealed in the sanctuary, and that an exact copy of it had been set up in public as a precaution against the felonious attempts of thieves ; it was the copy which the ignorant Greeks stole, and the true original which the knowing Aeneas rescued from the flames of the burning city. This version of the story, while it vindicated the Trojan origin of the Palladium in the temple of Vesta at Rome, left unsolved the problem how Troy came to be captured while it still boasted the possession of the sacred image.

To meet this difficulty Roman antiquaries accepted the Greek version of the theft of the true Palladium by Diomedes, but maintained that after his settlement in Italy that hero had surrendered the precious image to Aeneas, through whose agency it finally found its way to Rome. The story ran that Diomedes was warned by an oracle or by the goddess Minerva (Pallas) in a dream that he would find no repose from the sorrows and dangers which compassed him about, until he had restored the sacred image to the Trojans to whom it belonged. So he repaired to Lavinium, where the Trojan Aeneas was then laying the foundations of the new city, and offered to give him back the Palladium. But Aeneas was busy offering sacrifice with his head veiled in the orthodox fashion, and he could not interrupt the holy rite even to receive the image. So the Palladium was accepted in his stead by a certain Trojan named Nautes. Hence the worship of Minerva (Pallas) was hereditary in the ancient and illustrious house of the Nautii, but not in the house of the Julii, the descendants of Aeneas.

THE GAULS IN ROME

WHEN the army of the Gauls approached Rome in 390 B.C., the mass of the population fled and dispersed among the neighbouring cities. The young men of military age retired to the Capitol and prepared to defend it to the last. But the old men of noble birth, whose age debarred them from serving as soldiers and whose spirit disdained to desert the city, retired to their houses and there awaited death. They dressed themselves in their robes of office, and, putting on all the decorations they had won in peace and war, sat down on their ivory chairs in the central courts of

their houses. So when the Gauls entered Rome peacefully, without meeting with resistance, the Colline gate being thrown open to receive them, they were amazed at marching through the empty and silent streets of the deserted city. Not a human being met them, not a sound broke on their ears but that of their own measured tramp on the pavement. Only the frowning cliff of the Capitol, with the glint of sunshine on the arms of sentinels pacing the battlements, told them that they were in an enemy's land. The doors of the common houses, indeed, were everywhere shut and barred, but there were no faces looking out at the windows, and the portals of the great houses stood wide open as if inviting them to enter. The solitude and silence overawed them, and suspecting an ambush they hesitated more to trust themselves within the open portals than to break down the doors that were barricaded against them. So they gradually retraced their steps and drew their scattered forces together in the Forum and the neighbourhood. There they at last ventured, not without fear and trembling, to pass the doorways of the great houses and to set foot in their stately halls. There, to their astonishment, they beheld venerable men seated, in gorgeous robes, with an air of more than human majesty. Wondering whether they were gods or men, the Gauls drew near, and one of them put out his hand and stroked the long beard of M. Papirius, as if to set his doubts at rest. But the insult roused the anger of the proud old Roman, and raising his ivory sceptre he struck the Gaul on the head. The Gaul replied by drawing his sword and cutting down the old man. That was the signal for the massacre. All the Roman nobles were butchered where they sat ; the city was given up to pillage and set on fire.

THE LAKE OF CURTIUS

THE Lake of Curtius or simply the Lake, as it was sometimes called for short, was a place in the middle of the Forum which, as Ovid intimates, had long been dry in his day. Three different stories were told to account for the name; all of them are recorded by Varro. According to one story, when the Romans under Romulus occupied the Palatine, and the Sabines under their King Tatus were entrenched on the Capitol, the two sides often descended from their heights and fought each other in the valley in which the Forum was afterwards laid out, but which then was partly occupied by a marshy lake. In one of these skirmishes a certain gallant Sabine dragoon named Mettius Curtius covered himself with glory; for he not only led his countrymen to the charge, but when they fell back in disorder before a counter-charge of the Romans he maintained a hand-to-hand combat with Romulus himself to give his men time to save themselves. At last, wounded and bleeding, he was driven back to the edge of the lake. What was he to do? The water was deep and muddy and the banks were already covered with the enemy's troops hastening in pursuit of the flying Sabines. Without hesitation Curtius plunged, horse, arms, and all, into the lake and swam splashing through the water, encouraged by the cries and prayers of his people on the farther shore. So the lake was ever afterwards called the Lake of Curtius.

But another and apparently more popular explanation of the name was this. It is said that in the year 362 B.C. a great and bottomless chasm suddenly opened in the middle of the Forum. All efforts to fill up the cleft by throwing earth into it

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proved vain. At last the oracle was consulted and declared that the abyss would never close up till the Roman people had cast down into it whatever they valued most in the world. So the people assembled, some bringing gold, others silver, others corn, and others whatever they deemed most precious. But all was of no avail. The fissure still yawned there at their feet as wide and deep as ever. Thereupon a young man named Marcus Curtius, a brave soldier, rebuked them, saying that nothing in Rome was so precious as arms and valour. After that, commanding silence, he looked to the Capitol and the temples of the gods which surrounded the Forum, and stretching his hands now to heaven, now to the gulf at his feet, where the dead were waiting to receive him, he solemnly devoted himself to death. Then, putting on his armour, he mounted his horse, fully caparisoned, and leaped into the abyss, which closed over him. The multitude of men and women who witnessed his devotion showered their offerings on the spot where he had vanished ; and the Romans built an altar on the ground and decreed that every year heroic honours should be paid to his memory. And that was why the plot of dry ground, with the altar on it, was called the Lake of Curtius.

A third, and much more prosaic, explanation of the name was that the spot had been struck by lightning and consequently fenced in after the usual fashion by decree of the Senate ; and as one of the consuls for that year happened to be called Curtius, the place was named after him. Of these three explanations it is obvious that only the first accounts for the name of “lake” applied to the place.

In later times, when Ovid had been long gathered to his fathers, the so-called Lake of Curtius was the scene of a real, not an imaginary, tragedy. On the last day of Galba’s reign and life, rumours had

reached him on the Palatine of a formidable conspiracy. The Guards, it was said, had been tampered with in their barracks by some ambitious senator unknown ; some people named him Otho. The regiment on guard at the palace was called out and addressed from the steps of the palace in the Emperor's name ; but the men listened to the address coolly and then marched off with the colours in military order. Meantime the same rumour had been flying about the city, and a great crowd gathered outside the palace, cheering the Emperor and calling for the death of the conspirators. Galba hesitated, but a report getting abroad that Otho had been killed at the barracks, the enthusiasm of the crowd rose to the highest pitch ; they broke into the palace and surrounded the Emperor with wild cries and loud protestations of loyalty. Unwillingly, overcome by their importunity, Galba put on a cuirass, and taking his seat in a litter (for he was too old and weak to walk) was carried down to the Forum. The spectacle that there met his eyes was impressive. The whole place was crammed with a great multitude. Even the surrounding basilicas and temples were filled to overflowing with spectators. The Emperor was received in ominous silence. All eyes were turned on him, but not a voice was raised in greeting. Yet it was not an absolute silence, but rather, we are told, the hush that falls on a crowd in great fear or great anger. The Emperor's bearers had difficulty in making their way through the people ; the litter rocked and swayed this way and that with the pressure of the throng. But suddenly the silence was broken by a clatter of horse-hoofs : a troop of cavalry, with drawn swords, broke into the Forum, the crowd scattering wildly before them, and galloped straight at the Emperor. At sight of them Galba's standard-bearer tore the Emperor's

THE TRASIMENIAN LAKE

medal from the standard and dashed it on the pavement. The bearers, in a panic, allowed the Emperor to fall from the litter and roll on the ground beside the Lake of Curtius. His last words were variously reported, but the general account was that he offered his throat to the swords of the assassins and bade them strike home, if it was for the good of the commonwealth. In all the vast multitude of lookers-on not a hand was raised to help the Emperor in his extremity. Of his bodyguard one man alone, a centurion, who had received no special favour from Galba, proved true to his duty as a soldier and a subject. Planting himself in front of the litter, by his authority as an officer he ordered the assailants to stand back and spare the Emperor ; and when, heedless of the order, they continued to press forward, he drew his sword and long kept them at bay until, overpowered by numbers, and covered with wounds, he fell dead by the side of the Emperor.

THE TRASIMENIAN LAKE

IN 217 B.C. the Roman army, commanded by the consul C. Flaminus, was defeated by Hannibal with great slaughter at the Trasimenian Lake. We are told that Flaminus was not a god-fearing man, and immediately before engaging the enemy he openly displayed his contempt for religion by setting the omens at defiance. The signal for a Roman army to march was given by plucking up the standards (" *signa movere*," as Ovid has it in the present passage), which in camp were set up like flag-poles with the butt-ends of their staves thrust into the ground. Well, on the morning of the great battle the consul gave the order to lift the standards and himself

mounted his horse. But in doing so his horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider over its head. The evil omen struck a damp into the officers and soldiers who witnessed the fall of their commander. But worse was to follow, for word came that the standard-bearer, tugging with all his strength, could not wrench the standard from the ground. Plainly the gods were warning the Roman army not to march that morning. But the warning was lost on the consul. "Go back," he said, "and order them to dig up the standard, if their hands are too numb with fear to pull it up." But even that was not all, for now the keeper of the sacred chickens came up with a grave face and informed the general that the birds would not eat. "And if they continue to refuse their food, what would you advise?" asked Flaminius. "To stay where we are," replied the keeper. "Pretty omens," retorted the general contemptuously, "if we may fight when the chickens are hungry but not when they are full." And with that he gave the order to march. Three hours later the Roman army was cut to pieces and the general lay dead on the field.

Another signal example of the fatal effect of neglecting the auspices, especially the warnings of the sacred chickens, was given at a great sea-fight with the Carthaginians off Drepana in Sicily. When the Roman fleet put to sea and was cleared for action, the keeper of the sacred chickens came up to the admiral, Publius Claudius Pulcher, on the quarter-deck and reported that the sacred chickens would not eat. "Then," replied the admiral, "let them drink," and with that he ordered the chickens to be thrown into the sea. The natural, the inevitable consequence followed in the total overthrow of the Roman fleet. What else could you expect when people fly in the face of sacred chickens?

THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

THE divine sons of Leda were Castor and Pollux. At the decisive battle of Lake Regillus, fought on the 15th of July 497 B.C., in which the exiled Tarquins were defeated and the freedom of Rome established for centuries, it is said that two horsemen, taller and handsomer than mortal men, were seen charging with spears in rest at the head of the Roman army and driving the enemy in headlong rout before them. The day was far spent before the battle was won, but late the same evening the same two horsemen were seen in the Forum at Rome, in warlike array, with the marks of battle still upon them, and their horses dripping with sweat. They watered their horses and washed them at the spring and pool of Juturna beside the temple of Vesta, while the people crowded round them and eagerly asked, what news from the army. The strange horsemen announced the battle and the victory ; then they vanished away, and though much search was made for them, nobody saw them again. Next morning came a dispatch from the Roman general with tidings of the victory and of the two horsemen that had been seen in the forefront of the battle. Then the Romans knew that the two mysterious horsemen were Castor and Pollux in person. In the heat of the battle the Roman general, the dictator Aulus Postumius, vowed a temple to the divine twins, and the temple was dedicated in the Forum, according to Livy, by the dictator's son on the fifteenth of July 484 B.C.

At first sight the statement of Livy that the temple was dedicated on July 15 conflicts with the statement of Ovid in the present passage (*Fasti*, i. 705) that the temple was dedicated on January 27 ; but the

apparent contradiction vanishes when we notice that Ovid is clearly referring, not to the original dedication of the old temple by the dictator Postumius in 484 B.C., but to the recent dedication of the new temple out of the spoils of Germany in A.D. 6, when Tiberius, the future emperor, caused his own name and the name of his dead brother Drusus to be inscribed on the front of the temple.

Even before the rebuilding of the temple by Tiberius in A.D. 6 the sacred edifice was restored by Lucius Caecilius Metellus after his triumph in 117 B.C., with the help of the spoils which he gained by his victories in Dalmatia. The rascally Verres contrived to embezzle a large sum of money by pretending to restore the restored temple ; though all he did was to take down, at great expense, four columns, set them up again, and give them a fresh coat of stucco.

The temple was variously known as the temple of Castor and Pollux, the temple of Castor, and the temple of the Castors. But in official language and everyday speech it seems to have been called simply the temple of Castor. Hence when Marcus Bibulus was colleague of Julius Caesar in the aedileship, and shared with him the lavish expenses, without receiving any of the glory, of the office, he wittily remarked that his fate was like that of Pollux ; for just as the temple was dedicated to the twin brothers Castor and Pollux but was known by the name of Castor alone, so the munificence which he had displayed jointly with Caesar was put down to the credit of Caesar alone.

Considerable remains of the temple of Castor and Pollux are still to be seen exactly in the spot where, from the testimony of ancient writers, we should expect to find them, namely, in the south-eastern corner of the Forum, between the pool of Juturna and the temple of Vesta. The remains include a large

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part of the foundations and three fine Corinthian columns, with their entablature, on the eastern side of the temple. These columns, constructed of the finest white Pentelic marble, with their rich entablature, are very graceful in design and of perfect workmanship. They form a striking feature among the ruins of the Forum and are considered to be the most beautiful architectural fragment of ancient Rome. They belong to the restoration by Tiberius in the time of Augustus, the Golden Age of Roman architecture.

The temple is believed to have had eight columns in front and eleven columns on each of the long sides. It stood on a lofty platform raised about 22 feet above the level of the Forum. From the portico, which faced north towards the Sacred Way, a broad flight of eleven steps, extending almost across the whole front of the temple, descended to a platform, which, though lower than the stylobate, was still raised about 12 feet above the ground. Provided with a railing, this platform must have been a safe and high place from which, as from a pulpit, orators could address the people gathered in the Forum below. Access to it was obtained by two small staircases at the two ends, one staircase on the western and the other on the eastern side of the temple.

On account of its convenient situation in the heart of the city, perhaps also for the sake of the security which its commanding position afforded against sudden attacks of the mob, the temple of Castor and Pollux often served for meetings of the Senate. But in the turbulent days when the Republic was hastening to its fall, the sacred edifice and its neighbourhood too often witnessed scenes of violence and bloodshed. It was in the temple of Castor and Pollux that the consul Opimius posted himself when he was taking his measures for the armed suppression of the demo-

cratic faction, under Caius Gracchus, and it was thither probably that the bleeding heads of the leaders were brought him, and there that he rewarded the slayers with the weight of the heads in gold. It was there that, seated at his ease on the platform in front of the temple, Sulla ordered and witnessed the execution of a candidate for the consulship in the crowded Forum below. It was in a riot in front of the temple that the young son of Pompey was slain, while Pompey himself and Sulla had to flee for their lives. On one occasion, when the unpopular praetor Asellio was offering a sacrifice to Castor and Pollux in the Forum, somebody in the crowd of onlookers threw a stone at him. The praetor dropped the libation bowl and ran for the neighbouring temple of Vesta. But the crowd pursued and intercepted him ; so he turned aside and took refuge in a tavern, and there his pursuers entered and cut his throat. On another occasion the ruffian Clodius attempted to convert the temple of Castor into a fortress by storing arms in it and tearing up the steps of the staircase that gave access to it, while the Forum below was filled with armed men, and stones were flying and blood flowing. When the tribune Metellus was about to propose a law which would in practice have conferred a military dictatorship on Pompey, he took the precaution of packing the Forum with his armed retainers and gladiators prepared to support him by force of arms. But Cato resolved to resist the proposal. On arriving at the Forum he saw the tribune and Julius Caesar, his supporter, seated side by side on the platform in front of the temple of Castor, while armed men surrounded the temple and gladiators guarded the steps leading up to it. Undeterred by these threatening symptoms the undaunted Cato ascended the steps, the guards reluctantly making way for him, and took his seat on the platform be-

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tween the tribune and Caesar. When the tribune attempted to read the law, Cato snatched the paper from him, while another held the tribune's mouth. The armed hirelings now ran with shouts to the support of their master, and everybody else took to flight. Cato alone stood his ground and faced the tumultuous throng, pelted with stones and sticks, till a friend took him in his arms and forced him to retire for shelter into the temple. It was speaking from the platform of the temple of Castor to the people assembled below that Octavian (the future Emperor Augustus) declared war on Mark Antony, while his soldiers, with daggers concealed under their cloaks, guarded the approach to the temple.

When these troubled times were over, and the Roman world had won peace at the price of freedom, the mad Emperor Caligula connected the temple of Castor with his palace on the Palatine by extending the palace in this direction and opening a door in the back of the temple between the images of Castor and Pollux, thus converting the sanctuary into a vestibule of his house and the divine brothers, as he remarked with grim humour, into his door-keepers. Moreover, he used to take his stand between the two images and there receive the adoration of the servile crowd in the character of Jupiter Latiaris. He appointed his wife his priestess and the wealthiest men in Rome his priests, exacting from each an enormous fee for the honour thus conferred upon them. Nay, he appointed himself to be priest of himself and associated his horse with him as his colleague in the priesthood. When it thundered, he made mock thunder in reply by means of a machine : when it lightened, he made mock lightning ; and when a thunder-bolt fell, he hurled a stone, repeating a verse of Homer to show that he was a match for Jupiter. But when the imperial lunatic had been assassinated

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by the burly guardsman whom he had grossly insulted, his successor on the throne, the Emperor Claudius, restored the temple to its rightful owners, Castor and Pollux.

The older temple of Castor and Pollux was adorned with statues and paintings. Private people deposited their money for safety at the temple. The temple was also used as an office for the testing of weights and measures, and no doubt the standard weights and measures were preserved in it for reference. Many bronze weights exist with inscriptions meaning "Tested for ten, five, three, or two pounds, or for one pound at the temple of Castor."

The pool, or lake, of the water-nymph Juturna itself was discovered about the end of the nineteenth century (in 1900) exactly on the spot where the indications of Ovid and Dionysius would have led us to expect it, between the sanctuary of the Vestals and the temple of Castor and Pollux. It is a quadrangular basin enclosed by masonry, about 16 feet 9 inches square and 6 feet 6 inches deep. The basin is fed by two springs, one in the north-east and the other in the north-west corner ; the water of the springs runs as clear and as fresh as on the first day when Castor and Pollux watered their jaded steeds on the spot. Down to the time of Cicero a rock was pointed out on the shore of the lake which was thought to bear the print of the hoof of Castor's horse left on it from the day when his rider had charged at the head of the Roman chivalry. But the appearance of Castor and Pollux on that famous day was not the only occasion when they were said to have shown themselves in bodily form to the eyes of their worshippers. On the day in 168 B.C. when the Roman general Aemilius Paulus defeated and captured Perseus, king of Macedonia, in the great battle of Pydna, it happened that a

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certain Publius Vatinius was returning in the evening twilight from Reate to Rome. In the gloaming there met him two young men on white horses who told him that King Perseus had been taken that very day. On reaching Rome he reported the thing to the Senate, but the senators treated him as a liar and threw him into prison. But when the dispatches arrived from the general, and it was known that the victory had been won on the same day on which the mysterious horsemen had announced it to Vatinius, everybody saw that Vatinius was no liar and that the two horsemen were no other than Castor and Pollux. So they fetched Vatinius out of prison and rewarded him with an estate for his tidings. It is even said that on this, as on the former, occasion the divine twins were seen washing the dust and blood from their horses at the pool of Juturna. The sight of the blood showed that they had been in battle, and the panting of the horses proved that they had come from Macedonia. Some also affirmed that the door of their temple beside the pool opened of itself, without any human hand, as if to receive the far-travelled and weary divinities. Again, on the very same day on which Marius won his decisive victory over the Cimbrians in northern Italy, the heavenly twins were seen at Rome in the likeness of two young men, who handed laurel-wreathed dispatches to the praetor in front of the temple of Castor and Pollux.

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THE traces of a native worship of the Sun are even fewer and fainter among the ancient Romans than among the ancient Greeks. In Latin calendars

of the Augustan age, there is recorded, under the date of August 9th, a public sacrifice to the Sun (*Sol Indiges*) on the Quirinal Hill. The meaning of the epithet *Indiges* here applied to the Sun is ambiguous and has been variously interpreted by modern scholars. If it implies that the Sun was reckoned among the ancient native gods known as *Di indigetes*, which we may render as Indigenous Gods, it proves that among the Romans the worship of the Sun was of immemorial antiquity, for the *Di indigetes* belong to the oldest stratum of Roman religion. On this interpretation, which is the most obvious and natural one, the Indigenous Sun (*Jupiter Indiges*) is analogous to the Indigenous Jupiter (*Jupiter Indiges*), who had a sacred grove in Latium near the river Numicius, and whom Roman mythologists afterwards identified with the deified Aeneas. The view of the great antiquity of the worship of the Sun at Rome has the support of the learned Roman antiquary Varro, who tells us that the Roman annals recorded the dedication of altars to the Sun and Moon by the old Sabine king Titus Tatius, the adversary and afterwards the colleague of Romulus. Moreover, the ancient Roman family of the Aurelii, who are said to have been of Sabine origin, were believed by the ancients to take their name from the sun, which in the Sabine language appears to have been called *ausel*: hence the original name of the family was not Aurelii but Auselii. On account of their worship of the Sun the family were granted by the Roman State a place in which they could sacrifice to the luminary.

When Augustus conquered Egypt he brought two obelisks away from Heliopolis to Rome, where he set them up, one of them in the Circus Maximus, the other in the Field of Mars. The obelisks still stand in Rome, though not in their original positions;

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the one which Augustus placed in the Circus Maximus is now in the Piazza del Popolo ; the other, which graced the Field of Mars, now stands in the Piazza di Monte Citorio. Each of them bears an inscription which records that, after reducing Egypt to the condition of a Roman province, Augustus in his eleventh consulship (10 B.C.) dedicated the obelisk as a gift to the Sun. Thus these monuments of Egyptian piety, which in their original home at Heliopolis had been consecrated to the Sun, continued in Rome to be sacred to the solar deity. Indeed, the one which Augustus set up in the Field of Mars was turned to appropriate use, being converted into the gnomon of a colossal sun-dial, the face of which consisted of a pavement with lines inlaid in bronze and radiating from the obelisk as a centre, which was crowned with a gilt ball. The hieroglyphic inscription on the obelisk proves that it was originally set up by King Psammetichus (not, as Pliny thought, by Sesostris) about the middle of the seventh century before our era. In Pliny's time the gigantic gnomon had ceased to mark the true solar time, which the philosopher attributed to a slight displacement of the obelisk either by an earthquake or by floods.

If the worship of the Sun played but an insignificant part in the genuine old Roman religion, it was far otherwise in later times when, under the Empire, at the height of its power or hastening to its fall, the ancient Italian gods were driven into the background by an invading host of foreign and especially of Oriental deities, among whom the Sun-god was one of the most popular. The missionaries of the foreign faiths which, in the decline of paganism, the masses of mankind eagerly embraced as substitutes for the outworn creeds and faded gods of Greece and Rome, were in great measure merchants and soldiers travel-

ling about in pursuit of trade or shifted in regiments on military duty from one end of the Empire to the other. These men brought with them, so to say, in their bales and knapsacks the religious beliefs and practices which they had picked up in distant lands, and which they now unfolded to eager listeners as a new gospel, the latest message to poor trembling mortals from the world beyond the grave. A striking instance of sun-worship imported by soldiers into Italy from the East was witnessed at the second battle of Bedriacum, fought in 69 A.D. between the forces of the rival emperors Vitellius and Vespasian. The two armies met and grappled in the darkness of night. For hours the combat swayed to and fro, and still the issue hung in suspense. At last the moon rose and turned the trembling balance in favour of the army of Vespasian ; for shining behind them and full on the faces of the enemy it confused the sight of the one side and presented them as a visible target to the missiles of the other. The commander of the army of Vespasian seized the opportune moment to urge his men, and especially the Guards, to a desperate charge. Just then, by a fortunate coincidence, the sun rose ; and the men of the third legion, who had their backs to the east, at once faced round and saluted it ; for having recently served in Syria they had learned the habit of thus greeting the rising orb of day. The effect was instantaneous and decisive ; for the enemy, believing that they were saluting reinforcements coming, like the Prussians at Waterloo, to turn the tide of battle, wavered, broke, and fled. Thus the Sun-god crowned with victory the arms of Vespasian.

The cool-headed Vespasian so far yielded to popular superstition as to consult the oracle of God on Mount Carmel and to heal a blind man by spitting on his eyes ; but he seems never to have testified his gratitude

to the Sun-god for his opportune help at the most critical moment of his career. However, if he failed in respect for the solar deity, several of his successors on the throne made ample amends for his deficiency. At Emesa in Syria there was a large black conical stone which was said to have fallen from the sky and bore the Phoenician name of Elagabalus. It was popularly supposed to be an image of the Sun, and was lodged in a great temple resplendent with gold and silver and precious stones. The god received the homage not only of the natives but of distant peoples, whose governors and kings sent costly offerings every year to the shrine. Among the rest the soldiers of a great Roman camp pitched in the neighbourhood used to visit the temple and admire the handsome young priest when, wearing a jewelled crown and arrayed in gorgeous robes of purple and gold, he tripped gracefully in the dance round the altar to the melody of pipes and flutes and other musical instruments. This dainty priest of the Sun, then in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and resembling, as we are told, the ideal portraits of the youthful Bacchus, was the future Emperor Elagabalus, the most abandoned reprobate who ever sat upon a throne. On being elevated, at the age of fourteen, to the imperial dignity by the intrigues of his artful grandmother and the favour of the soldiers, the stripling, whose original name was Bassianus, assumed the style of his barbarous god Elagabalus or Heliogabalus, as the name was also pronounced in order to suggest to Greek ears the name of the Sun (*Helios*). Further, the young fanatic caused the rude fetish of the deity to be transported from Emesa to Rome, where he built a great and stately temple for it on the Palatine beside the imperial palace. The site had formerly been occupied by the genuine old Roman god Orcus. Round about the temple were set up many altars, on which every

morning hecatombs of bulls and sheep were slaughtered, incense of all sorts was piled, and jars of the oldest and finest wines were poured, so that streams of mingled blood and wine flooded the pavement. And round the altar on the ensanguined pavement danced the Emperor and a choir of Syrian damsels with clashing cymbals and droning drums, while the knights and senators stood looking on in a great circle, and the entrails of the sacrificial victims and the perfumes were carried in golden jars on the heads, not of menials and servitors, but of captains of armies and ministers of state, arrayed in the long loose-sleeved robes and linen shoes of Syrian prophets ; for among these degenerate nobles it was deemed the highest honour to be allowed to participate in the sacrifice.

And in the height of summer, lest the Sun-god should suffer from the excess of his own heat, the considerate emperor escorted him to an agreeable suburb, where he had built another vast and costly temple in which the deity might while away the sultry months till the refreshing coolness of autumn should permit of his return to Rome. On these annual excursions to and from the country the god, or rather the stone, was conveyed in a chariot glittering with gold and jewels and drawn by six superb white horses, themselves resplendent in trappings of gold. No man might share the sacred chariot with the deity. But the emperor himself held the reins and went before, walking the whole way backward out of respect to the god, upon whom he kept his eyes fixed, and supported on either side by his guards lest he should stumble and fall. The whole road was thickly strewed with gold dust, and on either side ran crowds waving torches and flinging garlands and flowers on the path. On reaching the summer quarters of his deity the emperor used to ascend certain towers which he had erected for the purpose, and from which he

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showered on the multitude largess in the shape of golden and silver cups, fine raiment, and all sorts of beasts, both wild and tame, except pigs, for by a law of the Phoenician religion the pious Phoenician Emperor was bound to refrain from contact with these unclean animals. In the wild struggle of the crowd to profit by the imperial bounty many persons perished, either trampled under foot by their fellows or pushed by them on the levelled spears of the guards.

It was the intention of this eminently religious but crack-brained despot to supersede the worship of all the gods, not only at Rome but throughout the world, by the single worship of Elagabalus or the Sun. In particular he aimed, we are told, at concentrating the religion of the Jews, the Samaritans, and the Christians in his new temple on the Palatine, which was to be the Zion of the future. In pursuance apparently of this policy he began operations, after a truly Puritanical fashion, by defiling the temple of Vesta and attempting to extinguish her eternal fire. But this religious reformer and champion of monotheism, whose infamous orgies far outdid the wildest excesses of Caligula and Nero, was no believer in celibacy even for the Supreme Being, who could not, in his opinion, reasonably be expected to do without a wife. It was at once the duty and the pleasure of the Emperor to select a consort for the deity, and to this delicate task he devoted as much thought and attention as it was in his nature to devote to anything. His first choice fell on Minerva, whose sacred image, known as the Palladium, was popularly supposed to have been rescued by Aeneas from the flames of Troy and transplanted to Rome, where the goddess was established in a temple, from which she had never since stirred except on a single occasion when she had been forced temporarily to quit the building by a fire. But the emperor was not a man to stand on cere-

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mony. The hallowed image was transported to the palace and the divine wedding was about to be celebrated, when it occurred to the imperial lunatic that his soft Syrian god might be frightened in the nuptial bower by the formidable aspect of a bride in armour ; for Minerva could not be expected to lay aside her shield and spear even for the honeymoon. So on second thoughts he sent to Africa for the image of Astarte, the great goddess of love, which Dido was said to have set up in Carthage when she founded the city of old, and which was held in great reverence by the Libyans as well as by the Carthaginians. Her Phoenician worshippers identified her with the Moon, from which, as well as from her affectionate nature, the emperor concluded that she would be a most suitable mate for his Sun-god. So she came, and much treasure with her, and all the subjects of the empire were bidden to contribute to the dowry of the bride. The divine union was consummated, and all Rome and Italy were compelled to hold high revelry in honour of the wedding.

But even the patience of the degenerate Romans, long schooled to submission, could not for ever put up with the freaks and follies, the extravagances and outrages of their dissolute and crazy emperor. They rose in rebellion, slew him in the sordid den in which he had sought to conceal himself from their fury, dragged his body through the streets, and flung it into a sewer ; and when it choked the sewer they fished it out and carried it, dripping and stinking, to the Tiber, where they heaved it into the river, weighted with a stone, that the vile body might never come to the surface and never receive the rites of burial. Such was the miserable end of the religious reformer who would have established solar monotheism throughout the Roman Empire. Monuments of the attempted reformation and of the ill-

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starred reformer are extant in the shape of contemporary inscriptions which record dedications to the Sun-god Elagabalus, and make mention of the emperor in his capacity of priest of that deity. As for the sacred black stone, of which so much had been made, on the death of its namesake the emperor it was expelled from the city, and found its way back to Emesa ; for there the Emperor Aurelian saw it in the temple when he entered the city after his victory over Zenobia.

Some fifty years after the disastrous attempt of Elagabalus to establish the worship of the Sun at Rome on a new and more solid basis, the scheme was revived by the Emperor Aurelian, a man of a very different character, in whom the stern inflexible temper and military genius of ancient Rome shone bright for a brief time, like the flicker of an expiring candle, in the gloomy evening of the Roman empire. From his youth fortune would seem to have marked him out as the natural champion of the Sun-god. His family name linked him with the Aurelii, the noble old Roman house who bore the name of the Sun and may have deemed themselves his offspring. His mother is said to have been a priestess of the temple of the Sun in the village where he was born. Being sent on a mission to Persia, he received from the Persian king the gift of a cup on which the Sun was represented in the familiar garb and attitude which the future Emperor of Rome had so often beheld in the temple where his mother ministered. When Zenobia, the rebel Queen of the East, was defeated and captured, her people massacred, and Palmyra, her once stately and beautiful capital, reduced to a heap of blood-stained ruins, the temple of the Sun in the city shared the fate of the other buildings ; but Aurelian ordered that it should be completely restored. The dispatch in which he conveyed the order to the

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officer commanding the troops at Palmyra has been preserved by the emperor's biographer ; it runs as follows : “ Aurelian Augustus to Cerronius Bassus : The swords of the soldiers must be stayed. Enough of the people of Palmyra have been slain and cut to pieces. We spared not the women : we killed the children : we slaughtered the old men : we destroyed the peasants. To whom shall we leave hereafter the country and the city ? The survivors are to be spared. For we think that so few have been sufficiently chastised by the condign punishment of so many. As for the temple of the Sun in Palmyra, which was sacked by the eagle-bearers of the third legion, along with the standard-bearers, the dragon-bearer, the hornblowers, and the trumpeters, it is my will that it be restored to its original state. You have three hundred pounds of gold from the coffers of Zenobia : you have eighteen hundred pounds of silver from the plunder of Palmyra . you have the royal jewels. Out of all these see that the temple is beautified : in doing so you will oblige me and the immortal gods. I will write to the Senate requesting them to send a pontiff to dedicate the temple.”

Not content with restoring the temple of the Sun among the ruins of Palmyra, the conqueror built a magnificent temple of the Sun at Rome and adorned it with the spoil of the captured city. In it he set up images of the Sun and of Bel, of whom no doubt the latter was the Semitic Baal. Among the votive offerings which it contained were masses of gold and jewellery and fine robes studded with gems. A silver statue and a painted portrait of Aurelian himself were afterwards to be seen within the walls. The splendour of the temple was enhanced by colonnades, in which wines belonging to the imperial treasury were stored. The service of the temple was entrusted to a new college of priests called Pontiffs of

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the Sun, or Pontiffs of the Sun-god, or Pontiffs of the Unconquered Sun-god, but of the ritual observed in the temple we know nothing.

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WE have seen that many peoples have been used to observe an annual period of license, when the customary restraints of law and morality are thrown aside, when the whole population give themselves up to extravagant mirth and jollity, and when the darker passions find a vent which would never be allowed them in the more staid and sober course of ordinary life. Such outbursts of the pent-up forces of human nature, too often degenerating into wild orgies of lust and crime, occur most commonly at the end of the year, and are frequently associated, as I have had occasion to point out, with one or other of the agricultural seasons, especially with the time of sowing or of harvest. Now, of all these periods of license the one which is best known and which in modern language has given its name to the rest is the Saturnalia. This famous festival fell in December, the last month of the Roman year, and was popularly supposed to commemorate the merry reign of Saturn, the god of sowing and of husbandry, who lived on earth long ago as a righteous and beneficent king of Italy, drew the rude and scattered dwellers on the mountains together, taught them to till the ground, gave them laws, and ruled in peace. His reign was the fabled Golden Age: the earth brought forth abundantly. no sound of war or discord troubled the happy world: no baleful love of lucre worked like poison in the blood of the industrious and contented peasantry. Slavery and private property were alike

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unknown : all men had all things in common. At last the good god, the kindly king, vanished suddenly ; but his memory was cherished to distant ages, shrines were reared in his honour, and many hills and high places in Italy bore his name. Yet the bright tradition of his reign was crossed by a dark shadow : his altars are said to have been stained with the blood of human victims, for whom a more merciful age afterwards substituted effigies. Of this gloomy side of the god's religion there is little or no trace in the descriptions which ancient writers have left us of the Saturnalia. Feasting and revelry and all the mad pursuit of pleasure are the features that seem to have especially marked this carnival of antiquity, as it went on for seven days in the streets and public squares and houses of ancient Rome from the seventeenth to the twenty-third of December.

But no feature of the festival is more remarkable, nothing in it seems to have struck the ancients themselves more than the license granted to slaves at this time. The distinction between the free and the servile classes was temporarily abolished. The slave might rail at his master, intoxicate himself like his betters, sit down at table with them, and not even a word of reproof would be administered to him for conduct which at any other season might have been punished with stripes, imprisonment, or death. Nay, more, masters actually changed places with their slaves and waited on them at table ; and not till the serf had done eating and drinking was the board cleared and dinner set for his master. So far was this inversion of ranks carried, that each household became for a time a mimic⁹ republic in which the high offices of state were discharged by the slaves, who gave their orders and laid down the law as if they were indeed invested with all the dignity of the consulship, the praetorship, and the bench.

THE ROMAN SATURNALIA

Like the pale reflection of power thus accorded to bondsmen at the Saturnalia was the mock kingship for which freemen cast lots at the same season. The person on whom the lot fell enjoyed the title of king, and issued commands of a playful and ludicrous nature to his temporary subjects. One of them he might order to mix the wine, another to drink, another to sing, another to dance, another to speak in his own dispraise, another to carry a flute-girl on his back round the house.

Now when we remember that the liberty allowed to slaves at this festive season was supposed to be an imitation of the state of society in Saturn's time, and that in general the Saturnalia passed for nothing more or less than a temporary revival or restoration of the reign of that merry monarch, we are tempted to surmise that the mock king who presided over the revels may have originally represented Saturn himself. The conjecture is strongly confirmed, if not established, by a very curious and interesting account of the way in which the Saturnalia was celebrated by the Roman soldiers stationed on the Danube in the reign of Maximian and Diocletian. The account is preserved in a narrative of the martyrdom of St. Dasius, which was unearthed from a Greek manuscript in the Paris library, and published by Professor Franz Cumont of Ghent. Two briefer descriptions of the event and of the custom are contained in manuscripts at Milan and Berlin ; one of them had already seen the light in an obscure volume printed at Urbino in 1727, but its importance for the history of the Roman religion, both ancient and modern, appears to have been overlooked until Professor Cumont drew the attention of scholars to all three narratives by publishing them together some years ago. According to these narratives, which have all the appearance of being authentic,

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and of which the longest is probably based on official documents, the Roman soldiers at Durostorum in Lower Moesia celebrated the Saturnalia year by year in the following manner. Thirty days before the festival they chose by lot from amongst themselves a young and handsome man, who was then clothed in royal attire to resemble Saturn. Thus arrayed and attended by a multitude of soldiers he went about in public with full license to indulge his passions and to taste of every pleasure, however base and shameful. But if his reign was merry, it was short and ended tragically; for when the thirty days were up and the festival of Saturn had come, he cut his own throat on the altar of the god whom he personated. In the year A.D. 303 the lot fell upon the Christian soldier Dasius, but he refused to play the part of the heathen god and soiled his last days by debauchery. The threats and arguments of his commanding officer Bassus failed to shake his constancy, and accordingly he was beheaded, as the Christian martyrologist records with minute accuracy, at Durostorum by the soldier John on Friday the twentieth day of November, being the twenty-fourth day of the moon, at the fourth hour.

Since this narrative was published by Professor Cumont, its historical character, which had been doubted or denied, has received strong confirmation from an interesting discovery. In the crypt of the cathedral which crowns the promontory of Ancona there is preserved, among other remarkable antiquities, a white marble sarcophagus bearing a Greek inscription, in characters of the age of Justinian, to the following effect: "Here lies the holy martyr Dasius, brought from Durostorum." The sarcophagus was transferred to the crypt of the cathedral in 1848 from the church of San Pellegrino, under the high altar of which, as we learn from a Latin

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inscription let into the masonry, the martyr's bones still repose with those of two other saints. How long the sarcophagus was deposited in the church of San Pellegrino, we do not know ; but it is recorded to have been there in the year 1650. We may suppose that the saint's relics were transferred for safety to Ancona at some time in the troubled centuries which followed his martyrdom, when Moesia was occupied and ravaged by successive hordes of barbarian invaders. At all events it appears certain from the independent and mutually confirmatory evidence of the martyrology and the monuments that Dasius was no mythical saint, but a real man, who suffered death for his faith at Durostorum in one of the early centuries of the Christian era. Finding the narrative of the nameless martyrologist thus established as to the principal fact recorded, namely, the martyrdom of St. Dasius, we may reasonably accept his testimony as to the manner and cause of the martyrdom, all the more because his narrative is precise, circumstantial, and entirely free from the miraculous element. Accordingly I conclude that the account which he gives of the celebration of the Saturnalia among the Roman soldiers is trustworthy.

This account sets in a new and lurid light the office of the King of the Saturnalia, the ancient Lord of Misrule, who presided over the winter revels at Rome in the time of Horace and of Tacitus. It seems to prove that his business had not always been that of a mere harlequin or merry-andrew whose only care was that the revelry should run high and the fun grow fast and furious, while the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, while the streets swarmed with festive crowds, and through the clear frosty air, far away to the north, Soracte showed his coronal of snow. When we compare this comic monarch of the gay, the civilised metropolis with his

grim counterpart of the rude camp on the Danube, and when we remember the long array of similar figures, ludicrous yet tragic, who in other ages and in other lands, wearing mock crowns and wrapped in sceptred palls, have played their little pranks for a few brief hours or days, then passed before their time to a violent death, we can hardly doubt that in the King of the *Saturnalia* at Rome, as he is depicted by classical writers, we see only a feeble emasculated copy of that original, whose strong features have been fortunately preserved for us by the obscure author of the *Martyrdom of St. Darius*. In other words, the martyrologist's account of the *Saturnalia* agrees so closely with the accounts of similar rites elsewhere, which could not possibly have been known to him, that the substantial accuracy of his description may be regarded as established ; and further, since the custom of putting a mock king to death as a representative of a god cannot have grown out of a practice of appointing him to preside over a holiday revel, whereas the reverse may very well have happened, we are justified in assuming that in an earlier and more barbarous age it was the universal practice in ancient Italy, wherever the worship of Saturn prevailed, to choose a man who played the part and enjoyed all the traditionalary privileges of Saturn for a season, and then died, whether by his own or another's hand, whether by the knife or the fire or on the gallows-tree, in the character of the good god who gave his life for the world. In Rome itself and other great towns the growth of civilization had probably mitigated this cruel custom long before the Augustan age, and transformed it into the innocent shape it wears in the writings of the few classical writers who bestow a passing notice on the holiday King of the *Saturnalia*. But in remoter districts the older and sterner

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practice may long have survived ; and even if after the unification of Italy the barbarous usage was suppressed by the Roman government, the memory of it would be handed down by the peasants and would tend from time to time, as still happens with the lowest forms of superstition among ourselves, to lead to a recrudescence of the practice, especially among the rude soldiery on the outskirts of the empire over whom the once iron hand of Rome was beginning to relax its grasp.

The resemblance between the Saturnalia of ancient and the Carnival of modern Italy has often been remarked ; but in the light of all the facts that have come before us, we may well ask whether the resemblance does not amount to identity. We have seen that in Italy, Spain, and France, that is, in the countries where the influence of Rome has been deepest and most lasting, a conspicuous feature of the Carnival is a burlesque figure personifying the festive season, which after a short career of glory and dissipation is publicly shot, burnt, or otherwise destroyed, to the feigned grief or genuine delight of the populace. If the view here suggested of the Carnival is correct, this grotesque personage is no other than a direct successor of the old King of the Saturnalia, the master of the revels, the real man who personated Saturn and, when the revels were over, suffered a real death in his assumed character. The King of the Bean on Twelfth Night and the mediaeval Bishop of Fools, Abbot of Unreason, or Lord of Misrule are figures of the same sort and may perhaps have had a similar origin.

ROMAN LIFE IN THE TIME OF PLINY
THE YOUNGER

In the following pages I propose to invite the reader to accompany me in thought to Rome in the time of Pliny the Younger.

The desire to picture to ourselves distant scenes and past ages is a natural instinct of the human mind. In such contemplations or reveries we seem to enlarge the narrow circle of our own individual life, to leave behind us for a while its cares and anxieties, perhaps its griefs and sorrows : we appear to pass into a wider, if visionary, world, to behold in the spirit figures which we can never see in the flesh, and to listen to voices which we can never hear with the bodily ear because they have long fallen silent. In the ample body of Greek and Roman literature and art the ancients have bequeathed to us abundant materials for restoring the long faded scenes of classical antiquity, for conjuring up, as it were, by a wizard's wand the dead from their quiet graves and seeing them enact again the parts which they played in life. Yet when all is done that can be done in this way to revive the Greek and Roman past, most of us still feel, I believe, that the ancients stand somewhat aloof from us, that they elude our grasp, that they vanish into thin air, like the ghosts they are.

One principal reason for this aloofness I take to be that in ancient literature and art men are generally presented to us rather in their public capacity than in the intimacy of private life. The great heroes of antiquity are nearly always seen in full dress, striking the same majestic attitudes as in their statues of bronze and marble. They are painted for us in the grand style of Michael Angelo and Tintoretto rather than in the truer, if humbler, manner of Rembrandt and

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Holbein. We behold them as soldiers on the battlefield, we hear them as orators on the tribune ; but how seldom can we follow these soldiers and orators to their homes, see them in undress, and overhear them unburdening themselves in the bosom of their families or in the heart-easing society of friends ! We can still listen to the silver accents of Pericles paying the last tribute of a grateful country to its departed brave : we can still be thrilled by the eloquence of Demosthenes thundering against Philip at Athens, or of Cicero fulminating against Mark Antony at Rome. We can still follow the advance of the Greeks under Miltiades to stem the tide of barbarian invasion on the plains of Marathon : we can still mark the dying Epaminondas, with the spear in his side, taking his long last look at the battlefield where the scarlet-coated Spartan lines were breaking under the Theban charge : we can still dimly discern the figure of Hannibal, red from the slaughter of Cannae, and looming dreadful to the trembling watchers on the walls, when the dusky African squadrons cantered up to the gates of Rome. But with the solitary exception of Cicero, how little do we know of the private life and character of these and a thousand other great men, whose names are still household words on our lips ! They defile before us, as it were, in a stately procession : we behold the gorgeous uniforms, the be-medalled breasts, the waving banners, the dancing plumes : we hear the swell or fall of stirring music with the approach or recession of the marching multitude. Yet when the pageant is over, when the procession has passed, we are apt to experience a sense of hollowness and unreality in the splendid figures who have fascinated us with a momentary glamour, only to vanish like morning mists or the fleeting imagery of dreams.

This sense of remoteness and unreality is perhaps

even more perceptible in Greek than in Roman literature, and the reason of it is not to be found merely in the greater nearness to us of the Romans in time as well as in space, Roman literature having put forth its richest blooms when Greek literature had long fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. Of all species of human composition, with the possible exception of autobiography, none is so well fitted to reveal the writer's true character as letters addressed to intimate friends, and such letters, broadly speaking, are wholly wanting in Greek literature. The letters which pass under the name of Plato, even if we grant their authenticity, hardly form an exception ; for they lack the perfect ease and intimacy of friendly correspondence and shed little light on the personality of the author. Latin literature in this respect is more richly endowed than Greek ; for in the letters of Cicero and Pliny the Younger it has bequeathed to us documents of priceless value for the light they shed both on the characters of the writers and on the ages in which they lived. Hence Cicero and Pliny are better known to us than any other men of classical antiquity. When we close their correspondence, we feel as if we had been acquainted with them personally, and that could the grave give up its dead, and Cicero and Pliny walk into the room, not only should we associate with them as friends and intimates, but they on their side would readily adapt themselves to the changed conditions of modern life, so similar is the working of their minds and ours.

But no one can read the letters of Cicero and Pliny without being sensible of a great difference between them. The letters of Cicero are all written to serve the purpose of the moment, whether that purpose is to transact business or to enjoy intercourse with friends at a distance ; they are never studied compositions indited for the sake of literary effect and

with a view to ultimate publication. In writing his letters it certainly never occurred to Cicero that they would be treasured and perused with interest by the world two thousand years after his death. Of all his friends the dearest was Atticus, and in his letters to him Cicero opened his heart with a fullness and frankness which have never been surpassed in a correspondence between intimates. The letters are all dashed off at heat: their total lack of literary finish, their ragged elliptical style, their abruptness, and often their laconic brevity, sufficiently testify to the complete lack of premeditation, to the utter absence of literary ambition with which they were written. They are the unconscious self-revelations of a good and affectionate man unburdening himself in private to a trusted friend, to whom he looks for consolation in sorrow and help in the practical difficulties of life. Cicero never dreamed of giving them to the world. It was reserved for a wise and discerning friend to collect and publish them after his death.

Very different are the letters of Pliny. Every one of them bears the mark of the literary file. All are neat, polished, elegant; but the neatness, the polish, the elegance, are clearly the result of assiduous attention to style. There are no loose ends, no chips and sawdust to be seen lying about. The grammar is faultless, the choice and collocation of the words perfect. The manner is easy, but the ease is studied rather than spontaneous; the meaning is always expressed in the simplest and clearest language, but the very simplicity and lucidity have been attained by the careful elimination of everything superfluous and ambiguous or obscure. The art is very like nature, but still it is art. The lamp has been put out of sight, but there lingers behind it a perceptible scent of the midnight oil. Indeed, Pliny himself hardly makes a secret of the artificiality of his epistolary style and of

the fame which he hoped to win as a letter-writer. In the first of the letters he announces that they were collected and published by himself at the request of a friend ; that they embraced such as he had written with more than ordinary care ; and that, if they met with a favourable reception from the public, he would add to the collection in future.

But while the letters of Pliny lack the spontaneity and perfect naturalness of the letters of Cicero, they have a very high value of their own. If they are studied, they are at the same time truthful ; they give the impression of a thoroughly honest man incapable of deliberate misrepresentation and deceit. They reflect as in a mirror the life of the cultivated and virtuous society at Rome and in Italy at the end of the first century and at the beginning of the second century of our era, an epoch when the Roman Empire was at the very summit of its power and glory, and before it began to decline and totter to its fall. The Roman Muse, too, was still prolific both in prose and verse. It was the age of Tacitus and Quintilian, of Statius, Martial, and Juvenal. Who could think in that mellow autumn of the ancient world that the winter was so near at hand ? that as these authors were amongst the most brilliant, so they were to be the last of the great writers of the Latin tongue, unless we except Claudian, that poet born out of due time as if on purpose to sing the swan song of expiring Rome ?

In the short space at my disposal I propose to give the reader some pictures of life at Rome and in Italy as they are painted by Pliny in his letters. The pictures, we must remember, exhibit on the whole what was best in contemporary society ; they are steeped in sunshine, for Pliny was a happy and prosperous man, rich in hereditary wealth, rich in friends, amiable, affectionate, generous, always disposed to

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look rather on the bright than on the dark side of things. For the reverse of the medal, for the misery and cruelty, the vice and corruption which were rife in his time, we must turn to other writers—to the tragic gloom of Tacitus, to the wanton wit of Martial, to the fierce invective of Juvenal. Not but that the sunny pages of Pliny are here and there chequered by dark memories of the reign of terror under the bad emperors Nero and Domitian, whom he had outlived. “ Does it not seem to you only the other day,” he asks a correspondent, “ that Nero was on the throne ? ” Happily he survived to see the reign and to enjoy the friendship of Trajan, one of the best and ablest of the Roman emperors. Most of his letters were written in that fortunate time, the zenith of imperial glory.

Pliny was born under Nero in the year A.D. 61 or 62; for he mentions that he was in his eighteenth year at the time of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which happened in the year A.D. 79. His birthplace was Como, on the Lake of Como, where he inherited estates both from his father and from his mother. He owned several villas on the shore of the lake, and he has described the situation of two of them. “ They are both situated,” he says, “ like the villas at Baiae. One of them stands upon a rock and overlooks the lake ; the other touches it. Each has its peculiar beauties and recommends itself the more to their owner by mere force of contrast. The former enjoys a wider, the latter a nearer prospect of the lake. The one follows the gentle curve of a single bay ; the lofty ridge upon which the other is perched divides two bays. Here you have a straight alley running along the shore ; there you have a spacious terrace curving in a gentle sweep. The one does not feel the force of the waves, which break on the other. From the one you can look down on the fishermen at work

below ; from the other you may fish yourself and cast your hook from your chamber, and almost from your bed, as if from a boat."

But Pliny lived mostly at Rome and visited his native place and his ancestral estates only occasionally in order to see his relations and to look after his tenants. On one such visit he speaks of going the round of his little property, hearing a deal of grumbling from the rustics and inspecting their accounts, which he says he did hurriedly and unwillingly, grudging the time which he would rather have passed over his books. But though he spent the best part of his life immersed in the business and bustle of the capital, Pliny retained a fond affection for the land of his birth, and from the smoke and din and tumult of the great city his thoughts seem often to have gone out with something of wistfulness and regret to the peace and beauty of his old home far away among the Italian mountains. Thus, writing from Rome to a friend, who possessed a fine villa on the Lake of Como, he asks him, " How fares Como, your darling and mine ? how fares the delightful villa ? the colonnade where spring for ever reigns ? the shady plane-tree grove ? the canal whose crystal water mirrors its green banks ? what say you of the firm yet springy alley ? the bath flooded with sunshine ? the spacious saloon, the cosy parlour, all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night ? Do these enjoy my friend and divide his time between them ? Or does the management of your property, as usual, call you frequently from this agreeable retreat ? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are blest indeed : if not, you are still one out of a thousand."

Again, writing to the same friend, Pliny asks him, " How is my friend employed ? Is it in study, or angling, or the chase ? Or does he unite all three, as he well may on the banks of our favourite lake ? For

the lake will supply you with fish, as the woods that surround it will afford you game ; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will at the same time dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all or any of these agreeable amusements, I cannot bring myself to say, ‘ I envy you ’ ; yet it irks me that I may not partake of them too ; a happiness I as earnestly long for as a sick man does for wine, baths, and water-springs. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from those snares that thus closely enmesh me ? I doubt indeed, never ; for new affairs keep budding out of the old, while yet the former remain unfinished : such an endless train of business daily rises upon me ; so numerous are the ties—I may say the chains—that bind me.”

In a case in which his services as an advocate seem to have been retained by his native town he allowed himself to launch out in its praise, interlarding the dry details of legal business with descriptions of places and scenery in a style of such rich and even poetic eloquence that he felt bound to apologize for it in sending a copy of the speech to a friend. Unfortunately the speech is lost. Many of us would rather have had his panegyric on Como, spoken from the heart, than his dull and stilted panegyric on Trajan, which has survived.

Yet the beautiful lake was not without its tragedy. Sailing on it one day an aged friend of Pliny pointed out to him a villa of which a room projected over the water. “ From that room,” said the old man, “ a woman of our town once threw herself and her husband.” When Pliny inquired the cause of the tragedy, his friend informed him that the husband had long suffered from grievous ulcers, and that his wife, at last despairing of a cure, persuaded him to put an end to his sufferings and offered to die with him.

He consented, and tying herself fast to his wasted body the faithful wife plunged with him into the lake.

But Pliny did not express his affection for his birthplace merely in fine words ; he manifested it in a practical fashion by several munificent benefactions. Thus he founded a library at Como : he set apart a portion of a fine estate for the maintenance of boys and girls of gentle birth, but of poor families ; and finding that there was no good high school at Como, and that parents were obliged to send their children as far as Milan to receive their higher education, he offered to contribute a third of the capital necessary for the establishment of such a school at Como, on condition that the other two-thirds should be contributed by the parents ; for though he was quite willing to disburse the whole sum out of his own pocket, he wisely judged that the school would be more valued and better managed if the expense of its maintenance fell to some extent on those who were to benefit by it.

However, it is time to accompany Pliny from the peaceful seclusion of Como to the principal scene of his activity in Rome. He was a practising lawyer, and the court in which he pleaded, and which often rang to his eloquence, stood in the very heart of the great city. It was known as the Court of the Hundred Men (*centum viri*) and occupied the Basilica Julia, a vast structure on the south side of the forum. The ruins of the edifice, consisting of a spacious platform with drums of columns arranged in rows on it, are familiar to all visitors to Rome at the present day. The building was begun by Julius Caesar and completed by Augustus, who named it Julia after his adoptive father. It comprised a great central hall, surrounded by triple rows of columns, which formed double aisles on every side. Above the ground floor there was a second floor opening through colonnades

on the central hall, so that from these upper colonnades, as from galleries, spectators could look down on the proceedings of the court in the great hall below and hear at their ease the pleadings of the lawyers. Whether the central hall was roofed or only screened by an awning from the sun and rain is doubtful. Remains of the staircase leading to the upper galleries can still be seen on the south side of the building. This was the scene of Pliny's forensic labours for many years ; it was here that he won many of his oratorical triumphs, crowded and fashionable audiences hanging on his lips, standing several rows deep on the floor of the court, and bending forward from the galleries to catch the accents of the orator as they rose or fell with the fluctuations of passion and emotion in his speech. Sometimes on these occasions room had to be found for the hearers even on the bench of justice, and the court was so packed that Pliny could only get to his place through the seats of the jury. How assiduously he prepared for these displays, we know from his letters. He bestowed endless labour on the composition and correction of his speeches. They have all perished, and if we may judge of his oratory by his *Panegyric* on Trajan, which we possess, the world is not much the poorer for the loss

Pliny made no secret either of the guerdon of posthumous renown which he hoped for, or of the pains he was at to deserve it. His friends recognized his ambition and shared, or politely professed to share, his hopes. In sending to him a book of light verse, the poet Martial thus apostrophizes his Muse, bidding her go to Pliny's house on the Esquiline, but to be careful not to break in on the orator while he was inditing his speech for the law court :—

“ Go seek, my Muse, the studious bower
Where Pliny gives the long, long hour

To polishing that page divine
 Which shall to future ages shine
 And rival, wondrous Tully ! thine.
 But tipsy Muse, beware, beware
 To tread with reeling steps that stair,
 While graver Muses linger there
 In the pure freshness of the morning air
 Go rather when the late lamp burns,
 When the dance circles in its giddy turns !
 Go, wanton, when the wine-cup flows,
 When Bacchus revels, and when reigns the rose !
 Then crowned with fragrant chaplets gay
 E'en Cato's self might read my lay."

Pliny mentions that not infrequently, when he was speaking in court, the judges, after preserving their judicial calm and solemnity as long as possible, were so moved by his eloquence that in spite of themselves they rose to their feet and applauded. Yet his practice at the bar did not bring him unmixed happiness. In one of his letters he complains that his pleadings in court, while they engrossed his time, were the source of more weariness than pleasure ; that the cases in which he was engaged were for the most part tedious and trivial ; and that there were very few members of the bar with whom he had any satisfaction in appearing. Most of the pleaders, he remarks, were young men of no distinction who tried their prentice hands or voices at speaking in the Court of the Hundred Men without the least regard to the dignity of that august body. "I remember the time," he says, "when even gentlemen of the best family durst not plead without an introduction from a man of consular rank ; but nowadays all the ancient barriers and safeguards of the profession are broken down, all distinctions are levelled, and anybody may burst into court and harangue the jury without so much as

saying, ‘ By your leave.’ ” To add to Pliny’s disgust a practice had grown up of hiring persons to applaud the speeches of barristers in court. These mercenary admirers ran from court to court as they were paid for their services, and led by a sort of fugleman, who gave the signal, they broke at intervals into uproarious applause, without understanding and often without even hearing a syllable of what was said. To such an extent was this abuse carried that Pliny observes bitterly that, if you happened to be passing the Basilica Julia when the court was sitting, and wished to judge of the comparative merits of the pleaders, you need not take your seat on the bench or attend to the speeches ; all you had to do was to listen to the applause, for you might be quite sure that the barrister who got the loudest claps was the worst speaker.

But Pliny sometimes spoke in more important cases before a more dignified assembly. He was a member of the Senate, and more than once addressed that august body in defence of distant provinces which appealed to Rome for justice on governors who had cruelly wronged and oppressed them. It was thus that he pleaded the cause of Africa against Marius Priscus, and the cause of Andalusia (Baetica) against Caecilius Classicus. The first of these trials lasted three days : the Senate-house was crowded : the Emperor Trajan himself presided ; and Pliny was supported in the impeachment by his friend, the illustrious historian Tacitus. He spoke for nearly five hours with great applause, and the emperor testified his friendly interest in the speaker by repeatedly sending word to him to spare his voice and his breath, when he thought, or Pliny fancied that he thought, that the passionate vehemence of the speaker imposed too great a strain on his feeble frame. Perhaps the emperor’s solicitude was not so purely disinterested as the gratified orator imagined. The sensible Trajan,

himself a man of few words, may have been of opinion that a shorter speech would have answered the purposes of justice equally well. But apparently there was no stopping the impetuous flow of Pliny's rhetoric. It was this trial that Macaulay had in mind when, describing the brilliant audience which witnessed the impeachment of Warren Hastings in Westminster Hall, he says that "there, the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa."

Pliny lived in a literary age, when authors abounded, and when it was customary for them to recite their works to a select circle of friends before they gave them to the public. These recitations are often mentioned by Pliny and his contemporaries. To judge by their references, the feelings of the reader and of his hearers on these occasions were often very different. Juvenal tells us that he was goaded into writing poetry in order to have his revenge on the poets whose long-winded epics he had so often been compelled to endure in silence. Among the terrors of Rome he enumerates fires, the collapse of houses, and poets spouting in the month of August. He says that when a poor poet proposed to give a recitation, his rich patron, who wrote poetry himself and yielded the palm to Homer only on the score of his antiquity, would lend him a shut-up house in an out-of-the-way quarter of the city, where the chairs and benches had to be hired for the occasion at the poet's own expense, though the patron would supply him gratuitously with some of his hangers-on to sit at the back of the room and applaud at what they might deem the appropriate moment. He tells us that the town crowded to hear Statius recite his epic, the *Thebaid*, and that the sweet voice and harmonious

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numbers of the poet captivated the audience ; but that nevertheless, though they applauded him to the echo and even damaged the benches in their enthusiasm, the bard might have gone supperless to bed, if he had not found a purchaser for one of his plays in a pantomime actor. Martial paints in vivid colours the horror and dismay excited by a certain poet who so pestered his acquaintances with his recitations that they fled at the sight of him, taking refuge in sweat baths, swimming baths, or anywhere else, to escape from him ; so that wherever he went he had

“ Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.”

Being a very good-natured and obliging man, Pliny made a point of attending the recitations of his friends and of applauding their productions, whatever he may have thought of them privately ; but probably his applause was sincere, for if we may judge by what he says of his friends in his letters, he saw nothing but what was admirable in them : if there were any geese in the flock, Pliny took them for swans. However, from the descriptions which he gives of these literary assemblies we gather that many of the listeners were not so polite and considerate as himself. In one of his letters he says that the month of April had been very prolific in poets, hardly a day having passed in which one of them had not been spouting ; but though he himself rejoiced at this display of taste and talent, the audiences at the recitations showed an unaccountable reluctance to come up to the scratch, when the fatal moment arrived for entering the lecture-room. Instead of taking the plunge, most of them continued to dawdle in the lobby, passing the time of day to each other and sending in somebody now and then to see and report whether the author was come in, whether he had got through his exordium, and whether he

seemed to be nearing the end of his manuscript. When that welcome news was received, they would stroll in, much against their will, sit for a little, and then leave before the end, some of them slinking out as if they were ashamed, but others getting up and marching out of the room as bold as brass.

In another letter Pliny pours out his indignation at two or three gentlemen in the audience who had sat through the whole performance like dummies, without opening their lips or moving a hand, nay even without so much as yawning or stretching their limbs to show that they were bored. This attitude of statuesque passivity and stoical resignation, which they maintained to the bitter end, seems to have provoked Pliny more than if they had given vent to their feelings in hisses and boohos.

But even worse things might happen to an author on these occasions. It was a practice with some poets to address or dedicate their poems to a particular friend, whose name they invoked at the outset as the only begetter of their poetical offspring, their aider and abettor in their raid on the realm of the Muses. If the friend, for example, was called Balbus, they might apostrophize him in some such lofty phrase as,

“ O Balbus, thou dost bid me to strike the sounding lyre.”

Well, at one of these gatherings the poet addressed his poems in a like high-flown strain to a friend named Priscus, who was in the audience, and who happened to be, in the opinion of some people, not perfectly watertight in the top story. So when the poet burst out, “ O Priscus, thou dost bid me—,” Priscus called out from the audience, “ No, I don’t.” This unlooked-for response damped the poet’s ardour. The audience tittered, if they did not guffaw, and the moral which Pliny drew from the incident was that

when you gave a recitation, you had better look to the sanity of your hearers as well as your own.

Undeterred by such unfortunate incidents, which he had witnessed, Pliny himself was one of the most persistent and ruthless of reciters, hurling verse as well as prose at the heads of his hearers, sometimes for several days together. For unlike some more modest or compassionate authors he made a boast of never skipping a line or a word. He had no mercy on his friends. He invited them to come and hear him read his precious *Panegyric*. They came in very bad weather and bore with fortitude the reading of the dreary speech for two mortal days, the drip of the rain outside forming an appropriate accompaniment to the drone of the reader's voice within ; nay more, the survivors actually implored the orator to continue the reading for a third day, and he naturally yielded to their polite importunity.

Another time, in the sweltering month of July, when the law courts were usually closed and the lawyers dispersed to the mountains or the sea, the pitiless Pliny invited his friends to dinner and read his poems to them across the table on two successive days. He has not recorded the dinner which he set before his guests at this feast of reason ; but in another letter, addressed to a friend who had accepted an invitation to dinner but had failed to come, Pliny banters the absentee and seeks to make his mouth water by retailing to him all the dainties he had missed. He had prepared, he writes, one lettuce and three snails apiece, with two eggs, barley-water, some sweet wine and snow, olives, beets, gourds, onions, and a thousand other titbits equally sumptuous. This delicious banquet was further to be seasoned, according to the taste and fancy of the guest, with the recitation of poetry, the strumming of a lute, or the capers of a clown, or with all three of them, if his

soul thirsted for such a display of all the talent. But strange to say the expected guest had preferred to go to another house, at which the principal attractions appear to have been oysters and chitterlings, with Spanish dances to follow.

I fear we must conclude that Pliny gave his friends very bad dinners, and the verses with which he interlarded them appear to have been no better, if we may judge of them by the few specimens which he has preserved in his letters. Under the depressing influence of wretched dinners and execrable poetry the patience of the sufferers gave way at last, and they told him plainly that he was a very bad reader, and that, though they might perhaps put up with his reading of his speeches, to hear him spouting his own poetry was more than they could bear. Poor Pliny, the blow seems to have staggered him. He had been so pleased with himself and his verses, he had so enjoyed reading them to a select circle of friends gathered round what he had fondly regarded as his hospitable board, and now to be told that his manner of reading was insufferable ! He makes the sad confession in a letter to a friend and asks him what he is to do. He had thought of getting his freedman to read for him, but he remembered that the man had no practice in reciting and might be nervous in face of the audience. And supposing he entrusted the delicate duty to his henchman, what was the poet himself to do during the recitation ? Was he to hold his tongue and assume an attitude of easy negligence as if he were an indifferent auditor ? or was he to accompany the recitation with appropriate gestures and prompt the reader in a whisper ? How he solved the problem, we do not know : the curtain drops on the author in his perplexity and distress.

Yet fashionable as authorship was among the cultivated classes of Roman society in Pliny's time,

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there seems to have lingered at the back of many minds an idea that the writing of books, and especially of poetry, was an occupation unworthy of a gentleman. The notion comes out amusingly, if unconsciously, in a comparison which Pliny's contemporary, the satirist Juvenal, institutes between Orestes and the emperor Nero. Both of these erratic gentlemen had murdered their mothers ; but after weighing them in the balance, the poet concludes that, matricide for matricide, Orestes was the better man of the two, because, after all, he had not, like Nero, degraded himself to the level of Homer by writing an epic on the Trojan war.

Pliny was a contemporary and friend of Tacitus, and the two writers, as generous rivals, encouraged each other in the race for " that immortal garland " which is to be won " not without dust and heat." While Pliny was proud to be coupled with Tacitus in the mouths of his fellow-citizens, he frankly acknowledged the historian to be his master and truly presaged the immortality of his histories. In their company we live as it were on Olympian heights in the Silver Age of Latin literature. Their elevation was more than metaphorical ; for Pliny at least lived in the beautiful quarter of parks and gardens on the summit of the Esquiline hill, which, with its pure air and far views away to the Alban hills and the purple Apennines, seemed a different world from the squalid, noisy, crowded streets in the valleys below, where poor poets lived in garrets, and from which they toiled up the hill in the early morning to attend a levee in one of the great houses, when the stars were paling in the sky and the hoar frost lay thick on the summit of the Esquiline.

Of that life down in the valley, with all its meanness, squalor, and vice, the aristocratic Pliny would seem to have been serenely unconscious. He never alludes to it in his letters. If we would know what it

was, we must turn to the pages of the two poets who lived in that shabby quarter of the town, Martial and Juvenal. From Martial we get glimpses of the motley crowds who jostled each other in the streets of Rome, where dusky Ethiopians mingled with fair Sygam-brians, where lean Arabs encountered sturdy Sar-matians, where Sabaeans and Cilicians jabbered or gesticulated with Thracians and Britons, and where strange folk from the sources of the Nile gazed with wonder on barbarians from the utmost coasts of Ocean. The same poet, who lived up three flights of stairs, complained that in Rome there was no place where a poor man could either think or sleep. In the morning he was roused from his slumber by the drone of voices in the early school hard by ; in the night he was wakened by the thump of mallets pound-ing corn in the bakehouse next door ; and all day long he could not enjoy a nap for the clink of hammers in the shops of the braziers. The chatter and laughter of the passers-by penetrated with painful distinctness into his bedroom ; and when he went out into the street he could hardly make his way through the traffic for the importunity of Jewish beggars, the sellers of sulphur matches, and seamen with bandaged limbs and doleful tales of shipwreck. The very pavements were so blocked with the stalls and booths of hucksters, with the sign-posts of taverns, and with barbers brandishing their razors and shaving their customers in the thick of the crowd, that even magis-trates had to walk in the mire in the middle of the road. At the entrance of the Subura, the meanest and most disreputable street in Rome, hung the blood-stained scourges of the executioners, as a grim warning to the cut-throats and cut-purses who haunted that Alsatia or White Friars of the ancient world.

But nowhere is the state of the Roman streets in

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Pliny's time painted so graphically as in the third satire of Juvenal. The details of his brilliant picture have been so well focussed by Mr. Mackail in his admirable history of Latin literature that I cannot do better than quote the passage. He writes : " In this elaborate indictment of the life of the capital, put into the mouth of a man who is leaving it for a little sleepy provincial town, he draws a picture of the Rome he knew, its social life and its physical features, its everyday sights and sounds, that brings it before us more clearly and sharply than even the Rome of Horace or Cicero. The drip of the water from the aqueduct that passed over the gate, from which the dusty squalid Appian Way stretched through its long suburb ; the garret under the tiles where, just as now, the pigeons sleeked themselves in the sun and the rain drummed on the roof ; the narrow crowded streets, half choked with the builders' carts, ankle-deep in mud, and the pavement ringing under the heavy military boots of guardsmen ; the tavern waiters trotting along with a pyramid of hot dishes on their head ; the flowerpots falling from high window ledges ; night, with the shuttered shops, the silence broken by some sudden street brawl, the darkness shaken by a flare of torches as some great man, wrapped in his scarlet cloak, passes along from a dinner-party with his long train of clients and slaves : these scenes live for us in Juvenal, and are perhaps the picture of ancient Rome that is most abidingly impressed on our memory."

With such scenes in our minds we can the better enjoy the peace and tranquillity of cultivated life in the gardens of the Esquiline, as they are mirrored for us in the letters of Pliny. It was there, among the parks and gardens, that Maecenas had his stately mansion, the Holland House of ancient Rome ; it was there that he gathered round him the men of letters who

have more than repaid his hospitality by graving his name on tablets which rust cannot corrode nor time dilapidate. It was to that house in its verdant gardens, above the fog and mist of the city, that Augustus in his hours of sickness used to be carried up to recruit in its purer air and untroubled quiet. And thither, no doubt, Pliny was glad to escape in the evening from the throng, the din, and the turmoil of the forum, when his day's work in the law courts was over.

How spacious and how quiet were these parks and gardens of noble Romans on the summits of the Roman hills we can gather from the descriptions or allusions of Martial. In one epigram he speaks of a mansion which enjoyed all the amenities of the country in the heart of the city, surrounded by vineyards as fruitful as those of Falernum, and by a park so ample that the owner could drive his carriage with ease in its broad avenue, while in his bedroom he might sleep undisturbed either by the sound of voices or by an intrusive sunbeam stealing in through the thickly curtained window. In another poem he describes the few acres of a friend's garden on the ridge of the Janiculum as more blessed than the gardens of the Hesperides, basking in sunshine all their own under a cloudless heaven, while mists hid the winding vales below. From this happy pleasance the eye could roam at large over the seven hills of Rome away to the Alban and Tuscan mountains and to little towns far off in the Etrurian and Sabine countries. And near at hand you could look down on the Flaminian and Salarian highroads, and see the carriages driving along them without hearing the sound of the wheels; you could watch the boats and barges gliding down the river and shooting the Mulvian bridge, while the boatswain's call and the hoarse cries of the barge-men were lost in the distance. The owner of this calm retreat was a man of letters and a friend of the poet;

he had a library where the reader, looking up from his book, could gaze across the Tiber at the great city under its curtain of smoke, and it was Martial's wish that his own volumes of verses might find a place, beside the works of greater poets, in this favoured haunt of the Muses.

We need not wonder that with his taste for books and study Pliny was indifferent to the vulgar amusements to which in his days the rabble of Rome was passionately addicted. In one of his letters he tells a friend that he had passed the last few days very agreeably among his books, reading and writing in the most perfect tranquillity, while down below the chariot races were being run in the Circus Maximus ; and he expresses his astonishment that so many thousands of grown-up people should be obsessed by such a childish craze for seeing horses galloping and men standing in chariots. "If," says he, "it was the speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers which attracted them, there might be some sense in it. But what they set their hearts on is the colour of a particular jacket ; and if in the very heat of the race the drivers could change jackets, their partisans in the crowd would simultaneously transfer their allegiance and desert the very horses and drivers whom but a moment before they had been straining their eyes to see and their throats to greet."

The colours of the jackets to which Pliny here refers so contemptuously were four in number, red, white, blue, and green. The emperor Domitian attempted to add two more, gold and purple ; but apparently these colours did not take the popular fancy and were soon abandoned. Even red and white, the two original colours, in time dropped out of use, and the rivalry was limited to the green and the blue. In the time of Pliny, and indeed for a good many years before it, the popular colour appears to

have been the green. The crazy emperor Caligula was passionately devoted to the Green faction, as it was called. He often dined and spent the evening in the stable of the Greens : at one of his revels he presented the Green driver with two million sesterces ; and such was his care for one of the Green horses that on the night before the races he sent soldiers round the neighbourhood of the stables to command silence, lest the slumber of the animal should be disturbed. The emperor Nero also favoured the Greens ; nay, he even showed himself in public driving a chariot and wearing the Green livery. Juvenal observes that when a great roar from the Circus suddenly rent the air, the listener at a distance might be quite sure that Green had won ; for if it had lost, Rome would have been plunged in mourning as profound as on the day when she heard that her regiments had bitten the dust at Cannae. Martial speaks of a Blue driver flogging his horses, and yet hardly getting them out of a foot-pace, probably because he feared to excite the anger of the crowd by a Blue victory. However, the respective merits of Blue and Green were canvassed at dinner tables and made the subject of bets. In later times the rivalry between the two colours led to the most frantic excesses. Under the emperor Justinian, who favoured the Blue faction, a riot took place at Constantinople in which the Blues are reported to have massacred thirty thousand Greens on the racecourse. Even in the time of Juvenal and Pliny the whole of Rome is said to have been crammed into the Circus to witness the chariot-race ; and among the spectators on at least one occasion was the historian Tacitus, who seems not to have shared his friend Pliny's distaste for such spectacles. To the Roman mob of that day, if we may trust the evidence of Juvenal, the only things in life that mattered were free bread and the shows of the Circus ; and when a

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Roman bankrupt gave leg-bail to his creditors and retired to Baiae, the only regret he felt at exchanging the capital for that fashionable watering-place was caused by the reflection that he would miss the amusements of the Circus for a whole year. If, says the satirist, a man can only tear himself away from the attractions of the Circus, he may buy a good house and a little garden in a country town for the same sum that he now pays in one year's rent of a dark hole at Rome.

We should be glad to think that the gentle and humane Pliny disapproved of gladiatorial exhibitions, that foul blot on the character of his countrymen. He never speaks of having witnessed any of them, and from his silence we may reasonably infer that he was at least as averse to the horrors of the arena as he unquestionably was to the far more innocent pastimes of the Circus. But that he did not condemn the combats of gladiators on principle is proved by a passage in one of his letters, in which he commends the conduct of a friend who had promised the people of Verona a show of gladiators in honour of his deceased wife; Pliny only regretted that the African panthers, which were to have formed part of the spectacle, had been delayed by bad weather at sea and arrived too late to take part in the show. Hence we may conclude that on this occasion the slaughter of men was to have been varied, we may almost say mitigated, by the combats of wild beasts in the great amphitheatre at Verona. That amphitheatre stands almost intact to this day. Many of my readers may have sat on its tiers of seats and looked down on the bloodless arena.

One of the redeeming features in the somewhat stern and hard character of the ancient Romans was their genuine love of rural life. That love manifested itself not merely in the verses of poets like Catullus,

Virgil, and Horace, where the ring of truth in their praise of the country is unmistakeable ; even a hardened worldling like Martial preferred, or professed to prefer, the country to the town, and, grown old in the luxury and dissipation of Rome, yearned for the simplicity and quiet of life in his native Spain, recalling with a fond regret the cool river that ran by his birthplace Bilbilis, the rose-gardens of Peteris, the sunny shores of Tarragona in winter, and the cloudless summer skies where Tagus rolled his golden stream under the woodland shade. The Spanish poet had the good sense, like a greater English poet, to retire from the great city and spend the evening of his days in the home of his youth ; and the pitying verses which he addressed to his friend Juvenal, still immersed in the smoke, the squalor, and the splendour of the metropolis, breathe the perfect content which the writer felt at having exchanged the gilded shackles of urban life for the ease and freedom of existence in a country town.

The same taste for the country which Roman poets displayed in their verses, Roman nobles manifested more practically in their passion for building themselves houses in beautiful natural situations, far from the fever and the fret of Rome, whether by the tumbling waters and hanging woods of Tibur, by the calm lakes that sleep in the green hollows of the Alban hills, on the shores of Latium beside the Tyrrhenian Sea, or on the lovely bay of Naples under the dreaming Campanian sky. In this respect we moderns feel ourselves much more akin to the ancient Romans than to the ancient Greeks, who in their life and writings showed comparatively little taste for the beauties of nature. The war-broken soldier Xenophon retired to the rich and beautiful valley of the Alpheus as the home of his old age, but he did so only when he was exiled from his native Athens. But is

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there a single authentic instance of a Greek in antiquity who deliberately preferred the country to the town as a place of residence ? or who even sometimes withdrew to the quiet and seclusion of the country for rest and refreshment after the bustle and turmoil of city life ? It is said, indeed, that Euripides, to shun the multitude, fitted up for himself a dwelling in a sea cave of the island of Salamis, and that many of the metaphors in his poetry were suggested by the daily sight of the blue expanse of shimmering water and by the roar or lullaby of the waves sounding perpetually in his ears. If the story is true, it testifies rather to the poet's hatred of men than to his love of nature. Again, we are told that Demosthenes was morbidly sensitive to harsh sounds and dissonant clamour, and that, in order to habituate himself to face the noisy mob in the public assemblies, he used to go down to the sea and there, pacing the beach, declaim against the thunder of the breakers. But plainly the orator's motive for taking these solitary walks on the shore was not a simple delight in contemplating the restless ocean and listening to its melancholy music. The real feeling of the Greeks to the country is clearly expressed in the words which Plato puts into the mouth of Socrates on that immortal summer noon, when the philosopher was lured for once by a friend from the streets of Athens, to wade barefoot in the shallow stream of the Ilissus and to rest on a grassy bank under the shadow of a spreading plane-tree, fanned by a gentle breeze, inhaling the sweet scent of the *agnus castus* in bloom, and with the whisper of the leaves, the purling of the water, and the shrill hum of the cicadas in his ears. There, lapped in all the charms of an Attic landscape at its loveliest, the sage was taxed by his friend with never going into the country or even stepping outside the walls of Athens, and he did not deny the charge, but defended himself by saying that he was a lover of

knowledge, and that his teachers were not fields and trees but men in the city. Perhaps the small size of the ancient Greek states may have helped to check the taste for a country life. When the territory of a state, as often happened in ancient Greece, was little larger than an English county, it must have been difficult to find any spot in it distant more than a day or two's march from the frontier ; and with the unstable and often hostile relations which commonly subsisted between neighbouring republics, a man had small temptation to build a lonely house in a district which might almost at any moment be swept and raided by the enemy. In such circumstances people naturally chose to herd together for safety behind the strong walls and barred gates of cities.

Whatever the cause, a love of country life first found untrammelled scope under the protection of the Roman peace, when the boundaries of empire had been pushed back behind the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates, and when the husbandman knew of wars and battles only from the gazette, or from the sight of regiments marching along the dusty highway to encounter barbarous foes in the forests of Germany or the deserts of the Sudan. It was then, and not till then, that we hear of country houses springing up in all the fairest regions of Italy. The rapturous love of Catullus for his home on the beautiful lake of Garda, the joy of Cicero in the calm of his Tusculan villa on the Alban hills, and the delight of Horace in his farm among the Sabine mountains, are only the most familiar instances of a taste, we may almost say a passion, for rural life which seems to have been nearly universal among all Romans, rich or poor, who could afford to keep a house or a cottage in the country. Pliny, as we have seen, was no exception to the rule. He owned several villas, which he loved, on the lake of Como. But he had others much nearer to Rome

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to which he could retire without the fatigue and loss of time which the long journey to Como necessitated. Of two of these villas, one by the sea and the other at the foot of the Apennines, he has left us minute descriptions. A brief notice of each may help us to picture to ourselves the charm of a Roman noble's country house in the golden days of the Empire.

One of Pliny's favourite villas was situated on the coast of Latium, between Ostia and Laurentum, but much nearer to Laurentum. The distance from Rome was only seventeen miles, so that after transacting his business in the city he could reach home before the day was far spent, in time to enjoy the evening breeze and see the sun setting in the sea. From the highways which led to Ostia and Laurentum two by-roads branched off at the eleventh and fourteenth milestone respectively, and both of them conducted the traveller to Pliny's house. Both roads were sandy, which made driving heavy and slow, but riding easy and pleasant. The scenery was varied. At one point the road ran between woods, which shut out the view ; at another the country opened out and the eye wandered over a wide expanse of meadowland, where flocks of sheep browsed and herds of cattle and horses grazed in the vernal sunshine. But in the heat of summer the meadows were brown and deserted, the flocks and herds were away on the hills.

So close to the beach did the villa stand that the wall of one of the dining-rooms was gently washed by the last ripple of the waves. From the windows or folding doors of this room you looked out to sea on three sides, while from the fourth side the view extended across an intervening courtyard and colonnades to the woods and the distant mountains. An adjoining parlour caught the first rays of the rising sun at one window, and kept the last lingering glow of the descending luminary at another. It, too,

commanded a prospect of the ever-present sea ; but standing farther back from the shore it was beyond the reach of the spray and less within the monotonous boom of the breakers. Here the projecting walls of two chambers formed on the outside of the house an angle exposed to the sun but sheltered from the winds—a calm and warm retreat on winter days, the heat of the sun's rays being increased by their reflection from the walls. Opening on this sunny nook was a library, where Pliny kept the works of his favourite authors : a great bow-window permitted the reader to bask in the sunshine from morning to night.

Everywhere the villa seems to have been so built as to catch as many sunbeams and to enjoy as many sea views as possible. Even the swimmers in the swimming-bath could look on the sea and almost fancy they were buffeting the billows ; and close by was a tennis court, which lay open to the full heat of the afternoon sun. A tower contained on its upper floor a dining-room, where, seated at the windows, you could gaze far out to sea and far along the coast, a succession of beautiful villas adding to the amenity of the landscape. Yet another dining-room on the ground floor looked out on the garden : within its walls the hoarse roar of the waves swooned away into a soft and soothing murmur. The garden was thickly planted with fig and mulberry trees : one walk led between hedges of box and rosemary, and another in the shade of trellised vines, where the turf was soft and easy to the tread, even if you walked barefoot. The views from the house on the garden, Pliny tells us, were not less pleasant than the views on the sea.

Skirting one side of the garden, and separating it from the beach, was a closed corridor or gallery with windows opening both on the garden and on the sea ; but the windows on the sea were twice as many as the windows on the garden. On calm days all the win-

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dows were thrown open ; but if the weather were blustery, the windows were shut on the side from which the wind blew. Beds of violets on a terrace outside infused their perfume into the gallery through the open windows. In winter the reflection of the sun's rays from the walls kept the temperature at a pleasant level ; while in summer the wall of the gallery cast a shadow on the garden, where it tempered the heat, the length of the shadow dwindling or waxing as the day wore on to noon or declined to evening. At that season the gallery was coolest at the hottest part of the day, for then the sunbeams fell almost perpendicularly on the roof instead of streaming in at the windows. Then, too, the windows on both sides were flung open, and the refreshing breeze from the sea blew straight through, so that the air within was never sultry.

At the end of the terrace, with its beds of violets, and half-detached from the rest of the house, were several rooms which Pliny calls his favourites. Amongst them was his private cabinet or study, where, reclining on a couch, you could look out on the sea at one side, on the neighbouring villas at another, and on the woods at a third. A bedroom opened off the cabinet. Cut off from the rest of the villa by walls and a passage, these apartments enjoyed perfect quiet and tranquillity : the sound of servants' voices never broke the silence : even the howling of the wind and the moaning of the sea hardly penetrated the stillness. Shutters and curtains excluded every ray of light, when the master desired to sleep sound and long. On retiring to these secluded apartments Pliny felt as if he had left even his villa far away ; and they formed his favourite retreat at the time of the winter festival of the Saturnalia, when all the rest of the house rang with the merry voices of the slaves romping and enjoying their brief annual period of

liberty. The master of the house refrained from intruding on the gambols of his servants, and their noisy revels did not disturb the repose of his study.

The adjoining coast offered a series of agreeable prospects, whether you took boat and sailed along it, or walked the shore, where the sand was compact and firm or loose and friable, according as it had been lately washed by a stormy sea or left high and dry during a long spell of calm weather. Fine villas, some close together, others divided by stretches of shore, added to the charm of this delightful coast. The most necessary articles were to be had at a neighbouring village : the woods furnished abundance of fuel ; and all the conveniences of life could be procured from the large town of Ostia a few miles away.

As Pliny resorted to his Laurentine villa in winter as well as in summer, he took care to have it artificially warmed ; and he has described the heating apparatus. Pipes laid under the floors conveyed the heat from a furnace throughout the house, and the hot air might be admitted directly into a room by a slit or aperture in the floor, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. The swimming-bath was warmed as well as the apartments, so that the bather could plunge into it in any weather.

The other villa of which Pliny has given us a minute description was situated in Tuscany ; but as he has omitted to mention its distance from Rome and to describe the roads which led to it, we cannot identify the site. It seems to have been Pliny's favourite resort in summer ; for standing on high ground at the foot of the Apennines it enjoyed at that season a delicious climate, the heat being generally tempered by gentle breezes on days when the low pestilential coast of Tuscany was baking and sweltering in the fierce sunshine. But in winter the climate was cold ; myrtles and olives would not grow there, and though

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the laurel flourished, it was sometimes nipped by the frost. The surrounding scenery was very pleasing. Mountains crowned with venerable forests, where game abounded, rose like an amphitheatre on three sides of a vast expanse of level plain, their wooded skirts broken by a line of low hills whose fertile soil produced abundant, though late, harvests, while their slopes were clad with a long unbroken stretch of vineyards. Fruitful fields and flowery meadows, watered by perennial streams, filled and diversified the flats, where the Tiber flowed with a majestic and navigable current, except when the summer heat lowered the level of the river and exposed some part of its bed. The whole scene was so varied and charming that, viewing it from a height, you might fancy you were gazing on a lovely picture rather than on a work of nature.

Situated on a gentle rise at the foot of a hill, the villa commanded a wide prospect over the rich and beautiful champaign country spread out beneath it ; while behind it at some distance lay the Apennines, from which even on the calmest summer day came wandering airs, not harsh and rude, but faint and languid as if weary with travelling so far. The house for the most part faced full south, and on its front a long colonnade received and seemed to invite the sunshine. It opened on a terrace, where the flower-beds were cut in a variety of shapes and edged with boxwood. From the terrace a sloping bank, adorned with bushes of boxwood clipped into the likeness of animals, descended to a lawn of soft and almost liquid acanthus ; and round the lawn ran a walk bordered by evergreens trained or tortured in like manner into alien forms. Beyond it a broad drive encircled a low shrubbery ; and the garden was then bounded by a stone wall, marked by box-trees rising in graduated ranks, one above the other, to the verdurous top. Outside the garden wall stretched the open country.

We need not follow Pliny in the detailed description which he gives of this his favourite Tuscan villa. Suffice it to say that according to their different aspects the windows commanded varied prospects of meadows, vineyards, and mountains, and received refreshing breezes from the Apennine valleys. In a court a fountain plashed in a marble basin with a pleasing and so to say cooling murmur on summer days, while the shade of spreading plane-trees screened the lounger from the hot rays of the sun. One of the rooms which opened on this court was adorned with a painted frieze of birds perched among branches, which vied in beauty with the veins of the polished marble slabs that incrusted the walls up to the cornice ; while a plane-tree, looking in at the window, lent its verdure and shade to the apartment, and a little fountain, playing in a basin, mingled its purl with the plashing of the larger fountain under the plane-trees in the courtyard. Pliny seems to have loved the soothing sound of falling water. He makes particular mention of a spacious apartment of which some windows looked out on the terrace and others on the meadows, while immediately under them was a fish-pond, into which water fell from a height, charming the ear with the tinkle and babble of its music, and delighting the eye by the sight of the seething foam and sparkling bubbles in the marble basin.

But in the grounds of the villa we must not pass over in silence a hippodrome or race-course, on which Pliny would seem to have especially prided himself ; for he has dwelt on its picturesque features with a sort of fond affection. The course was completely surrounded by plane-trees, with ivy twining about their boles even to the summit and stretching its green arms from tree to tree, so as to weave them into a single verdant wall. Between the trunks of the planes grew box-trees, and on the outer side of this stately hedge

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rows of laurels mingled their greenery and shade with the greenery and shade of the planes. The end of the course had the shape of a semicircle, and here the plane-trees were replaced by cypresses, their thicker foliage and darker hue presenting to the eye a sombre and almost solemn aspect, which contrasted with the gaiety of the sunshine that flooded the race-course. Farther on, in the dappled shade, the path skirted beds of roses and box-trees³ clipped in many quaint forms ; while marble benches were disposed at intervals for the repose of the weary or languid lounger, each of them with a little fountain playing beside it and rills of water babbling hard by. Here, too, in the garden was an alcove of white marble, canopied by a mantling vine trained on four small columns of Carystian marble : over against it a jet of water rose into the air, to fall back into a marble basin, beside which on summer days Pliny would sometimes picnic, placing the heavier dishes on the margin of the basin and letting the lighter, in the shape of boats and birds, float on the water. Facing the alcove was a summer-house of lustrous marble with folding doors that opened on a green lawn, and with windows from which, in whatever direction you gazed, you saw nothing but verdure. Fast by was a little bower, also with windows on every side ; but through them the light fell faint and dim, obscured by the trailing tendrils of a luxuriant vine that climbed all over the roof. Stretched there on a couch you might imagine yourself in a grove, except that, when the weather was wet, you only heard, but did not feel, the drip and patter of the rain.

We need not wonder that Pliny loved this beautiful retreat. He tells us that he preferred it to other villas which he owned at Tusculum, Tibur, and Praeneste, for there in Tuscany he could enjoy a deeper, a more untroubled repose. There he need never put on full

dress : there no neighbours called at unseasonable hours to break in on his studies or his slumbers : there all was quiet and peaceful ; there purer air and brighter skies contributed to the salubrity of the spot. Nowhere, he tells us, did he feel so vigorous in body and mind, nowhere else were his servants in better health ; indeed, of the train of domestics whom he brought with him from the city, he had never lost one at his Tuscan villa. The natives of the district were famous for their longevity : grandsires and great-grandssires were to be seen among the youth ; and listening to their talk of the olden time you might fancy yourself born in another age.

Elsewhere Pliny describes in answer to a friend the regular round of a summer day at his Tuscan villa. He usually woke with the sun or earlier, rarely later. But even after he had risen, the shutters of his chamber windows remained closed, as he found that the darkness and stillness of a summer morning were eminently favourable to meditation. After reflecting a while on any composition he might have on hand, he called for his secretary, and, the shutters being opened, he dictated to him what he had just been thinking of. About ten or eleven he walked on the terrace or in a covered gallery, according to the weather, and again meditated and dictated. A drive in a carriage followed, but in the course of it he still pursued his studies. A siesta ensued, then a walk ; then he read aloud a Greek or Latin speech as much for the sake of his digestion as of his voice. After that he walked again, was anointed, took exercise, and bathed. At dinner, which he shared with his wife or a few friends, a book was read aloud ; and after dinner there was acting or music. Then he walked with his household, among whom were some learned persons. Thus the evening passed in various conversation, and the longest day came to an end too soon. Sometimes,

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if he had lain abed in the morning or walked longer than usual, a ride on horseback was substituted for the carriage drive in order to gain time. The visits of friends from neighbouring towns filled up part of the day, and in moments of weariness Pliny welcomed them as a relief from more serious and strenuous occupations. Occasionally he hunted in the woods, but never without a notebook, that he might write something even if he caught nothing, the fullness of his pages thus compensating for the emptiness of his bag. One day in the forest three fine boars fell into the net beside which he sat reading and writing in the shade. As a landlord he had to give some time to his tenants, though never enough to satisfy them ; and after listening with what patience he could command to their rustic complaints, he returned with fresh zest to his books and his studies.

Thus with Pliny the years glided peacefully away in a happy round of alternate business and study, of society in the world's capital and of retirement in some of the fairest scenes of rural Italy. But twice the even and on the whole uneventful tenour of his life was broken by events which swept for a time the student's little bark from the quiet backwaters into the broad current of history. Without some notice of these episodes any account of him and his fortunes would be incomplete. One of them was a great natural convulsion : the other was a great moral revolution. One was the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii under a sea of lava and a heap of ashes : the other was the rise of Christianity in the East. We begin with the eruption of Vesuvius.

On the twenty-fourth day of August in the year A.D. 79 Pliny, his mother, and his uncle, the Elder Pliny, were together at Misenum, on the Bay of Naples, where his uncle was admiral of the imperial fleet. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon.

Pliny the Elder had lunched and was engaged as usual over his books, when his sister pointed out to him a remarkable cloud, of unusual shape and size, in the eastern sky. He at once called for his shoes and ascended a height to observe it. The cloud was rising from one of the mountains across the bay, but at the distance they could not make out from which of the mountains it was ascending. They afterwards learned that the mountain was Vesuvius. In outline the cloud resembled a pine-tree, shooting up to a great height as it were in a long stalk and then branching out in various directions : its colour kept changing, being now white, now dusky, now mottled, according to the nature of the ashes or cinders with which it was charged. The interest of the naturalist was excited by the strange spectacle and he resolved to investigate it more closely. It is to be remembered that the eruption of Vesuvius which he was now witnessing was the first recorded in history : within the memory of man the mountain had always been an extinct volcano : there was little or nothing in its peaceful aspect and vine-clad slopes to warn the dwellers by that smiling sea of the fearful forces that were slumbering under their feet.

The admiral ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and offered to allow his nephew to accompany him. But his nephew answered that he preferred to study, so his uncle went alone. Just as he was leaving the house a letter was handed to him from a friend whose house was situated so near Vesuvius that there was no escape from it except by sea. The letter was written in great alarm and entreated Pliny to hasten to the rescue. In Pliny's mind the motive of humanity thus reinforced the motive of curiosity, and he ordered the pilot to steer straight for the burning mountain, though already the fugitives were streaming away from the doomed cities. The admiral kept so cool

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that he calmly observed the shifting shapes of the vast and menacing cloud which by this time was spreading over the sky, and he dictated his observations to his secretary. But now the ashes were falling on the deck ever thicker and hotter as they drew near the scene of danger, and with the ashes were mingled pumice-stones and cinders scorched, cracked, and blackened by the volcanic fires. In the sea, too, they met with shoals where till lately there had been deep water, and it was difficult to make the land by reason of the avalanches, if we may call them so, from the crumbling mountain. The pilot implored Pliny to turn back. He hesitated a moment, then saying, "Fortune favours the brave," he bade them lay a straight course for Stabiae on the other side of the bay, where was his friend's villa. Here he landed and found his friend preparing for flight. He had embarked his baggage; but the same wind which had brought Pliny to him prevented him from putting to sea. It was necessary to wait till the wind should change. Pliny cheered and encouraged his dejected companions; and affecting an ease which he did not feel, he took a bath and then sat down to dinner, conversing gaily or at least with an assumption of gaiety.

Meantime night had fallen, but the darkness was lit up by huge sheets of flame that burst from Vesuvius in several places, flashing out in the gloom with a momentary and sinister splendour. To soothe the apprehensions of the rest, Pliny professed to believe that these lurid lights came from the fires of blazing villages deserted by the peasantry; and the wind still continuing contrary, he betook him to rest and slept soundly, for those who listened at the door could hear his stertorous breathing. No one else in the house closed an eye that night. But now the courtyard on which his bedroom opened was being choked with falling ashes and pumice-stones; and if they delayed,

their retreat might be cut off. So they woke him, and together they consulted what to do, whether to remain in the house or to seek safety, if safety could be found, in the open under the pelting shower of volcanic hail. By this time the earth was so shaken by violent and repeated shocks that the walls of the house rocked to and fro and nodded to their fall; and in the open the pumice-stones were descending in showers. But they decided that the danger from the sky was less than the danger of being buried in the ruins of the house; so, tying pillows to their heads to protect them against the rain of pumice, they issued forth.

Day had now broken elsewhere, but around the forlorn wanderers darkness reigned blacker and thicker than any ordinary night, except when the murky gloom was momentarily illumined by the fitful flare of the volcanic fires. They made their way to the shore, only to find the sea still wild and the wind still contrary. Pliny's strength, though not his courage, now began to fail. He lay down on a sail, which they found on the beach, and repeatedly called for water, which he drank. But the flames were now fast approaching, heralded by the smell of sulphur. It was necessary to hurry away. He rose, and leaning on two slaves struggled forward. But he immediately fell down. There the others left him. Two days afterwards, when the blackness of darkness at last cleared away, his body was found uninjured and clad as in life: he lay like a sleeper taking his rest and not like a dead man.

Meantime his sister and her son, the Younger Pliny, remained at Misenum. After the departure of his uncle, Pliny continued his studies; and having dined he retired to rest. But his sleep was short and broken. For many days previously tremors of earthquake had been felt, but being common in Campania they were little heeded. That night, however, they increased so

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alarmingly that it seemed as if the whole house were tumbling down. His mother burst into his room just at the moment when he was about to rise to wake her. Together they sat down in the courtyard at a little distance from the sea. Pliny called for a book of Livy and began to read and make extracts. He was interrupted by a Spanish friend of his uncle, who, finding the two seated and Pliny busy with his book, upbraided them with their cool indifference to the danger. But Pliny paid no heed to him and went on with his studies.

It was now about six o'clock in the morning ; but the light was still dim and languid. By this time the surrounding edifices were shaking ; delay might be fatal, so they resolved to quit the town. A crowd of terror-stricken fugitives followed at their heels. On getting clear of the buildings they halted, and strange sights met their eyes. For though the ground was a dead flat, the coaches which they had ordered out were slipping and sliding to and fro and could not be steadied even by stones placed under the wheels. The sea, too, had retreated, sucked back as it were by the earthquake, and the reffluent waters had left many fish and marine creatures exposed on the sands. On the other hand loomed a black and dreadful cloud, shot with forked flames like flashes of lightning, but on a far vaster scale. Soon the cloud began to descend and envelop like a pall both land and sea. The island of Capri was blotted out ; even the headland of Misenum vanished in the darkness.

His mother entreated Pliny to leave her and to escape for his life, while there was still time ; but he refused to desert her, and taking each other by the arm they pressed on together. The ashes now began to fall about them, and at their heels pressed the encroaching darkness, which spread like a rolling torrent over the land. "Let us turn aside," he said to her,

" while we can still see, lest we be trampled to death by the crowd in the darkness." Hardly had they sat down, when the darkness overtook them, not like the darkness of a clouded and moonless night, but like the darkness of a room where the windows are shuttered and the lights put out. All around might now be heard the shrieks of women, the wailing of infants, and the shouts of men. Some were calling for their parents, others for their children, others were answering to the call; some were lamenting their own plight, others the plight of their friends; some in an agony of fear prayed for death. Many lifted up imploring hands to the gods, while not a few cried that the gods existed no longer, and that the last, the eternal night was come upon the world.

At last there was a gleam of light, but not the light of day; it was the glimmer of approaching flames. However, the flames halted, the light faded, darkness again fell. Then ashes descended thick and heavy. Again and again the mother and son rose and shook off the cinders which threatened to bury, if not to crush, them under their weight. After a while the darkness lifted and melted as it were into smoke and mist. Daylight followed, and the sun shone through the haze, but dim and lurid as in an eclipse. A changed world now met the eyes of the forlorn survivors; for the whole landscape was buried under deep ashes and cinders as under a sheet of snow. Pliny and his mother returned to Misenum, and after partaking of refreshments passed an anxious night between hope and fear. But fear still predominated; for the shocks of earthquake continued, and many people, driven crazy by wild predictions, added the terrors of imagination to the real horrors by which they were encompassed.

Such was the great eruption of Vesuvius, as it was witnessed and described by Pliny the Younger. We

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now pass to the last and the saddest scene of his life ; for it is melancholy to have to record that the humane and amiable Pliny was one of the earliest persecutors of the Christians. Appointed by his friend the emperor Trajan to the governorship of Bithynia, in Asia Minor, he found that the new religion was making rapid progress. The contagion of the superstition, as he calls it, had spread not only through the cities but through the villages and the country districts ; the temples were being deserted, the rites of religion neglected, the sale of victims for sacrifice almost stopped. The suspected criminals were haled before the governor and questioned by him. If they denied that they were Christians and proved it to the governor's satisfaction by repeating after him a prayer to the gods, by offering wine and incense to the emperor's statue, and by cursing Christ, he set them at liberty. If they confessed and refused to do any of these things, he ordered them to execution ; those who were Roman citizens he remanded to Rome for trial and punishment. As to their practices, all he could elicit from them was that they were wont on a certain day to meet before dawn, to sing or recite a hymn in alternate verses to Christ as a god, and to bind themselves by a solemn oath, not to the perpetration of any crime, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to break their plighted word, never to deny a deposit committed to their honour. That done, they dispersed, but met again to partake of food together, a plain and innocent repast ; but even that custom they had intermitted since the publication of the governor's edict directed against political associations. Such was the sum of what Pliny calls their guilt or error, and such the offence which he visited with condign punishment. To make sure of the facts he examined two deaconesses under torture ; but the rack could wring from them nothing

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more than a profession of what he describes as a depraved and extravagant superstition.

The persecutor appears not to have long survived his victims. In his last letter, written to Trajan from Bithynia, Pliny excuses himself to the emperor for having allowed his wife to travel home by the imperial post in order to comfort her aunt in Italy on the death of her father. As no subsequent letter of his has come down to us, and there is no mention of him afterwards in history, it seems probable that he died in his distant province, far from his native Como and from Rome, the scene of his mature activity. But we may hope that his ashes were brought home to rest in Italian earth, and were laid somewhere near the beautiful lake he knew and loved so well, within sight of the familiar mountains and within sound of the familiar waters lapping on the shore. *Requiescat in pace.*

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SOME POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ANCIENTS

A SUPERFICIAL acquaintance with classical literature is apt, I believe, to leave on the mind an exaggerated impression of the general level of intelligence in antiquity. The authors commonly read are so eminently reasonable, and so little tinctured with vulgar superstition, that we are prone to suppose that the mass of men in the classical ages were equally free from those gross and palpable delusions which we designate as superstitions. The supposition is natural, but erroneous. It is natural, because our knowledge of the ancients is derived chiefly from literature, and literature reflects the thoughts and beliefs of the educated few, not of the uneducated many. Since the invention of letters the breach between these two classes has gone on widening, till the mental condition of the one class comes to differ nearly as much from that of the other as if they were beings of different species. But down to the nineteenth century both sides remained in almost total ignorance of the gulf which divided them. Educated people, as a rule, had no inkling that the mental state of the great majority of their fellow-countrymen differed in scarcely any material respect from that of savages. They did not dream that their humble neighbours had preserved amongst themselves by oral tradition alone a set of customs and ideas so ancient that the oldest literature of Greece and Rome is modern by comparison. To have at last opened the eyes of educated people to the priceless value of

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popular tradition as evidence of a remote antiquity is the glory of the illustrious Grimm. When, chiefly through the influence of that great scholar, the oral tradition of the people came to be examined, the feature in it which most struck observers was the one I have just indicated, the stamp, namely, which it bears of a dateless antiquity. The reasons for assigning to it an age incomparably greater than that of the literary tradition are mainly two. In the first place, the popular tradition—and under tradition I mean to include popular customs as well as popular beliefs—the popular tradition could not have originated in historical times, because there is nothing in history to account for it. The two great historical influences that have moulded our modern civilization—the Roman empire and Christianity—have left hardly a trace in the genuine beliefs and customs of the folk. Christianity has slightly changed the nomenclature, and that is all. But, on the other hand—and this is the second reason—if there is nothing in Roman civilization or the Christian religion to account for the origin of the popular tradition, there is in the customs and ideas of existing savages almost everything that is needed fully to explain and account for it. The resemblance, in fact, between the ideas and customs of our European peasantry and the ideas and customs of savages is so great as almost to amount to identity, and a comparison of the one set of customs with the other goes far towards explaining both. To put it metaphorically, the two sets of customs, the European and the savage, are independent copies of the same original picture; but both copies are somewhat faded through time, and each has preserved some features which the other has lost. Thus they mutually supplement each other, and, taken together, enable us to restore the original with some completeness.

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The application of all this to the subject in hand is obvious. If what I have said is true of the uneducated people, and especially of the peasantry, at the present time in Europe, must it not have been equally true of uneducated people, and especially of the peasantry, in antiquity? If our peasants are, intellectually regarded, simply savages, could the peasantry of ancient Greece and Rome have been any better? And if we moderns have lived so long in ignorance of the mass of savagery lying at our doors, may not the literary classes of antiquity have been equally blind to the mental savagery of the peasants whom they saw at work in the fields or jostled in the streets? There are strong grounds for answering both of these questions in the affirmative. In regard to the former question, the existence of a layer of savagery beneath the surface of ancient society is abundantly attested by the notices of popular beliefs and customs which are scattered up and down classical literature, especially, as might have been anticipated, in the inferior authors, men less elevated above vulgar prejudices than most of the great classical writers. In regard to the second question, the general ignorance of classical writers as to the popular superstitions of their day is not only to be presumed from the fact that they rarely mention them; it is positively demonstrated by their manifest inability to understand even those instances of popular superstition which they are occasionally led to mention. Indeed, from the way in which they refer to these superstitions, it is often plain that they not only did not understand them, but that they did not even recognize them as superstitions at all, that is, as beliefs actually current among the vulgar. Conclusive proof of this is furnished by the treatment which the so-called "symbols of Pythagoras" received at the hands of the polite writers of antiquity.

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A member of a modern folk-lore society has only to glance at these “symbols” to see that they are common specimens of folk-lore, many of which are perfectly familiar to our European peasantry at the present day. Yet they completely posed the philosophers of antiquity, whose interpretations of them were certainly not nearer the mark than Mr. Pickwick’s reading of the famous inscription. It is almost amusing to see the violence they did to these primitive superstitions in order to wring some drop of moral wisdom out of them, to wrench them into some semblance of philosophical profundity. In a paper on the popular superstitions of the ancients I can hardly do better than begin by giving a few specimens of these precious maxims, which have found so much favour in the eyes of ancient philosophers and old women.

Some of the ancients themselves remarked the striking resemblance which the precepts of Pythagoras bore to the rules of life observed by Indian fakirs, Jewish Essenes, Egyptians, Etruscans, and Druids. Thus, for example, Plutarch mentions the view that Pythagoras must have been an Etruscan born and bred, since the Etruscans were the only people known to observe literally the rules inculcated by the philosopher, such as not to step over a broom, not to leave the impress of a pot on the ashes, and other precepts of the same sort. This view of the Etruscan origin of Pythagoras was countenanced by the respectable authorities of Aristotle and Theopompos. Again, Plutarch expressly says that the maxims of Pythagoras were of the same sort as the rules contained in the sacred writings of the Egyptians, and he quotes as instances the Pythagorean precepts, “Do not eat in a chariot,” “Do not sit upon a bushel,” “Do not poke the fire with a sword.”

Some of the theories of physical causation tradi-

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tionally ascribed to Pythagoras are entirely of a piece with the practical rules which passed under his name. Thus, according to him, the air was full of spirits, which he called demons and heroes ; the airy sounds from which men drew omens were the voices of the spirits ; and he said that when people heard the wind whistle they should worship the sound of it. Compare with this the view of the Esquimaux who live at Point Barrow, almost the northern extremity of the continent of America. "To them," says an American officer who wintered among them some years ago, "to them earth and air are full of spirits. The one drags men into the earth by the feet, from which they never emerge ; the other strikes men dead, leaving no mark ; and the air is full of voices ; often while travelling they would stop and ask me to listen, and say that Tuña of the wind was passing by." Again, according to Pythagoras, the tinkling of a brass pot is the voice of a demon imprisoned in the brass. A traveller in the Sahara was once informed by one of his savage escort that he had just killed a devil. It appeared that the devil was the traveller's watch, which the savage had found, and hearing it tick had concluded that there was a devil inside. Accordingly he smashed it by hurling it against a tree. This was in the desert, where it would have been unsafe to quarrel with his escort. So the traveller concealed his anguish under a smiling face till he reached the next town, where he took steps which rather damped the joy of that savage. Yet the savage did no more than Pythagoras, if he had been true to his principles, might have done in the same circumstances.

Again, Pythagoras believed that an earthquake was caused by the dead men fighting with each other underground, and so shaking the earth. I have collected many savage explanations of earthquakes,

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but none, perhaps, quite so savage as this of Pythagoras. The nearest approaches to it are the following. The Tlinkeet Indians on the north-west coast of America suppose that the earth rests upon a pillar which is guarded by a woman ; so, when the gods fight with the woman for the possession of the pillar, in order that they may destroy the earth and its inhabitants, the pillar shakes, and this produces an earthquake. The Andaman islanders, who long ranked, though unjustly, amongst the lowest of savages, think that earthquakes are caused by the spirits of the dead, who, impatient at the delay of the resurrection, shake the palm-tree on which they believe the earth to rest. When the people of Timor, an East Indian island, feel the shock of an earthquake, they knock on the ground and call out, "We are still here," to let the souls of the dead who are struggling to get up know that there is no room for them on the surface of the earth. Even this, however, is a shade less savage than the view of Pythagoras that the dead could not even keep the peace amongst themselves. In Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead* the soldier ghost who draws near the ferry, his bright armour flashing through the gloom, is bidden by Hermes to leave his arms behind him on the hither side of the river, "because there is peace in the grave." Clearly Hermes was not a Pythagorean.

But passing from Pythagoras' views of physical causation, let us look more closely at some of the practical precepts or symbols which he laid down for the guidance of life.

One of his precepts, as we have seen, was this : "Do not poke the fire with a sword." The precept commends itself to us, but hardly on the grounds on which it did so to Pythagoras. To understand his reasons we must go to the Tartars, who abstain

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from thrusting a knife into the fire on the ground that it would cut off the fire's head. The Kamchatkans also think it a sin to stick a knife into a burning log, and so do some of the North American Indians.

Again, Pythagoras told his disciples never to point the finger at the stars. This is a very common superstition in Germany, where one reason given is that by pointing a finger at the moon or stars one would put out the eyes of the angels. Another reason given is that one's finger would drop off. If one *has* pointed at the stars, the only way to save one's finger from dropping off is to bite it. The reason for so doing is explained by the statement of an Ojebway Indian. "I well remember," says he, "when I was a little boy, being told by our aged people that I must never point my finger at the moon, for if I did she would consider it a great insult, and instantly bite it off." The reason, therefore, why a German bites his finger after pointing at a star is to make the star believe that he is himself biting off the offending finger, and that thus the star is saved the trouble of doing so. Thus the Ojebway Indian is here the best commentator on Pythagoras.

Again, Pythagoras said : "Do not look at your face in a river." So, too, said the old Hindoo lawgiver. "Let him not," says Manu, "let him not look at his own image in water ; that is a settled rule." Neither the Greek philosopher nor the Hindoo lawgiver assigns any reason for the rule. To ascertain it we must inquire of the Zulus and the black race of the Pacific, both of whom observe the same rule, and can give a reason for doing so. Here is the reason given by the Zulus in their own words : "It is said there is a beast in the water which can seize the shadow of a man ; when he looks into

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the water it takes his shadow ; the man no longer wishes to turn back, but has a great wish to enter the pool ; it seems to him that there is not death in the water ; it is as if he was going to real happiness where there is no harm ; and he dies through going into the pool, being eaten by the beast. . . . And men are forbidden to lean over and look into a dark pool, it being feared lest their shadow should be taken away." So much for the Zulus. Now for the Melanesians of the Pacific. "There is a stream in Saddle Island, or, rather, a pool in a stream, into which if anyone looks he dies ; the malignant spirit takes hold upon his life by means of his reflection on the water." Here, doubtless, we have the origin of the classical story of Narcissus, who languished away in consequence of seeing his own fair image in the water.

During a thunderstorm it was a Greek custom to put out the fire, and hiss and cheep with the lips. The reason for the custom was explained by the Pythagoreans to be that by acting thus you frightened the spirits in Tartarus, who were doubtless supposed to make the thunder and lightning. Similarly, some of the Australian blacks, who attribute thunder to the agency of demons, and are much afraid of it, believe that they can dispel it "by chanting some particular words and breathing hard" ; and it is a German superstition that the danger from a thunderstorm can be averted by putting out the fire. During a thunderstorm, the Sakai of the Malay Peninsula run out of their houses and brandish their weapons to drive away the demons ; and the Estonians in Russia fasten scythes, edge upward, over the door, that the demons, fleeing from the thundering god, may cut their feet if they try to seek shelter in the house. Sometimes the Estonians, for a similar purpose, take all the edged tools in the

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house and throw them out into the yard. It is said that when the storm is over spots of blood are often found on the scythes and knives, showing that the demons have been wounded by them. So, when the Indians of Canada were asked by the Jesuit missionaries why they planted their swords in the ground point upwards, they replied that the spirit of the thunder was sensible, and that if he saw the naked blades he would turn away and take good care not to approach their huts. This is a fair sample of the close similarity of European superstitions to the superstitions of savages. In the present case the difference happens to be slightly in favour of the Indians, since they did not, like our European savages, delude themselves into seeing the blood of demons on the swords. The reason for the Greek and German custom of putting out the fire during a thunderstorm is, probably, a wish to avoid attracting the attention of the thunder demons. From a like motive some of the Australian blacks hide themselves during a thunderstorm, and keep absolutely silent, lest the thunder should find them out. Once during a storm a white man called out in a loud voice to the blackfellow with whom he was working, to put the saw under a log and seek shelter. He found that the saw had already been put away, and the blackfellow was very indignant at his master for speaking so loud. "What for," said he, in great wrath, "what for speak so loud? Now um thunder hear, and know where um saw is." And he went out and changed its hiding-place.

One or two more classical superstitions about thunder and lightning may here find a place, though they are not specially Pythagorean. The skins of seals and hyenas were believed by the Greeks to be effective protections against lightning. Hence Greek sailors used to nail a sealskin to the mast-head;

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and the Emperor Augustus, who was nervously afraid of thunder, never went anywhere without a sealskin. The skin of a hippopotamus buried in the middle of a field was supposed to prevent a thunderbolt from falling on it.

Another maxim of Pythagoras was this : “ On setting out from your house upon a journey, do not turn back ; for if you do, the Furies will catch you.” This is a rule observed by superstitious people everywhere, in the heart of Africa and of India, as well as all over Europe. I will mention only the last instance which came under my notice. A Highland servant in our family told my mother lately that in Sutherlandshire if anyone is going on some important errand and has left anything behind him he would stand and call for it for a week rather than go back to fetch it.

Once more, Pythagoras observed : “ If you meet an ugly old woman at the door, do not go out.” Amongst the Wends, if a man going out to hunt meets an old woman, it is unlucky, and he should turn back. Amongst the Estonians, if a fisherman or anyone else going out on important business happens to meet an old woman, he will turn back. A Tyrolese hunter believes that if he meets an old woman in the morning, he will have no luck. In Pomerania, if a person going out of the house meets a woman he will often turn back. They say in Thuringen that if you are about any weighty affair, and are interrupted by an old woman, you should not go on with it, for it could not prosper. In Norway, if a man goes out to make a bargain, and an old woman is the first person he meets, he will have no luck.

Another saying of Pythagoras was this : “ If you stumble at the threshold in going out, you should turn back.” In the Highlands of Scotland and among

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the Saxons of Transylvania it is deemed unlucky to stumble on the threshold in going out on a journey. Amongst the Malays, if a person stumbles on leaving the steps of a house on particular business, it is unlucky, and the business is abandoned for the time. In Sumatra, if a Batta stumbles in leaving the house, it bodes ill-luck, and he thinks it better to abandon the journey and stay at home.

Again, Pythagoras said : " If a weasel cross your path, turn back." This was a common rule in Greece. In the " Characters " of Theophrastus the Superstitious Man would not go on if a weasel crossed his path ; he waited till someone else had traversed the road, or until he had thrown three stones across it. The Zulus think that if a weasel crosses their path they will get no food at the place whither they are going. In Ireland, to meet a weasel under certain circumstances is unlucky. A weasel crossing the path was regarded as an omen by the Aztecs.

Further, Pythagoras warned his followers against stepping over a broom. In some parts of Bavaria, housemaids, in sweeping out the house, are careful not to step over the broom for fear of the witches. Again, it is a Bavarian rule not to step over a broom while a confinement is taking place in a house ; otherwise the birth will be tedious, and the child will always remain small with a large head. But if anyone has stepped over a broom inadvertently, he can undo the spell by stepping backwards over it again. So in Bombay they say you should never step across a broom, or you will cause a woman to suffer severely in child-bed.

Again, it was a precept of Pythagoras not to run a nail or a knife into a man's footprints. This, from the primitive point of view, was really a moral, not merely a prudential precept. For it is a world-

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wide superstition that by injuring footprints you injure the feet that made them. Thus, in Mecklenburg it is thought that if you thrust a nail into a man's footprints the man will go lame. The Australian blacks held exactly the same view. "Seeing a Tatūngolūng very lame," says Mr. Howitt, "I asked him what was the matter? He said, 'Some fellow has put *bottle* in my foot.' I asked him to let me see it. I found he was probably suffering from acute rheumatism. He explained that some enemy must have found his foot-track, and have buried in it a piece of broken bottle. The magic influence, he believed, caused it to enter his foot. When following down Cooper's Creek in search of Burke's party, we were followed one day by a large number of blackfellows, who were much interested in looking at and measuring the footprints of the horses and camels. My blackboy, from the Darling River, rode up to me, with the utmost alarm exhibited in his face, and exclaimed, 'Look at these wild blackfellows!' I said, 'Well, they are all right.' He replied, 'I am sure those fellows are putting poison in my footsteps!'" Amongst the Karens of Burma, evil-disposed persons "keep poisoned fangs in their possession for the purpose of killing people. These they thrust into the footmarks of the person they wish to kill, who soon finds himself with a sore foot, and the marks on it as bitten by a dog. The sore becomes rapidly worse and worse till death ensues." The Damara of South Africa take earth from the footprints of a lion and throw it on the track of an enemy, with the wish, "May the lion kill you." This superstition is turned to account by hunters in many parts of the world for the purpose of running down the game. Thus, a German huntsman will stick a nail taken from a coffin into the fresh spoor of the animal he is hunting, believing that this will

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prevent the quarry from leaving the hunting-ground. Australian blacks put hot embers in the tracks of the animals they are pursuing ; Hottentot hunters throw into the air a handful of sand taken from the footprints of the game, believing that this will bring the animal down ; and Ojebway Indians place "medicine" on the first deer's or bear's track that they meet with, supposing that even if the animal be two or three days' journey off, they will now soon sight it, the charm possessing the power of shortening the journey from two or three days to a few hours. The Zulus resort to a similar device to recover strayed cattle. Earth taken from the footprints of the missing beasts is placed in the chief's vessel, a magic circle is made, and the chief's vessel is placed within it. Then the chief says, "I have now conquered them. These cattle are now here ; I am now sitting upon them. I do not know in what way they will escape."

We can now understand why Pythagoras said that when you rise from bed you should efface the impression left by your body on the bedclothes. For obviously the same magical process might be applied by an enemy to the impress of the body which we have just seen to be applied to the impress of the foot. The aborigines of Australia cause magical substances to enter the body of an enemy by burying them either in his footprints or in the mark made on the ground by his reclining body, or they beat the place where the man sat—the place must be still warm—with a pointed stick, which is then believed to enter the victim's body and kill him. To secure the good behaviour of an ally with whom they have just had a conference, the Basutos will cut and preserve the grass upon which the ally sat during the interview. The grass is apparently regarded as a sort of hostage for his good behaviour, since through

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it they believe they could punish him if he proved false. Moors who write on the sand are superstitiously careful to smooth away all the impressions they have made, never leaving a stroke or a dot of the finger on the sand after they have finished writing. Pythagoras also enjoined his disciples when they lifted a pot from the ashes always to efface the mark left by the pot on the ashes. He probably feared that the persons who ate out of the pot might be magically injured by any enemy who should tamper with the impression left on the ashes by the pot. The obligation of this Pythagorean precept is acknowledged at the other end of the world by the natives of Cambodia. They say that when you lift a pot from the fire you should be careful not to set it down on the ashes, if you can help it ; but if it is necessary to do so, you should at least be careful, in lifting it from the ashes, to obliterate the impression which it has made. The reason they give is, that to act otherwise would lead to poverty and want. But this is clearly an afterthought, devised to explain a rule of which the original meaning was forgotten.

Such, then, are specimens, and only specimens, of the savage superstitions which, under the name of the symbols of Pythagoras, passed muster in antiquity as the emanations of a profound philosophy and an elevated morality. The fact that they did so pass muster with the wisest of the ancients conclusively establishes the point I am concerned to prove, namely, that beneath the polished surface of classical civilization there lay a deep and solid stratum of savagery, not differing in kind from the savagery of Australian blackfellows, Zulus, and Ojebways. It lay beneath the surface, but not far beneath it. There, as everywhere, you had only to scratch civilization to find savagery. And the helpless bewilderment of classical writers in face of the few

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specimens of native savagery which cropped up on the surface shows how little conception they had of the depths of superstition which lay beneath their feet.

I have dwelt at some length on the symbols of Pythagoras, and their resemblance to, or rather identity with, the superstitions of savages at home and abroad, because they furnish a strong proof of the truth of the propositions from which I set out. But it would be unfair to Pythagoras to leave the whole burden of proof upon his shoulders. So, if I have not already taxed the reader's patience too far, I will now give a few specimens of classical superstitions drawn from other sources.

Wherever people are directly and visibly dependent for their daily bread, not on their fellow-men, but on the forces of Nature, there superstition strikes root and flourishes. It is a weed that finds a more congenial soil in the woods and fields than among city streets. The ancient Greek farmer was certainly not less superstitious than our own Hodge. Amongst the foes whom the husbandman has always to fear are the storms and hail which beat down his corn, the weeds which choke it, and the vermin which devour it. For each and all of these the ancient farmer had remedies of his own. Take hail, for example. At the town of Cleonae, in Argolis, there were watchmen maintained at the public expense to look out for hailstorms. When they saw a hail-cloud approaching they made a signal, whereupon the farmers turned out and sacrificed lambs or fowls. They believed that when the clouds had tasted the blood they would turn aside and go somewhere else. *Hoc rides? accipe quod rideas magis.* If any man was too poor to afford a lamb or a fowl, he pricked his finger with a sharp instrument, and offered his own blood to the clouds; and the hail, we are told, turned aside from his fields quite as

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readily as from those where it had been propitiated with the blood of victims. If the vines and crops suffered from a hailstorm, the watchmen were brought before the magistrates and 'punished for neglect of duty. Apparently it formed part of their duty not only to signal the approach of a storm, but actively to assist in averting it, for Plutarch speaks of the mole's blood and bloody rags by which they sought to turn the storm away. This custom of civilized Greece has its analogue among the wild tribes that lurk in the dense jungles of the Malay Peninsula. Thunder is greatly dreaded by these savages. Accordingly, "when it thunders the women cut their legs with knives till the blood flows, and then, catching the drops in a piece of bamboo, they cast them aloft towards the sky, to propitiate the angry deities." The Aztecs, also, had sorcerers, whose special business it was to turn aside the hailstorms from the maize crops and direct them to waste lands. A Roman way of averting hail was to hold up a looking-glass to the dark cloud ; seeing itself in the glass, the cloud, it was believed, would pass by. A tortoise laid on its back on the field, or the skin of a crocodile, hyena, or seal carried about the farm, and hung up at the door, was also esteemed effective for the same purpose.

The little town of Methana, in Argolis, stood on a peninsula jutting out into the Saronic Gulf. It felt the full force of the south-west wind, which, sweeping over the bay, wrought havoc among the surrounding vineyards. To prevent its ravages the following plan was adopted. When dark clouds were seen rising in the south-west, and the approach of the storm was marked by a black line crawling across the smooth surface of the bay, two men took a cock with white wings (every feather of the wings had to be white) and rent it in two. Then they

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each took one-half of the bird and ran with it round the vineyards in opposite directions till they met at the point from which they started. There they buried the cock. This ceremony was believed to keep off the south-west wind. The meaning of the ceremony is perhaps explained by the following East Indian custom. When the sky is overcast the skipper of a Malay proa takes the white or yellow feathers of a cock, fastens them to a leaf of a particular sort, and sets them in the forecastle, with a prayer to the spirits that they will cause the black clouds to pass by. Then the cock is killed. The skipper whitens his dusky hand with chalk, points thrice with his whitened finger to the black clouds, and throws the bird into the sea. Clearly the idea of the Greek husbandman and the Malay skipper is that the white-winged bird will flutter against and beat away the black-winged spirit of the storm.

To rid a field of mice the Greek farmer was recommended to proceed as follows : “ Take a sheet of paper, and write on it these words : ‘ Ye mice here present, I adjure you that ye injure me not, neither suffer another mouse to injure me. I give you yonder field ’ (specifying the field) ; ‘ but if ever I catch you here again, by the help of the Mother of the Gods I will rend you in seven pieces.’ Write this, and stick the paper on an unhewn stone in the field where the mice are, taking care to keep the written side uppermost.” It is fair to add that the writer in the *Geponica* who records this recipe adds, in a saving clause, that “ he does not himself believe it all, God forbid ! ” To keep wolves from his beasts, a Roman farmer used to catch a wolf, break its legs, sprinkle its blood all round the farm, and bury the carcass in the middle of it ; or he took the plough-share with which the first furrow had been traced that year and put it in the fire on the family hearth.

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So long as the ploughshare remained red-hot, so long no ravening wolf would harry his fold.

Greek farmers were much pestered by a rank weed called the lion-weed, which infested their fields. The *Geponica*, as usual, comes to the rescue. Here are some of its recipes : "Take five potsherds ; draw on each of them in chalk or other white substance a picture of Hercules strangling the lion. Deposit four of these potsherds at the corners of the field, and the fifth in the middle. The lion-weed will never show face in that field." Here is another recipe taken from the same golden treasury : "A lion is very much afraid of a cock, and sneaks away with his tail between his legs when he sees one. So if a man will boldly take a cock in his arms, and march with it round the field, the lion-weed will immediately disappear."

It was a common superstition in ancient Italy that if a woman were found spinning on a highroad, the crops would be spoiled for that year. So general and firmly rooted was this belief, that in most parts of Italy it was forbidden by law for a woman to spin on a highway, or even to carry her spindle uncovered along it. As a last instance of these agricultural superstitions, I will mention that when a Greek sower sowed cummin he had to curse and swear all the while he did so, otherwise the crop would not turn out well. Similarly, Estonian fishermen think that they never have such good luck as when somebody is angry with them and curses them. So, before a fisherman goes out to fish, he commonly plays a rough practical joke on some of his house-mates, such as hiding the key of the cupboard, upsetting a kettle of soup, and so on. The more they curse and swear at him, the more fish he will catch ; every curse brings at least three fish into the net.

Under the head of what may be called domestic

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folk-lore, I must content myself with a Greek cure for the sting of a scorpion and a couple of Roman superstitions relative to childbirth. If a man has been stung by a scorpion, the *Geponica* recommends that he should sit on an ass with his face to the tail, or whisper in the ass's ear, "A scorpion has stung me." In either case, we are assured, the pain will pass from the man into the ass. The wood spirit Silvanus was believed to be very inimical to women in childbed. So, to keep him out of a house where a woman was expecting her confinement, three men used to go through the house by night armed respectively with an axe, a pestle, and a broom. At every door they stopped, and the first man struck the threshold with his axe, the second with his pestle, and the third swept it with his broom. This kept Silvanus from entering the house. When his wife was in hard labour, a Roman husband used to take a stone or any missile that had killed three animals —a boar, a bear, and a man. This he threw over the roof of the house, and immediately the child was born. A javelin which had been plucked from the body of a man, and had not since touched the ground, was the best instrument for the purpose.

Now for war. There is a common belief in modern times that great battles bring on clouds and rain through the atmospheric disturbances set up by the rolling reverberation of the artillery. During the American Civil War it was a matter of common observation that rain followed the great battles. I have been told, by one who took part in the battle of Solferino, that the day was dull and rainy; indeed, the Austrian commander attributed the loss of the battle to a terrific thunderstorm which burst over the field and obscured the movements of powerful masses of the enemy. The belief that heavy firing brings down rain is indeed so rooted that a civil engineer

wrote a book not many years ago to prove it, and a gentleman of scientific tastes read a paper to the same effect before the British Association in 1874. Perhaps they would have spared themselves the trouble if they had been aware, first, that as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century the belief was just the reverse, and batteries were regularly kept by many French Communes for the sole purpose of dispersing the clouds ; and second, that the theory which connects great battles with heavy rain is very much older than the invention of gunpowder. After describing the defeat of the Teutons by the Romans under Marius, Plutarch mentions a popular saying that great battles are accompanied by heavy rain, and he suggests as possible explanations of the supposed fact, either that the atmospheric moisture is condensed by the exhalations from the slain, or that some pitying god cleanses the bloody earth with the gentle rain of heaven.

When a Roman army sat down before a city to besiege it, the priests used to invite the guardian gods of the city to leave it and come over to the Roman side, assuring them that they would be treated by the Romans as well as, or better than, they had ever been treated by their former worshippers. This invitation was couched in a set form of prayer or incantation, which was not expunged from the Pontifical liturgy even in Pliny's time. The name of the guardian god of Rome was always kept a profound secret, lest the enemies of Rome should entice him by similar means to desert the city. So, when the natives of Tahiti were besieging a fortress, they used to take the finest mats, cloth, and so on, as near to the ramparts as they could with safety, and there, holding them up, offered them to the gods of the besieged, while the priests cried out, "*Tane* in the fortress, *Oro* in the fortress,

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etc., come to the sea ; here are your offerings." The priests of the besieged, on the other hand, endeavoured to detain the gods by exhibiting whatever property they possessed, if they feared that the god was likely to leave them.

Like modern peasants, the ancients believed that the ghosts of slaughtered warriors appear by night on the battlefield, and fight their battles over again. At Marathon the neighing of horses and the noise of battle could be heard every night. The sound of the sea breaking on the shore in the stillness of night may have originated or confirmed the belief. In Boeotia there was a place called "The Horses of Pyraechmes," and the local legend ran that Pyraechmes was a King of Euboea who had fought against Boeotia long ago, and, being defeated, had been bound to horses and torn in two. A river ran by the spot, and in the rush of the river people fancied that they heard the snorting of the phantom steeds. Again, the whole plain of Troy was haunted ground. The shepherds and herdsmen who pastured their flocks and herds on it used to see tall and stately phantoms, from the manner of whose appearance they presaged what was about to happen. If the phantoms were white with dust, it meant a parching summer. If beads of sweat stood on their brows, it foretold heavy rains and spates on the rivers. If they came dabbled in blood, it boded pestilence. But if there was neither dust nor sweat nor blood on them, the shepherds augured a fine season, and offered sacrifice from their flocks. The spectre of Achilles was always known from the rest by his height, his beauty, and his gleaming arms, and he rode on a whirlwind. In the late Roman empire legend told how, after a great battle fought against Attila and the Huns under the walls of Rome, the ghosts of the slain appeared and fought for three days and

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nights. The phantom warriors could be seen charging each other, and the clang of their weapons was distinctly heard. Stories of the same sort, which it would be needless to cite at length, are told about battlefields to this day. Terrified peasants have seen the spectral armies locked in desperate conflict, have felt the ground shake beneath their tread, and have heard the music of the fifes and drums.

A word about were-wolves, and I have done. Few superstitions are more familiar in modern times than this one. Certain men, it is believed, possess the power of turning themselves into wolves and back again at pleasure. Or they are forced to become wolves for a time, but may, under certain conditions, recover their human shape. All this was believed as firmly by superstitious people in antiquity as it has been believed by the same class of persons in modern times. There is a certain mountain in Arcadia which towers over its sister peaks, and commands from its top a prospect over a great part of the Morea. The mountain was known to the ancients as the Wolf Mountain (Mt. Lycaeus), and on its summit stood the earthen altar of the Wolf God (Zeus Lycaeus). East of the altar stood two columns, surmounted by gilt eagles. Once a year a mysterious sacrifice was offered at the altar, in the course of which a man was believed to be changed into a wolf. Accounts differ as to the way in which the were-wolf was chosen. According to one account, a human victim was sacrificed, one of his bowels was mixed with the bowels of animal victims, the whole was consumed by the worshippers, and the man who unwittingly ate the human bowel was changed into a wolf. According to another account, lots were cast among the members of a particular family, and he upon whom the lot fell was the were-wolf. Being led to the brink of a tarn, he stripped

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himself, hung his clothes on an oak tree, plunged into the tarn, and, swimming across it, went away into desert places. There he was changed into a wolf and herded with wolves for nine years. If he tasted human blood before the nine years were out he had to remain a wolf for ever. But if during the nine years he abstained from preying on men, then, when the tenth year came round, he recovered his human shape. Similarly, there is a negro family at the mouth of the Congo who are supposed to possess the power of turning themselves into leopards in the gloomy depths of the forest. As leopards, they knock people down, but do no further harm, for they think that if, as leopards, they once lapped blood they would be leopards for ever.

In the *Banquet of Trimalchio* there is a typical were-wolf story, with which I will conclude this paper. Some points in it are explained by the belief of the Breton peasants, that if a were-wolf be wounded to the effusion of blood, he is thereby obliged to resume his human form, and that the man will then be found to have on his body the very same wound which was inflicted on the wolf. The story is put in the mouth of one Niceros. Late at night he left the town to visit a friend of his, a widow, who lived at a farm five miles down the road. He was accompanied by a soldier, who lodged in the same house, a man of Herculean build. When they set out it was near dawn, but the moon shone as bright as day. Passing through the outskirts of the town they came amongst the tombs, which lined the highroad for some distance. There the soldier made an excuse for retiring among the monuments, and Niceros sat down to wait for him, humming a tune and counting the tombstones. In a little he looked round at his companion, and what he saw froze him with horror. The soldier had stripped off his clothes to

the last rag and laid them at the side of the highway. Then he performed a certain ceremony over them and immediately was changed into a wolf, and ran howling into the forest. When Niceros had recovered himself a little he went to pick up the clothes, but found that they were turned to stone. Almost dead with fear, he drew his sword, and, striking at every shadow cast by the tombstones on the moonlit road, tottered to his friend's house. He entered it like a ghost, to the surprise of the widow, who wondered to see him abroad so late. "If you had only been here a little ago," said she, "you might have been of some use. For a wolf came tearing into the yard, scaring the cattle and bleeding them like a butcher. But he did not get off so easily, for the servant speared him in the neck." After hearing these words, Niceros felt that he could not close an eye, so he hurried away home again. It was now broad daylight, but when he came to the place where the clothes had been turned to stone, he found only a pool of blood. He reached home, and there lay the soldier in bed like an ox in the shambles, and the doctor was bandaging his neck.

KNOTS AND RINGS

WE have seen that among the many taboos which the Flamen Dialis at Rome had to observe, there was one that forbade him to have a knot on any part of his garments, and another that obliged him to wear no ring unless it were broken. In like manner Moslem pilgrims to Mecca are in a state of sanctity or taboo and may wear on their persons neither knots nor rings. These rules are probably of kindred significance, and may conveniently be considered together. To begin

with knots, many people in different parts of the world entertain a strong objection to having any knot about their person at certain critical seasons, particularly childbirth, marriage, and death. Thus among the Saxons of Transylvania, when a woman is in travail all knots on her garments are untied, because it is believed that this will facilitate her delivery, and with the same intention all the locks in the house, whether on doors or boxes, are unlocked.

The magical effect of knots in trammelling and obstructing human activity was believed to be manifested at marriage not less than at birth. During the Middle Ages, and down to the eighteenth century, it seems to have been commonly held in Europe that the consummation of marriage could be prevented by any one who, while the wedding ceremony was taking place, either locked a lock or tied a knot in a cord, and then threw the lock or the cord away. The lock or the knotted cord had to be flung into water ; and until it had been found and unlocked, or untied, no real union of the married pair was possible. Hence it was a grave offence, not only to cast such a spell, but also to steal or make away with the material instrument of it, whether lock or knotted cord. In the year 1718 the parliament of Bordeaux sentenced some one to be burned alive for having spread desolation through a whole family by means of knotted cords ; and in 1705 two persons were condemned to death in Scotland for stealing certain charmed knots which a woman had made, in order thereby to mar the wedded happiness of Spalding of Ashintilly. The belief in the efficacy of these charms appears to have lingered in the Highlands of Perthshire down to the end of the eighteenth century, for at that time it was still customary in the beautiful parish of Logierait, between the river Tummel and the river Tay, to unloose carefully every knot in the

clothes of the bride and bridegroom before the celebration of the marriage ceremony. We meet the same superstition and the same custom at the present day in Syria. The persons who help a Syrian bridegroom to don his wedding garments take care that no knot is tied on them and no button buttoned, for they believe that a button buttoned or a knot tied would put it within the power of his enemies to deprive him of his nuptial rights by magical means.

The maleficent power of knots may also be manifested in the infliction of sickness, disease, and all kinds of misfortune. Thus among the Hos of West Africa a sorcerer will sometimes curse his enemy and tie a knot in a stalk of grass, saying, "I have tied up So-and-so in this knot, may all evil light upon him ! When he goes into the field, may a snake sting him ! When he goes to the chase, may a ravening beast attack him ! And when he steps into a river, may the water sweep him away ! When it rains, may the lightning strike him ! May evil nights be his !" It is believed that in the knot the sorcerer has bound up the life of his enemy. In the Koran there is an allusion to the mischief of "those who puff into the knots," and an Arab commentator on the passage explains that the words refer to women who practise magic by tying knots in cords, and then blowing and spitting upon them. He goes on to relate how, once upon a time, a wicked Jew bewitched the prophet Mohammed himself by tying nine knots on a string, which he then hid in a well. So the prophet fell ill, and nobody knows what might have happened if the archangel Gabriel had not opportunely revealed to the holy man the place where the knotted cord was concealed. The trusty Ali soon fetched the baleful thing from the well ; and the prophet recited over it certain charms, which were specially revealed to him for the purpose. At every

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verse of the charms a knot untied itself, and the prophet experienced a certain relief.

If knots are supposed to kill, they are also supposed to cure. This follows from the belief that to undo the knots which are causing sickness will bring the sufferer relief. But apart from this negative virtue of maleficent knots, there are certain beneficent knots to which a positive power of healing is ascribed. Pliny tells us that some folk cured diseases of the groin by taking a thread from a web, tying seven or nine knots on it, and then fastening it to the patient's groin ; but to make the cure effectual it was necessary to name some widow as each knot was tied. O'Donovan describes a remedy for fever employed among the Turcomans. The enchanter takes some camel hair and spins it into a stout thread, droning a spell the while. Next he ties seven knots on the thread, blowing on each knot before he pulls it tight. This knotted thread is then worn as a bracelet on his wrist by the patient. Every day one of the knots is untied and blown upon, and when the seventh knot is undone the whole thread is rolled up into a ball and thrown into a river, bearing away (as they imagine) the fever with it.

Again, knots may be used by an enchantress to win a lover and attach him firmly to herself. Thus the love-sick maid in Virgil seeks to draw Daphnis to her from the city by spells and by tying three knots on each of three strings of different colours. So an Arab maiden, who had lost her heart to a certain man, tried to gain his love and bind him to herself by tying knots in his whip ; but her jealous rival undid the knots. On the same principle magic knots may be employed to stop a runaway. In Swazieland you may often see grass tied in knots at the side of the footpaths. Every one of these knots tells of a domestic tragedy. A wife has run away from her husband, and

he and his friends have gone in pursuit, binding up the paths, as they call it, in this fashion to prevent the fugitive from doubling back over them. A net, from its affluence of knots, has always been considered in Russia very efficacious against sorcerers ; hence in some places, when a bride is being dressed in her wedding attire, a fishing-net is flung over her to keep her out of harm's way. For a similar purpose the bridegroom and his companions are often girt with pieces of net, or at least with tight-drawn girdles, for before a wizard can begin to injure them he must undo all the knots in the net, or take off the girdles. But often a Russian amulet is merely a knotted thread. A skein of red wool wound about the arms and legs is thought to ward off agues and fevers ; and nine skeins, fastened round a child's neck, are deemed a preservative against scarlatina. In the Tver Government a bag of a special kind is tied to the neck of the cow which walks before the rest of a herd, in order to keep off wolves ; its force binds the maw of the ravening beast. On the same principle, a padlock is carried thrice round a herd of horses before they go afield in the spring, and the bearer locks and unlocks it as he goes, saying, "I lock from my herd the mouths of the grey wolves with this steel lock."

Knots and locks may serve to avert nor only wizards and wolves but death itself. When they brought a woman to the stake at St. Andrews in 1572 to burn her alive for a witch, they found on her a white cloth like a collar, with strings and many knots on the strings. They took it from her, sorely against her will, for she seemed to think that she could not die in the fire, if only the cloth with the knotted strings was on her. When it was taken away, she said, "Now I have no hope of myself." In many parts of England it is thought that a person cannot die so long as any locks are locked or bolts shot in the house. It is therefore

a very common practice to undo all locks and bolts when the sufferer is plainly near his end, in order that his agony may not be unduly prolonged. For example, in the year 1863, at Taunton, a child lay sick of scarlatina and death seemed inevitable. "A jury of matrons was, as it were, empanelled, and to prevent the child 'dying hard' all the doors in the house, all the drawers, all the boxes, all the cupboards were thrown wide open, the keys taken out, and the body of the child placed under a beam, whereby a sure, certain, and easy passage into eternity could be secured." Strange to say, the child declined to avail itself of the facilities for dying so obligingly placed at its disposal by the sagacity and experience of the British matrons of Taunton ; it preferred to live rather than to give up the ghost just then.

The rule which prescribes that at certain magical and religious ceremonies the hair should hang loose and the feet should be bare is probably based on the same fear of trammelling and impeding the action in hand, whatever it may be, by the presence of any knot or constriction, whether on the head or on the feet of the performer. A similar power to bind and hamper spiritual as well as bodily activities is ascribed by some people to rings. Thus in the island of Carpathus people never button the clothes they put upon a dead body and they are careful to remove all rings from it ; "for the spirit, they say, can even be detained in the little finger, and cannot rest." Here it is plain that even if the soul is not definitely supposed to issue at death from the finger-tips, yet the ring is conceived to exercise a certain constrictive influence which detains and imprisons the immortal spirit in spite of its efforts to escape from the tabernacle of clay ; in short the ring, like the knot, acts as a spiritual fetter. This may have been the reason of an ancient Greek maxim, attributed to Pythagoras, which forbade people to

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wear rings. Nobody might enter the ancient Arcadian sanctuary of the Mistress at Lycosura with a ring on his or her finger. Persons who consulted the oracle of Faunus had to be chaste, to eat no flesh, and to wear no rings.

On the other hand, the same constriction which hinders the egress of the soul may prevent the entrance of evil spirits ; hence we find rings used as amulets against demons, witches, and ghosts. In the Tyrol it is said that a woman in childbed should never take off her wedding-ring, or spirits and witches will have power over her. Among the Lapps, the person who is about to place a corpse in the coffin receives from the husband, wife, or children of the deceased a brass ring, which he must wear fastened to his right arm until the corpse is safely deposited in the grave. The ring is believed to serve the person as an amulet against any harm which the ghost might do to him. How far the custom of wearing finger-rings may have been influenced by, or even have sprung from, a belief in their efficacy as amulets to keep the soul in the body, or demons out of it, is a question which seems worth considering. Here we are only concerned with the belief in so far as it seems to throw light on the rule that the Flamen Dialis might not wear a ring unless it were broken. Taken in conjunction with the rule which forbade him to have a knot on his garments, it points to a fear that the powerful spirit embodied in him might be trammelled and hampered in its goings-out and comings-in by such corporeal and spiritual fetters as rings and knots.

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Pausanias and his Description of Greece.

P. 4, ll. 31-32. *Rig and furrow*? The "rig" is the elevation between each pair of plough furrows.

P. 7, l. 6. *Mother Plastene*: Under this name, as is proved by inscriptions discovered on the spot, Cybele, the Mother of the Gods, was worshipped in the district of Mount Sipylus in Lydia.

P. 14, l. 29. *Cranaean Athena*: The epithet Cranaean ("of the springs") is derived from the name of the place Cranae ("the springs") on a hill near Elatea in Phocis, where the temple was situated.

l. 31. *Artemis Hymnia*: The epithet Hymnia ("the songstress") indicates that this statue of Artemis at Orchomenus represented her playing on the lyre.

P. 15, ll. 5-7. *Eurypylus . . . Telephus*: This taboo on the name of Eurypylus and the obligation to purify himself on one who had sacrificed to Telephus were imposed because Eurypylus, son of Telephus, killed Machaon, son of Aesculapius.

l. 9. *Pelops*: Besides the temple of Zeus there was also a sanctuary of Pelops at Olympia. "The reason for this prohibition probably was that, Pelops being only a dead man or hero, his worshippers contracted a certain ceremonial defilement which they might not carry into the sanctuaries of the high gods" (Sir James Frazer).

P. 20, l. 3. *Chest of Cypselus*: Cypselus, who became tyrant of Corinth, when an infant was hidden by his mother in a chest to save him from men sent to murder him. Therefore a cedarwood chest was dedicated by Cypselus as a thankoffering at Olympia.

P. 22, l. 17. *The figure of Victory*: This statue, which was found in 1875, was probably set up by the Messenians at the conclusion of the Peace of Nicias, 421 B.C.

ll. 20-21. *Eleans . . . for a victory over the Arcadians*: This occurred 365-364 B.C.

P. 23, l. 31. *Architrave*: the main beam, which reaches

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from column to column, that rests immediately on the square slab (*abacus*) above the capital of the column.

P. 24, l. 6. *Prytaneum*. town-hall.

Marathon.

P. 29, l. 31. *Macaria*: When Eurystheus, king of Mycenae, the bitter enemy of Hercules, pursued the children of Hercules after that hero's death, they were received under his protection by Theseus at Athens. Eurystheus advanced with an army to compel their surrender. Then, an oracle having declared that the Athenians would be victorious only if one of the children died a voluntary death, Macaria, a daughter of Hercules, slew herself and gave victory to the Athenians.

P. 31, l. 30. *Amphora*: a big earthenware vessel for containing large quantities.

The Port of Athens.

P. 40, l. 20. *Sampan*: small boat.

P. 42, l. 17. *Council of the Five Hundred*: the Athenian Senate.

P. 44, l. 18. *St. Paul*: Acts xvii. 23.

l. 36. "*Hippoclides doesn't care*": proverbial expression for "I don't care." The story of how Hippoclides, an Athenian youth, made this impudent remark when Clisthenes, tyrant of Sicyon, informed him that on account of his indecorous dancing he could not accept him as son-in-law, is told by Herodotus, vi. 129.

P. 45, l. 12. *Caleb Balderston*: the old butler whose raid to procure food is amusingly described in Sir Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," ch. xi.

P. 46, l. 28. *Madrid*: was chosen and declared to be the capital of United Spain by Philip II, 1560 A.D.

Eleusis.

P. 49, l. 25. *Hall of Initiation*: the Eleusinian Mysteries, one of the chief festivals of the Attic year, were held in honour of Demeter, the corn goddess, and Persephone (Proserpine) and Iacchus, deities of the Underworld. In the ceremonies of initiation certain sacred objects were exhibited and spells recited. The purpose seems to have been to suggest hopes of happiness in the future life.

Delphi.

P. 52, l. 28. *Stadium*: the race-course in which took place the athletic contests at the Pythian games (so called

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from Pytho, the old name of Delphi), a four-yearly panhellenic festival, consisting of gymnastic and musical competitions

The Fall of the Styx.

P. 58, l. 18. *Roumelia* : that part of the Balkan peninsula which lies immediately to the north of the Morea (Peloponnese).

l. 22. *King Otho* : a son of Louis I of Bavaria, who abdicated in 1848. He was called to the Greek throne in 1833, and reigned there till 1862, and was very much liked.

The Capture of Corinth by Aratus.

P. 60, l. 27. *Acropolis* : citadel.

Olympia.

P. 63, l. 14. *Altis* : another form of *alsos* (ἀλσος), means "sacred grove."

Megara and the Isthmus of Corinth.

P. 65, l. 27. *Scironian Road* : so called from a robber Sciron who haunted these cliffs, plundered travellers, and kicked them into the sea.

Sparta.

P. 73, l. 31. *The Poussins* : Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665), one of the most eminent French painters, excelled especially in the delicacy and grandeur of his landscapes in the classical style. His brother-in-law, Gaspard Poussin (1613-1675), was also a painter of landscapes, particularly those with stormy effects.

The Pass of the Tretus and Mycenae.

P. 81, l. 31. *The Dorian invasion* : The Dorians were invaders from the north who descended upon Greece, settled in Doris, and, penetrating south, swept away the Mycenaean civilization and destroyed its fortresses, Mycenae and Tiryns. Further south they overthrew Amyclae, the original capital of Laconia, and established Sparta as its new capital.

The Hermes of Praxiteles.

P. 83, l. 30. The paradoxical view, which has lately been revived, that the celebrated statue, the Hermes of Praxiteles, is a copy, not the original, may be safely

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rejected. Professor J. D. Beazley thus writes of this statue in the "Cambridge Ancient History", reprinted in "Greek Sculpture and Painting," Cambridge University Press, 1932, p. 55: "The Hermes is an original from the chisel of the great Athenian; there are no copies of it, and how much of its high-bred grace, subtle modelling, and gentle turns of head and body would survive in an ordinary copy?"

P. 84, ll. 5-6. "*The bar of Michael Angelo*"; Tennyson, "In Memoriam," lxxviii. :—

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

The expression is explained by Alfred Lord Tennyson in the annotated Eversley Edition, p. 249: "The broad bar of frontal bone over the eyes of Michael Angelo"

Pericles.

P. 86, l. 22. *Ostracism*. This institution, ascribed to Clisthenes, was a method of removing powerful statesmen whose policy displeased the Athenian democracy. The voting, which was done by depositing a potsherd (*ostrakon*) in an urn, to be valid required at least 6000 votes. If that number was secured, the citizen so condemned was forced to leave Athens for ten years, but retained his property and civic rights.

P. 93, l. 9. *Eumenides*. In this tragedy Orestes, pursued by the Furies because he had murdered his mother Clytemnestra, flees to Athens and is acquitted after trial by the Court of Areopagus.

P. 103, l. 20. *Thirlwall's description*: Thirlwall, "History of Greece," ch. lvi. p. 137.

The Life of Ovid.

P. 110, l. 23. "*To scorn delights*," etc : Milton, "Lycidas." ll. 28-29. *All that he wrote fell . . . into verse*. Ovid's words are ("Tristia," iv. 10 26) —

"Et quod temptabam scribere versus erat . . ."

imitated by Pope, "Epistle to Arbuthnot," 127. —

"As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

ll. 30-31. *The broad purple stripe*. A broad purple band on the front of the tunic was worn by the highest class of the nobility, the order of Senators. It was assumed also in anticipation by certain Knights (*Equites*), whose

fortune allowed them to become candidates for the higher offices of State, which qualified for a seat in the Senate. By laying aside the broad and wearing the narrow stripe, the badge of Knights, Ovid indicated that he did not aspire to the highest social status.

P. 111, l. 36. *Light car*: (*essedra*) a two-wheeled open carriage.

P. 112, ll. 24-25. *The Metamorphoses*: a poem in Fifteen Books, written in epic verse, in which are recounted marvellous transformations of shape, beginning with the transformation of chaos into the orderly world, and ending with that of Julius Caesar into a star. This masterpiece of romantic imagination is a storehouse of legend, which has inspired with ideas many painters and poets, among the latter especially in England, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, who knew Ovid's work through the beautiful version of Golding (1565-1567).

P. 114, ll. 30-31. *The longest of these poems*: The Second Book of the "Tristia," a reasoned defence in verse against the charges alleged.

ll. 33-34. *Germanicus*: nephew and adopted son of the Emperor Tiberius.

The "Fasti."

P. 121, l. 37. *Annales Maximi*: official records of memorable events.

The Roman God Jupiter.

P. 123, l. 6. *Vedic . . . mythology*: contained in the Vedas, the four sacred books of the Hindus.

l. 13. *Oscan*: an Italian dialect which prevailed in Campania and southern Italy.

The Roman God Janus.

P. 127, l. 32. *Monumentum Ancyranum*: an inscription discovered at Ancyra, now Angora, the modern Turkish capital, which presents a summary of the events of his reign drawn up by the Emperor Augustus himself. This is an important historical source.

The Reception of Cybele.

P. 128, l. 24. *The Sibylline Books*: a collection of predictions brought to Rome from Cumae by the Sibyl, a prophetess, in the reign of the last king, Tarquin, which were consulted in dangerous emergencies.

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- l. 27. *Idaean Mother*. Cybele, Mother of the Gods, whose chief seat of worship was on Mount Ida in Phrygia.
- P. 129, l. 15. *Quaestor*: the lowest in order of the Roman executive officials. This post could not be held before the age of twenty-seven.
- ll. 33-34. *The Second Punic War*: In this war (218-201 B.C.) the Carthaginians invaded Italy under Hannibal, who defeated the Romans at the Trasymene Lake in Tuscany and later at Cannae in southern Italy. Ultimately the Carthaginians were driven out of Italy, and Hannibal, who had been recalled, was defeated in Africa by Scipio at Zama (202 B.C.), and his army was destroyed.
- P. 130, l. 21. *Vestal Virgin*: the Vestal Virgins were priestesses of the goddess Vesta, who had charge of the never-extinguished fire of State which burned in her temple.

The Secular Games.

- P. 133, l. 24. *Divine banquet*: In this ceremony images of certain gods were placed in the street reclining on a couch, before which was set a table containing offerings of food made by the people.
- P. 135, ll. 5-6. *The Fifteen Men*: an ecclesiastical corporation which had charge of the Sibylline Books and of religious ceremonial.
- P. 136, l. 34. *Tufa*: the volcanic stone (*tophus*), abundant in Latium, of which the hills of Rome are formed; a conglomerate of ashes and sand thrown out from the crater of a volcano. It is about as hard as English Bath stone.
- l. 35. *Peperino*: a conglomerate of ashes, gravel, and volcanic stones, called peperino (*lapis Albanus*) from the black globules resembling peppercorns which stud the stone. It is procured chiefly at Albano and Marino.
- P. 138, l. 33. *Honorary Games*: given at the expense of private individuals in honour of happy events.
- P. 139, l. 2. *Hunting of wild beasts*: an exhibition of wild beasts (*venatio*) which fought with one another and with men.
- l. 18. *Full horn*: the "horn of plenty," a drinking-horn filled with corn and fruit symbolical of plenty.

The Palladium.

- P. 140, l. 29. *Dardanus*: son of Zeus, from whom descended the royal dynasty of Ilium (Troy), which city

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was founded by his great-grandson Ilus. Priam, grandson of Ilus, was the last king of Ilium, in whose reign the city was captured by the Greeks after a siege of ten years, which is the subject of Homer's "Iliad."

The Gauls in Rome.

P. 144, l. 33. *Ivory Chairs* : The holders of the higher offices of State were entitled to the use of the *sella curulis*, a chair inlaid with ivory

The Trasimenian Lake.

P. 150, l. 13. *The sacred chickens* : forecasts of failure or success were obtained from the behaviour of chickens (*pulli*) kept in a cage in charge of a keeper (*pullarius*) who opened the cage and threw food to them. If they refused to eat, the sign was unfavourable ; if they ate, it was favourable.

The Temple of Castor and Pollux.

P. 151, l. 4. *Battle of Lake Regillus* : This is the subject of one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

P. 153, l. 2. *Entablature* : that part of a structure supported on columns which is above the column, including the architrave, the frieze, and the cornice.

l. 16. *The Sacred Way* : so called because certain very sacred temples stood beside it, extended from the Colosseum through the centre of Rome past the Forum towards the Vicus Tuscus.

l. 19. *Stylobate* : the base of the columns.

Worship of the Sun at Rome.

P. 158, l. 15. *Numicius* : It was believed that Aeneas was killed in battle with the Latins and that his body disappeared in the river Numicius.

P. 159, l. 14. *Gnomon* : the pillar or rod which indicates the time of day on a sundial.

P. 162, l. 1. *Hecatombs* : sacrifices of a hundred victims.

Roman Life in the Time of Pliny the Younger.

P. 182, ll. 26-27. *Court of the Hundred Men* : This Court adjudicated on suits concerning ownership of property, inheritance, and guardianship

P. 183, l. 31. *Martial* : "Epigr." x. 19.

P. 193, l. 22. *Flowerpots* : This version is incorrect. Juvenal's words ("Sat." iii. 277) *patulas defundere pelves* mean "to empty the contents of big slop-pails." The

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unpleasant custom of discharging slops into the street lingered on in Edinburgh in the eighteenth century. at the cry of "Gardy-loo" (i.e. "gardez l'eau") passers-by hastened to stand clear.

P. 197, l. 12. *Gladiatorial exhibitions* : In these trained professionals fought to the death for the amusement of the people.

P. 198, l. 24. *Plato*. "Phaedrus," 227-230.

P. 204, ll. 26-27. *Villa . . . in Tuscany* : Pliny ("Ep." iv. 1) speaks of this villa as situated near Tifernum, the modern Città di Castello, in Umbria in the upper Tiber valley. Its site has been identified recently a few miles north of that town, where among the remains of a great villa bricks have been found stamped with the letters C. P. C. S., the initial letters of Pliny's names C. Plinius Caecilius Secundus (Merrill, "Selected Letters of the Younger Pliny," p. 398).

P. 209, l. 7. *He hunted* : Roman hunting was conducted by enclosing with nets a space of forest into which the game was driven by beaters and dogs.

Some Popular Superstitions of the Ancients.

P. 222, ll. 7-8. *Mr. Pickwick's reading of the famous inscription* : Dickens, "Pickwick Papers," ch. xi.

P. 224, l. 9. *Andaman islanders* : in the Bay of Bengal.

P. 228, l. 20. *The Wends* : a Slavonic race inhabiting Lusatia in east Saxony

l. 27. *Pomerania* : district of Prussia on the Baltic coast.

P. 229, l. 20. *The Aztecs* : American Indians in Mexico.

P. 230, l. 6. *Mr. Howitt* : L. Fison and A. W. Howitt, "Kamilaroi and Kurnai," p. 250. The importance of the contributions of these two anthropologists to a better understanding of the Australian aborigines is explained in an essay by Sir James Frazer in "The Gorgon's Head," p. 291.

P. 232, l. 14. *Cambodia* : French Indo-China.

P. 233, l. 33. *Hoc rides . . . magis* : "Do you laugh at this? Here is something at which you will laugh more."

P. 235, l. 8. *Proa* : boat.

P. 241, l. 16. *Banquet of Trimalchio* : Petronius, "Sat." 26-78.

Knots and Rings.

P. 242, l. 26. *Flamen Dialis* : the chief priest of Jupiter at Rome, the embodiment of the sky-god

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P. 244, l. 23. *The Koran* : the book containing the divine revelations received by Mohammed, which contains all his utterances and constitutes the Mohammedan scriptures.

P. 245, l. 15. *Turcomans* . a branch of the Turkish race, tribes inhabiting the region east of the Caspian Sea and about the Sea of Aral, formerly known as Turkestan.

l. 27. *Virgil* . "Eclogue," viii. 65-110.

P. 246, ll. 17-18. *Tver Government* . in central Russia.

P. 248, l. 4 *Faunus* : a primitive woodland deity, whose oracle in a grove near Tibur was consulted by the tribes of Italy in cases of doubt.

GLOSSARY

ABBREVIATIONS

c = *circa*, about ; used where the date is uncertain.
fl = *floruit*, flourished, denotes the period when a person was at the height of his fame.

Acarnania, district of north-west coast of Greece.
Achaia, district of south coast of the Gulf of Corinth.
Actium, battle in which Augustus defeated Antony and Cleopatra, 31 B.C.
Aegina, island off coast of Attica.
Aegospotami, beach in the Propontis (Sea of Marmora) where the Spartan admiral defeated and destroyed the Athenian fleet, 405 B.C.
Aelian (*c.* 170-230 A.D.), a Roman who wrote in Greek
(1) "On Animals," (2) "Historical Miscellanies,"
(3) "Rustic Letters" purporting to be written by Attic peasants.
Aeneas, son of Venus and Anchises, a Trojan chieftain who, after the fall of Troy, migrated to Italy. The hero of Virgil's "Aeneid."
Aeschines (389-314 B.C.), Athenian orator and statesman who opposed the policy of Demosthenes. In 340 B.C. he incited the Amphictyons and Delphians to lay waste places which had been cultivated unlawfully by the Locrians of Amphissa. The Amphictyons called Philip of Macedon to their aid. This step eventuated in the subjugation of Greece by Macedonia.
Aeschylus (525-456 B.C.), Attic tragic poet.
Aesculapius, god of healing, worshipped particularly at Epidaurus in Argolis.
Aesop (*c.* 570 B.C.), writer of fables.
Agamemnon, king of Mycenae. He led the Greek expedition against Troy, and on his return was murdered by his wife Clytemnestra.
Agrippa (63-12 B.C.), statesman and trusted coadjutor of Augustus, whose daughter Julia he married.

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Ajax, son of Telamon, one of the foremost Greek chieftains in the Trojan war.

Alcibiades (449–404 B.C.), Athenian statesman who promoted the disastrous expedition to Sicily.

Alcmaeonidae, a powerful Athenian family, the descendants of Alcmaeon, an early King of Athens.

Alexander of Pherae in Thessaly, a powerful but treacherous despot, at one time the ally, afterwards the enemy, of Athens ; murdered 367 B.C.

Alexander the Great (356–323 B.C.), King of Macedonia, son of Philip.

Alpheus, river of Elis

Amazons, legendary nation of women warriors, who invaded Athens and fought against Theseus.

Amphictyonic Council, the Council of the League of Greek states, which held two meetings annually to keep a common festival, one at Delphi where was the temple of Apollo, the other at Thermopylae where was the temple of Demeter. Besides protecting these temples and celebrating the Pythian Games at Delphi, its duty was to restrain acts of aggression against the members.

Amphion and Zethus, brothers, founders of Thebes.

Amphipolis, town of Thrace.

Amphissa, town of Ozolian Locris, on the borders of Phocis.

Amyclae, city of Laconia.

Anacreon (563–478 B.C.), of Teos in Asia Minor, Greek lyric poet.

Anaxagoras (500–428 B.C.), of Clazomenae in Asia Minor ; lived chiefly at Athens. A philosopher who sought to explain the system of the universe by opposing mind to matter as the cause of all motion and order.

Ancona, city on the west coast of the Adriatic Sea.

Andros, island of the Cyclades in the Aegean Sea.

Antigonus Gonatas. King of Macedonia. 276–239 B.C.

Antonines, the Roman emperors Antoninus Pius (138–161 A.D.) and Marcus Aurelius (161–180 A.D.).

Antony, Marc, consort of Cleopatra, antagonist of Augustus, by whom he was defeated at Actium, 31 B.C. Committed suicide 30 B.C.

Apollo, son of Leto, brother of Artemis : the god of light, prophecy, music, and poetry.

Apollodorus (c. 144 B.C.), of Athens, a learned Greek who wrote on chronology, religion, etc. The “Bibliotheca,” a manual of mythology, which goes under his

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name, was probably compiled about the time of the emperor Hadrian.

Aratus, of Sicyon, general of the Achaean League; a champion of Greek independence against Macedon.

By capturing Corinth in 243 B.C. he secured the Corinthians as members of the League.

Arcadia, the central district of the Peloponnesian (Morea).

Argiletum, a street in Rome near the Senate-House in which were the booksellers' shops.

Argos, city of Argolis.

Arion (*fl.* 620 B.C.), Greek lyric poet. Being compelled by sailors who had robbed him, he leaped into the sea, and is said to have been carried to Corinth on the back of a dolphin.

Aristides, the Just, Athenian statesman at the time of the Persian wars. In 478 B.C. he organized the confederacy of Delos, the basis of the rise of the Athenian empire.

Aristophanes (450-385 B.C.), the greatest of Attic comic poets.

Aristotle (354-322 B.C.), one of the greatest of Greek philosophers, tutor to Alexander the Great.

Aroanius, river in northern Arcadia.

Artaphernes and Datis, the joint commanders of the Persian army at the battle of Marathon.

Artemis, sister of Apollo, virgin goddess, who presided over hunting and was identified with the Moon-goddess.

Artemisium, north-east promontory of the island of Euboea, where in 480 B.C. took place an indecisive naval action between the Greeks and Persians.

Artemisius, mountain separating Argolis and Arcadia.

Atticus, a wealthy and cultured Knight, friend of Cicero, whose correspondence with him has been preserved in XVI Books of Letters.

Attila, King of the Huns, who invaded the western empire, 450-452 A.D., but retired without reaching Rome, and died 454 A.D. His battle before Rome was legendary, being conjured up by the terror of his name.

Augustine, St. (354-430 A.D.), Bishop of Hippo in Africa, a Father of the Church, author of numerous theological works.

Aulis, city of Boeotia, opposite to the island of Euboea.

Aurelian, Roman emperor, A.D. 270-275.

Aventine, a hill of Rome.

Baiae, fashionable Roman seaside resort near Naples.

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Bilbilis, town of Spain, now Calatayud, between Madrid and Saragossa.

Boeotia, district of northern Greece.

Bulis, town of Phocis

Byzantium, city on the Propontis (Sea of Marmora), later Constantinople, now Istanbul.

Caligula, Roman emperor, 37–41 A.D.

Callimachus (310–240 B.C.), Greek poet of Alexandria.

Calpurnius, Latin poet who wrote pastorals, probably early in the reign of Nero (54–68 A.D.).

Cannae, town of Apulia where Hannibal annihilated the Roman army, 216 B.C.

Carystian marble, a green-veined marble (*cipollino*) procured at Carystus in Euboea.

Castalian spring, at Delphi, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.

Castor and Pollux, the Dioscuri, the divine twin brothers, tutelary gods of warlike youth and mariners.

Cato, M. Porcius, a champion of the party of the Senate; redoubtable opponent of Julius Caesar.

Catullus (84–54 B.C.), Latin poet.

Cephisus, river of Attica and of Phocis.

Ceramicus, the north-west quarter of Athens.

Chabrias, Athenian general, whose victory over the Lacedaemonian fleet near Naxos in 376 B.C. restored to Athens the mastery of the seas. He fell in battle at Chios, 357 B.C.

Chaeronea, city of Boeotia, where in 338 B.C. Philip of Macedon defeated the Athenian and Theban army, with the result that Greece became subject to Macedonia.

Chelmos, mountain range in Arcadia, the ancient Aroanius.

Chios, Greek island off the coast of Lydia.

Cicero (106–43 B.C.), Roman statesman and orator; besides his speeches, author of works on rhetoric, philosophy, and of Letters.

Cimbrians, a northern people from the district of Denmark who invaded Italy and were decisively defeated by Marius in north Italy at Vercellae near Novara, 101 B.C.

Cimon, Athenian statesman, died 449 B.C.

Circus Maximus, situated in the depression between the Palatine and Aventine hills, the chief circus of Rome in which chariot races took place.

Cithaeron, mountain, the boundary of Boeotia and Attica.

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Cladius, river at Olympia.

Claudian (*fl. 400 A.D.*), Latin poet.

Claudius, Roman emperor, 41–54 A.D.

Cleomenes, joint king of Sparta with Demaratus, whose de-thronement he procured by corruptly inducing the Delphian priestess to declare him illegitimate. The fraud being discovered, he left Sparta and raised the Arcadians in arms against his country.

Cleonae, city of Argolis.

Clisthenes, Athenian statesman who reformed the constitution, c. 508 B.C.

Clodius, P., a violent supporter of Julius Caesar, in whose interest when tribune in 58 B.C. he carried various measures, by one of which was outlawed the orator Cicero, with whom he had a private feud.

Colline gate, the most northern gate of the ancient wall of Rome.

Como, the largest of the Italian lakes.

Conon, Athenian admiral who defeated the Spartan fleet off Cnidus in Caria, 394 B.C.

Constantine, Roman emperor 306–337 A.D.; converted to Christianity, 312 A.D.; transferred the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople, 330 A.D.

Copaic Lake, on borders of Boeotia and Phocis.

Corcyra (Corfu), island off the coast of Epirus.

Corinna (*fl. 500 B.C.*), of Tanagra, Greek lyric poetess.

Corinth, city at the entrance to the Peloponnese on the Isthmus, commanding the commerce of both seas.

Coronea, town of Boeotia where an Athenian force under Tolmides was defeated, 447 B.C.

Costoboci, a tribe of marauders who came from Dacia.

Crates (*fl. 470 B.C.*), Attic comic poet.

Cratinus (520–422 B.C.), Attic comic poet.

Crisaeon Plain, in Phocis near Delphi, so named from Crisa (Cirrha), the port of Delphi.

Cronius, mountain at Olympia.

Dacians, inhabited modern Rumania.

Daulis, town of Phocis.

Delos, island in the Aegean Sea.

Delphi, city of Phocis, where was the famous temple and oracle of Apollo.

Demeter, the earth-goddess, fosterer of agriculture; mother of Proserpine.

Demosthenes (384–322 B.C.), Athenian orator and states-

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man, who animated the Athenians in their struggle for freedom against Philip of Macedon.

Dido, the Phoenician queen who founded Carthage, where was a temple of Astarte identified with Venus.

Dio Chrysostom (40-114 A.D.), an eloquent Greek essayist.

Diocletian, Roman emperor, 284-305 A.D.

Diodorus Periegetes, Greek writer on geography of the fourth century B.C.

Diomedes, Greek chieftain in the Trojan War.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Greek critic and historian, who wrote a history of Rome, where he resided about 30-8 B.C.

Dionysus, called also Bacchus, the god of wine.

Diphilus, Attic comic poet of the fourth to third century B.C.

Domitian, Roman emperor, 81-96 A.D.

Drepana (Trapani), port in north-west Sicily where the Romans were defeated in the First Punic War in a sea fight, 249 B.C.

Druids, priests of the ancient neolithic population of Gaul and Britain.

Elagabalus, Roman emperor, 218-222 A.D.

Eleusis, town of Attica.

Eleutherae, town of Attica.

Elis, district and city in the north-west Peloponnese.

Ennius (239-169 B.C.), Latin poet, author of tragedies, comedies, miscellanies and an epic ("Annales") on the history of Rome.

Epidaurus, city of Argolis.

Erechtheum, the oldest temple on the Acropolis of Athens, containing a temple of Athena, Guardian of the City, also of Erechtheus, prehistoric king of Athens. Burnt by the Persians, 480 B.C.; subsequently restored.

Essenes, an ascetic Jewish sect.

Etruscans, a cultured race who inhabited Tuscany; the early rivals of the Romans, who derived from them some of their religious institutions, and ultimately subdued them.

Euboea, island off the coast of Boeotia and Attica.

Eupolis, born about 446 B.C., Attic comic poet.

Euripides (480-406 B.C.), Attic tragic poet.

Eurotas, river of Laconia.

Eurymedon, river in Pamphyllia (Asia Minor) at the mouth of which the Athenian fleet under Cimon defeated the Persian fleet and army, 468 B.C.

GLOSSARY

Falerium, district of Campania noted for its wine.

Festus, at the close of the second century A.D. composed an abridgement of the Latin Lexicon of Verrius Flaccus.

Field of Mars (Campus Martius), a plain in Rome between the Tiber and the Quirinal and Capitoline hills, of which part was used as an athletic exercise-ground, part for full meetings of the people.

Flaminian Road, the great north road out of Rome, the Salarian Road ran north-east.

Furies, the, the Erinyes (Eumenides), goddesses of vengeance, who pursued and punished sinners.

Galba, Roman emperor, 68-69 A.D., succeeded Nero, overthrown by Otho.

Geponica, a Greek compilation of extracts from writers on agriculture made about the middle of the tenth century A.D. by a Bithynian, Cassianus Bassus, by order of the emperor Constantine VII.

Hadrian, Roman emperor, 117-138 A.D.

Harma, fortress of Attica near Phyle

Helicon, mountain in Boeotia.

Heliopolis, city of Lower Egypt.

Hera, goddess, wife of Zeus.

Heraeum, temple of Hera.

Herculaneum, city in the Bay of Naples near Vesuvius.

Hermes (Mercury), god, inventor of the lyre, bestower of prosperity, patron of traders and thieves, messenger of the gods and conductor of souls to the Lower World.

Herodes Atticus (103-179 A.D.), a public-spirited rhetorician who devoted his great wealth to adorning Athens and other cities with public buildings.

Herodotus (c. 490-424 B.C.), Greek historian of the Persian War.

Hesiod, a Boeotian, after Homer the earliest Greek epic poet, whose date is about the ninth century B.C. His chief works are "Works and Days," a poem on farming, and "Theogony," on the origin of the universe and genealogies of the gods.

Hesperides, the daughters of Night, who dwelt in a garden on the western verge of the world, and guarded the golden apples which were a wedding gift to Hera.

Hippocrates (c. 460-359 B.C.), a physician, author of the first scientific treatise on medicine.

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Hippodamus, architect who designed the town-planning of the Piraeus.

Hippolytus, son of Theseus, loved by his stepmother Phaedra whom he spurned. His horses taking fright he was thrown from his chariot and killed, but was restored to life by Aesculapius and became a deity. His tomb was at Troezen.

Homer, the earliest Greek poet, of unknown date : author of the national epic poems, the "Iliad," about the siege of Troy, and the "Odyssey," the return of Odysseus (Ulysses) from Troy.

Homeric Hymns, poems of uncertain date, attributed to Homer, in praise of particular gods, intended to be recited at festivals.

Horace (65-8 B.C.), Latin poet, author of "Odes," "Epodes," "Satires," and "Epistles."

Huns, a race of Asiatic origin, who invaded Europe.

Hyettus, village of Boeotia.

Hymettus, mountain of Attica.

Hyrnetho, daughter of Temenus king of Argos.

Ictinus, famous Greek architect in the second half of the fifth century B.C.

Ionia, the coast district of Asia Minor on the Aegean Sea extending from Mysia to Caria, inhabited by colonies from Greece.

Iphinoe, daughter of Alcathous king of Megara.

Iphitus (c. 885 B.C.), of Elis, arranged the Games at Olympia and revived the festival of Zeus.

Iris, daughter of Thaumas, messenger of the gods. A personification of the rainbow.

Janiculum, hill of Rome on the western bank of the Tiber.

Jupiter Latiaris, protector of the Latin race.

Justinian (527-565 A.D.), emperor of the decline of the Roman Empire, whose capital was Constantinople.

Juvenal (c. 58-138 A.D.), Latin satirist.

Lacedaemonians, inhabitants of Laconia in the Peloponnese.

Laurentum, town of Latium, between Ostia and Lavinium.

Lavinium, town of Latium, near the sea-coast.

Lebadea, city of Boeotia.

Leda, mother of Zeus, of Castor and Pollux and of Helen.

Leonidas, Spartan king, commander at the battle of Thermopylae, where he was killed, 480 B.C.

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Lesbos, island off the coast of Mysia.

Leuctra, town of Boeotia, where the Thebans, commanded by Epaminondas, by defeating the Lacedaemonians established the supremacy of Thebes, 371 B.C.

Livy (59 B.C.-17 A.D.), Roman historian.

Locris, district west of Phocis, divided into Ozolian and Opuntian Locris.

Lucan (39-65 A.D.), Latin poet.

Lucian (125-192 A.D.), a Syrian, author of brilliant prose satires in Greek.

Lycaeum, mountain of Arcadia.

Lycosura, city of Arcadia, where was a temple of Proserpine the Mistress.

Lydia, district of Asia Minor.

Maecenas, a wealthy knight, the friend and adviser of Augustus, a patron of literature who befriended Virgil, Horace, and Propertius.

Magnesia, city of Lydia.

Mantinea, city of Arcadia, where Epaminondas defeated the Lacedaemonians and Athenians, but was himself killed, 362 B.C.

Marathon, township of Attica, where the Greeks defeated the Persians, 490 B.C.

Mardonius, Persian general defeated and killed at the battle of Marathon

Marius Priscus, prosecuted by Pliny the Younger and the historian Tacitus and convicted of misgovernment and extortion as proconsul (governor) of Africa, 100 A.D.

Martial (c. 45-104 A.D.), Latin poet, writer of Epigrams.

Masistius, Persian cavalry commander at the battle of Plataea

Maximian, Roman emperor, 286-305 A.D.

Medusa, the Gorgon with serpents' hair slain by Perseus.

Megara, capital of Megaris, the state adjoining Attica, south of Eleusis

Menander (343-293 B.C.), Attic comic poet.

Messene, city of Messenia, founded anew by Epaminondas as a stronghold against Sparta

Miletus, city on the coast of Caria (Asia Minor).

Miltiades, Athenian commander at the battle of Marathon.

Minerva, identified with the Greek Athena, goddess of wisdom and the arts, including the art of war, therefore represented wearing arms.

Moesia, Roman province comprehending Serbia and Bulgaria.

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Mulvian Bridge, at the north end of Rome by which the Flaminian Road crossed the Tiber.

Mummius, Roman consul who defeated the Greeks at Corinth, destroyed that city and formed Greece into a Roman province, 146 B.C.

Mycale, promontory near Miletus, where the Greeks defeated the Persians, 479 B.C.

Mycenae, city of Argolis.

Nauplia, port of Argos on the Gulf of Argos.

Naxos, island of the Cyclades in the Aegean Sea.

Nero, Roman emperor (54-68 A.D.). Proclaimed the freedom of Greece, 68 A.D., thereby relieving the province of Achaia from taxation.

Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, mother of six sons and six daughters. Because she had arrogantly set herself above Leto on account of her numerous offspring, the two children of Leto, Apollo and Artemis, slew her children with arrows. Niobe herself was changed into a stone.

Nisaea, the port of Megara, on the Saronic Gulf.

Nonacris, town in northern Arcadia, near the Styx.

Numa, the second king of Rome. The traditional date of his reign is 715-673 B.C.

Numicius, river of Latium.

Oeniadae, city of Acarnania.

Oenoe, township of Attica; also a town of Argolis.

Oenophyta, town of Boeotia, where the Athenians defeated the Boeotians, 457 B.C.

Olympia, city of Elis, where the four-yearly panhellenic festival took place.

Opimius, L., the consul who by armed force and wholesale executions suppressed the revolutionary democrats led by C. Gracchus, 121 B.C.

Orchomenus, city of Arcadia.

Orcus, god of the Lower World, the dead.

Orestes, avenged the murder of his father Agamemnon by killing his mother Clytemnestra.

Orpheus, the legendary minstrel who by his power of song could move trees and rocks and tame wild beasts.

Ostia, the port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber.

Ovid (43 B.C.-18 A.D.), Latin poet; author (1) in elegiac verse of "Amatory Poems," the "Ibis," an invective against an unnamed enemy, letters in verse written in

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exile consisting of the "Tristia" and "Epistulae ex Ponto," and of the "Fasti"; (2) in epic verse of the "Metamorphoses."

Pan, a pastoral god, protector of flocks and herdsmen.

Pannonia, Roman province, now Austria and Hungary.

Panopeus, city of Phocis.

Parnassus, mountain of Phocis.

Parnes, mountain of Attica.

Parthenon, temple of Athena on the Acropolis of Athens.

Patrae, city of Achaia.

Pegae, port of Megara, on the Corinthian Gulf.

Pelops, son of Tantalus, legendary king of Lydia.

Pentelicus, mountain of Attica, celebrated for its marble.

Pergamus, city of Mysia.

Peteris, town in north-west Spain.

Petronius (20-66 A.D.), author of a satirical romance giving a picture of lower-class life, in which is contained the "Banquet of Trimalchio" ("Cena Trimalchionis"), a vulgar self-made rich man.

Pharae, city of Achaia.

Phidias, born about 500 B.C., the sovereign genius of Greek sculpture, the friend and adviser of Pericles in his artistic plans for the adornment of Athens. His most important statues were (1) the gold and ivory statue of Athena in the Parthenon, (2) the colossal bronze statue of Athena Promachos which stood in the open on the Acropolis; (3) the colossal gold and ivory statue of Zeus at Olympia, which in antiquity was regarded as his masterpiece.

Phigalia, city of Arcadia.

Philomelus, Phocian leader in the Sacred War who defeated the Locrians, 356 B.C.

Philopoemen (252-183 B.C.), general of the Achaean League, the last champion of Greek independence. In 207 B.C. he defeated the Lacedaemonians. He infused courage into the members of the League till he was captured and put to death, 183 B.C.

Philostratus, of Lemnos (c. 190-264 A.D.), author of a description of sixty-four pictures in a gallery at Naples entitled "Eikones."

Phlius, city in the Peloponnese south of Sicyon.

Phocis, district of Greece, north of the Gulf of Corinth.

Phormio, Athenian admiral who defeated the Lacedaemonians in two naval actions, 429 B.C.

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Phyle, fortress in Attica, commanding the pass across Mount Parnes into Boeotia.

Pindar (522-448 B.C.), Greek lyric poet, born at Thebes.

Piraeus, the port of Athens.

Pisistratidae, Hippias, son of Pisistratus and his family who were expelled from Athens, 510 B.C.

Pisistratus, despot of Athens, 560-527 B.C.

Plataea, city of Boeotia, where the Greeks defeated the Persian army of Mardonius, 479 B.C.

Plato (428-347 B.C.), one of the greatest of Greek philosophers.

Pliny the Elder (23-79 A.D.) held various administrative posts and was admiral in command of the fleet at the Bay of Naples when he met his death during the eruption of Vesuvius. Author of "Naturalis Historia," a cyclopaedia of science and the arts.

Pliny the Younger (62-113 A.D.), nephew of Pliny the Elder; author of "Letters" and a "Panegyric on Trajan."

Plistus, river at Delphi.

Plutarch (c. 50-125 A.D.), born at Chaeronea in Boeotia; Greek author of Biographies of famous Greeks and Romans and of "Opera Moralia," works on philosophical and various subjects.

Pollux (fl. 180 A.D.), author of a lexicon containing information especially on music, dancing, and the theatre.

Polybius (c. 205-122 B.C.), Greek historian, author of a history of Rome.

Polygnotus, Greek painter, who executed many paintings at Athens c. 460 B.C.

Pompeii, city on the Bay of Naples, destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius.

Pompey, leader of the party of the Senate in the civil war against Julius Caesar; defeated at the battle of Pharsalus, murdered in Egypt, 48 B.C.

Praeneste (Palestrina), city of southern Latium.

Praxiteles, distinguished Greek sculptor, born at Athens, whose work belongs to about the middle of the fourth century B.C. His statues were marked by exquisite finish and spiritual intensity.

Procopius (fl. 527-562 A.D.), Greek historian of the reign of the emperor Justinian.

Prometheus, one of the old order of gods opposed to Zeus. He fashioned men out of clay kneaded with water.

Propertius (47-15 B.C.), Latin elegiac poet.

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Psammetichus (*c.* 645 B.C.), King of Lower Egypt, revolted against Assurbanipal and freed Egypt from Assyrian domination.

Pydna, town of Macedonia, where the consul Aemilius Paulus defeated and destroyed the army of Perseus, King of Macedon, 168 B.C.

Pythagoras (*c.* 580–504 B.C.), of Samos, a Greek philosopher who migrated to Croton in south Italy, where he founded a religious brotherhood subject to strict rules. His chief doctrine was the transmigration of souls.

Quintilian (*c.* 35–95 A.D.), critic and teacher of rhetoric ; author of the standard Latin work on education, the "Institutio Oratoria," on the training of the orator.

Sabines, hill tribes east of Latium.

Salamis, island of Attica, where the Greek defeated the Persian fleet, 480 B.C.

Samos, island off Caria (Asia Minor).

Sappho (*fl.* 600 B.C.), Greek lyric poetess.

Sardes, capital of Lydia in Asia Minor.

Seneca (4 B.C.–65 A.D.), philosopher, tutor to the emperor Nero. Author of many works in Latin on moral philosophy and of "Naturales Quaestiones," a physical treatise on the nature of the universe.

Sicyon, city in the Peloponnese, west of Corinth.

Sinope, Greek colony on the south coast of the Black Sea ; at one time the capital of Mithridates, King of Pontus.

Sipylus, mountain of Lydia.

Socrates (469–399 B.C.), celebrated Athenian philosopher condemned to death for the liberality of his teaching and convictions.

Solferino, village in north Italy where the French and Piedmontese defeated the Austrians, 1859 A.D.

Solon, appointed chief magistrate (archon) at Athens, introduced social and political reforms and enacted a code of laws, 594 B.C.

Sophocles (495–406 B.C.), Attic tragic poet.

Sparta, capital of Laconia.

Sphacteria, island off the coast of Messenia, where the Athenians blockaded and captured a small Spartan force, 425 B.C.

Stabiae (Castellamare), town on the coast of the Bay of Naples, near Pompeii.

Statius (40–96 A.D.), Latin poet.

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Strabo (*c.* 66 B.C.-21 A.D.), a Greek born in Cappadocia who settled at Rome and wrote an important work on geography.

Styx, stream in north Arcadia, which pours down from Mount Aroanius. The terror inspired by this tremendous torrent caused it to be transferred in imagination by Greek and Latin poets to the Lower World.

Suetonius (75-160 A.D.), Roman historian, author of the "Lives of the Twelve Caesars" and other biographies.

Sulla, Roman general and statesman. In 86 B.C. he defeated the army of Mithridates; in 82 B.C. he defeated and crushed the democratic party led by Marius.

Synesius (*c.* 370-430 A.D.), born at Cyrene, a Greek philosopher who embraced Christianity and became Bishop of Ptolemais in Libya. Author of "Dion" a treatise on education, "Letters" and "Hymns."

Syracusans, inhabitants of Syracuse, a city of Sicily, who destroyed the invading fleet and army of the Athenians, 413 B.C.

Tacitus (A.D. 55-120), Roman historian.

Tanagra, city of Boeotia, where the Lacedaemonians defeated the Athenians, 457 B.C.

Tantalus, legendary king of Lydia.

Tartarus, the place of torment of the wicked in the Lower World.

Taygetus, mountain range in Laconia.

Tegea, city of Arcadia.

Teutons, invaders from the coast of the North Sea defeated by Marius at Aquae Sextiae (Aix), 102 B.C.

Thamyris, a Thracian bard blinded by the Muses because he boasted that he could rival them in song.

Thasos, island off the coast of Thrace.

Thebes, capital of Boeotia

Themistocles (*c.* 514-449 B.C.), the far-sighted Athenian statesman who created the fortified port of Athens; a leader of his countrymen during the Persian invasion.

Theophrastus (371-287 B.C.), Greek philosopher, pupil of Aristotle. Of his works his book on types of "Characters" is best known.

Theopompos (*c.* 380-305 B.C.), Greek historian, author of a Continuation of Thucydides and a History of King Philip.

Theseus, a legendary king of Athens, who slew many

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monsters and freed Athens from the tribute of seven youths and seven maidens imposed by Minos, King of Crete

Thespiae, city of Boeotia.

Thirty, the, Thirty men appointed, 404 B.C., at Athens to draw up laws who unscrupulously assumed despotic power, but were driven out by Thrasybulus.

Thracian Chersonnese, peninsula north of the Hellespont, now Gallipoli.

Thrasybulus, leader of the Athenian exiles who expelled the Thirty and restored liberty at Athens, 403 B.C.

Thria, Attic deme where was the Thriasian plain.

Thucydides (471-395 B.C.), Greek historian of the Peloponnesian War.

Tibullus (55-19 B.C.), Latin elegiac poet.

Tibur (Tivoli), city of Latium, on the Anio.

Timotheus, Athenian general tried and acquitted of malversation, 373 B.C.

Tiryns, city of Argolis, the home of Hercules.

Tretus, mountain of Argolis.

Troezen, city of Argolis.

Troy, ancient city of Mysia, the scene of the Trojan War.

Tusculum (Frascati), city and stronghold of Latium.

Ulysses, Greek chieftain in the Trojan War.

Valerius Maximus (*fl. 14-31 A.D.*), Roman historian.

Vairo, M. Terentius (116-27 B.C.), learned and versatile author of 74 different works, of which that "On Agriculture" and part of that "On the Latin Language" survive.

Venus, goddess of love; mother by Anchises of Aeneas, from whose son Iulus the Julian *gens* (clan), that of Julius Caesar, claimed descent.

Verona, city of north Italy.

Verres, prosecuted for misgovernment in Sicily by Cicero, 70 B.C.

Verrius Flaccus (*fl. 10 B.C.*), author of the first Latin Lexicon.

Vesta, goddess of fire, whose temple at Rome was west of the Forum beneath the Palatine hill.

Virgil (70-19 B.C.), the greatest of Latin poets, author of pastorals "Eclogues," a poem on agriculture the "Georgics," and the national epic the "Aeneid."

Vitruvius, author of a work "On Architecture," written in

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the reign of Augustus, probably at some time before
27 B.C.

Xenophon (*c.* 435-359 B.C.), Greek general and historian.

Zeno, born about 485 B.C., a Greek philosopher of Elea in south Italy.

Zenobia, widow of Odaenathus, who in 261 A.D. had been allowed to assume the title of King of Palmyra, a city of northern Arabia. Zenobia having rebelled was deposed by Aurelian, 272 A.D.

Zeus, sovereign of the Greek gods.